

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 29, 1938

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3s



Melbourne Cup Fashions

Noted Dietitian's Advice

EAT AND GROW
BEAUTIFUL



CARROT and orange cocktails being imbibed by Dr. Hauser and June Lang, beautiful film star.



GRETA GARBO, Hollywood's most legendary star, who is going on a Hauser diet of carrot juice to restore her health. She is not as well as she should be, in spite of her Swedish holiday.

There's "Yumph" in the Juice of a Carrot, and Glamor Value in the Beet

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

"EAT and grow beautiful" is the advice of Dr. Benjamin Hauser, noted nutritionist and beauty dietitian, who will visit Australia soon.

"Drink and grow glamorous" might be added—for Dr. Hauser's special cocktails, made from fruit and vegetables, produce a glow but no hang-over and give "yumph" to your looks.

Dr. Hauser is dietitian to America's leading beauties—and special adviser to the film stars, whose greatest fear in life is to lose the youth, verve, and charm which ensure their success.

Greta Garbo is to be his next patient. She has not been as well as she should be, and when she returns to Hollywood from her Swedish holiday will go on a diet of car-

rot juice to restore her vitality. Dr. Hauser will show her how.

He first evolved diet courses for slimming—then he began studying regimes for staying slim and for increasing radiance, vitality and glamor.

Dr. Hauser has good reason to believe in diet. He cured himself—by diet—of a tubercular hip in Germany 23 years ago, after leading specialists had given up hope.

By profession Dr. Hauser is a biological chemist. He knows all about the bloodstream and its importance to health and beauty, and his "treatment" consists solely in normalising the chemicals of the bloodstream—putting into it through

diet those elements which are lacking.

Such requirements are individual matters—certain people need more of certain things than others—but for the average person the Hauser diet improves general health and thus increases beauty.

In America, the system has been so widely accepted that it is now possible to order "Hauser salads" at popular restaurants, and very soon carrot-juice cocktails will be found at all the local soda fountains.

The Hauser cocktails are as varied and variable as those found at any bar. There are celery juice—carrot juice—beetroot juice—spinach juice.

They are served plain or can be combined with fruit juices. "Pep" cocktails are made by adding beaten egg-yolks to various juices.

Beauty Potions

THE Complexion Cocktail is made of carrot juice (rich in sulphur—wonderful for the skin!) and orange juice.

The Rosy Cheek Cocktail is made of two-thirds spinach, one-third parsley—marvellous for the pale-tipped, sallow type.

Cucumber Cocktails—guaranteed, if taken regularly, to clear up an oily skin—are made from cucumber juice and lemon.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Cocktails clear up a muddy skin... and so on.

Dr. Hauser believes that people eat too many "prepared" foods, too many fats, sweets and starches, and not enough "living" foods. By "living" foods he means raw vegetables and fruits and milk.

But he is not a crank or faddist.

His slimming diet is based on the Zig-Zag system: days of low calorie count alternating with days when the slimmer is allowed to eat practically anything she desires.

A strict Hauser rule, based on common sense, is: "Eat what you need first, afterwards eat what you want."

In other words, eat "living" foods, salads, vegetables and fruits, whole wheat bread or toast, grilled meat and "vitalised" potatoes first—then see if you feel like thick cream soups, heavy puddings, or starchy concoctions ("abominations" in the mind of this beauty expert) afterwards.

Elizabeth Arden was so impressed by Dr. Hauser's success in "beautifying" that about two years ago she persuaded him to join her at her "beauty retreat" in Maine, U.S.A.,

where for 300dol.-400dol. per week (£60-£80!) the wealthy but no-longer-lovely can be completely transformed.

Here, on diets of beauty-giving vitamins and minerals, clients are exercised and massaged and facialed until they shed pounds from their waistlines, years from their lives, and return believing in miracles.

Youth Routine

ACCORDING to Dr. Hauser, every woman can get the same results for herself.

The yearly "beauty week," and then the weekly "beauty day," will ensure radiant loveliness.

The "beauty week" is one week set aside and devoted to a complete beauty regime of carefully-planned diet, rest, exercise, and "exterior treatment" (massage, and so on).

The object can be slimming for the over-weight, or rejuvenation for the normal.

The "beauty day" is the one day a week in which a woman retires from the incessant rush and nerve strain of modern life and devotes herself to complete relaxation and the "living" diet.

Just how a busy woman—with either a family or a career to look after—could find time to relax completely one day a week and one week a year is the greatest problem of this system. But it is worth trying.

Under this system women will stop counting the years as they pass by, as age will have nothing to do with good looks!

In Hollywood, Dr. Hauser's diet has just as many men enthusiasts as women. The Hauser method could have no better advertisement than its inventor... I guessed his age at well under forty, but was assured that it is well, well over...

And he's very attractive, but whether that comes from carrot juice or not I don't know...

He is thrilled to be going to Australia, because it is a Hauser Paradise—a multitude of fresh fruits and vegetables, easy to get and not expensive, and he has heard from his friend, Charlie Farrell, that it's a grand place to be.

Next week, the Hauser diet for beauty will be more fully explained in the Beauty feature.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dickinson-Menteth.

Toc H Commissioner
MR. J. T. VINTON SMITH, honorary area commissioner of Toc H in Victoria, acts as leader of the movement in his State, and is on the Australian executive.

A member of the Melbourne Stock Exchange, Mr. Vinton Smith was a member of the Victorian Legislative Assembly from 1932 to 1937.



—Dorothy Weidling.

Hockey Manager
MRS. F. J. DAVY, of Sydney, so well known throughout the Commonwealth for her interest in women's hockey, has been appointed manager for the Australian women's hockey team to visit England next year. This will be her third trip abroad in a similar capacity.

Mrs. Davy is on the Physical Education Advisory Committee to the New South Wales Government, a member of the Rachel Forster Hospital Board, Sydney, and on the executive of the N.S.W. National Council of Women.



—Hammer and Co.

Awarded Research Fellowship
DR. WALTER O'CONNOR has been awarded a junior fellowship at the Laboratory of Pharmacology, Cambridge, for research work. Educated at St. Peter's College, Adelaide, and at Adelaide University, Dr. O'Connor was assistant lecturer and demonstrator in the department of physiology and pharmacology at Adelaide University.

Beauty-Talk at Tennis Party

WELL, THANKS FOR THE LIFT—SEE YOU AT TENNIS THIS AFTERNOON.

CHEERS, JENNY!

JENNY'S LOOKING AWFULLY PRETTY LATELY, ISN'T SHE?

YES—IT'S HER COMPLEXION—IMPROVED OUT OF SIGHT THE LAST FEW WEEKS.

LATER AT THE COURTS

HEAVENS! MY SHINY NOSE! IT'S NOT FAIR—YOU'RE LOOKING JUST AS BEAUTIFUL AS WHEN WE CAME ON TO THE COURT.

A-AH! THAT'S MY PRECIOUS NEW DISCOVERY—ERASMIC FACE POWDER!

ERASMIC! SO THAT'S THE SECRET! I'LL GET SOME THIS VERY DAY!

IT'S ONLY IF A BOX, BUT I WOULDN'T USE ANY OTHER NOW—NOT AT ANY PRICE!

There's a thrilling complexion glamour for you too, in the unique fineness of Erasmic Face Powder.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—Tubes 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 9/-, 10/-, 11/-, 12/-, 13/-, 14/-, 15/-, 16/-, 17/-, 18/-, 19/-, 20/-, 21/-, 22/-, 23/-, 24/-, 25/-, 26/-, 27/-, 28/-, 29/-, 30/-, 31/-, 32/-, 33/-, 34/-, 35/-, 36/-, 37/-, 38/-, 39/-, 40/-, 41/-, 42/-, 43/-, 44/-, 45/-, 46/-, 47/-, 48/-, 49/-, 50/-, 51/-, 52/-, 53/-, 54/-, 55/-, 56/-, 57/-, 58/-, 59/-, 60/-, 61/-, 62/-, 63/-, 64/-, 65/-, 66/-, 67/-, 68/-, 69/-, 70/-, 71/-, 72/-, 73/-, 74/-, 75/-, 76/-, 77/-, 78/-, 79/-, 80/-, 81/-, 82/-, 83/-, 84/-, 85/-, 86/-, 87/-, 88/-, 89/-, 90/-, 91/-, 92/-, 93/-, 94/-, 95/-, 96/-, 97/-, 98/-, 99/-, 100/-

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

Remarkable Advice to Girl Guides—By Union Club Leader

We Ask Mr. Consett Stephen About War Spirit

Most martial utterance of the week was made, not by Hitler, Mussolini, Churchill, or Eden, but by Mr. Alfred Consett Stephen, octogenarian president of Sydney's most conservative and ultra-exclusive Union Club.

"Give the children toy soldiers this Christmas. Do something to revive a splendid military spirit," adjured Mr. Consett Stephen.

THE Australian Women's Weekly decided to interview this remarkable man, not in support of his views or otherwise, but because they were expressed at the moment when the Prime Minister was announcing the expenditure of millions for Australia's defences.

Recipients of Mr. Consett Stephen's fiery counsel were members of that most pacific sisterhood—the Girl Guides. But the stir caused by it has spread far and wide.

In social, professional, and charitable circles, Mr. Alfred Consett Stephen has, for over half a century, been a notable figure in Sydney. Still goes daily to business; still gives a great deal of his time, talent, and money to charitable institutions.

He is still a distinguished host. President of the Union Club. Makes good speeches. Reads a lot. Keeps a firm grip on business affairs as well as on current history.

From his busy life he cheerfully gave a quarter of an hour to interviewing a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Sit down," said Mr. Consett Stephen. He looked across the table of his conservatively-furnished office and across half a century. One felt he'd always been master of the situation.

"Well?" His manner was a thought intimidating. But at the back of his faded blue eyes was a twinkle of amusement, a joke he kept to himself.

His views on militarism had startled many people, the interviewer explained. Would he expand them?

Mr. Consett Stephen expanded them, briefly, definitely.

"Revive the splendid military spirit," he said.

"They're all at me now, after what I said. I meant it. I understand the Boy Scouts and Girl

Guides were not intended as auxiliary militaristic bodies. It's a pity. It's not too late to remedy it.

"I believe the idiotic Government of South Africa forbade tin soldiers as gifts for children. Ridiculous. It shows the importance they attach to them, anyway," he added with a submerged chuckle.

"The Empire must wake up again."

"You do not approve of Mr. Chamberlain's policy then?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, I do," snapped Mr. Consett Stephen. "It was not his fault. The fault lay with the muddle-heads who let Britain's army, navy and air force get into the present state."

"In Mr. Chamberlain's own words, 'The power of diplomacy is in the force behind it.'"

"And what about Australia's position?"

Mr. Consett Stephen roused himself from a moment's thought on Mr. Chamberlain's dilemma.

"Australia must get into an effective defensive position as quickly as possible," he said firmly.

"In a world of armed bandits we can't sit down and slide back and back. There should be some form of compulsory service. Something to impress discipline on our young men. It's no use relying on treaties and bits of paper. Worthless."

"You definitely don't approve of pacifists?"

No bones about Mr. Consett Stephen's answer. It was:—

"Ought to be thrown into a horsepond!"

The Stephen Saga

IT would take a Galsworthy to do justice to the Stephen saga. The Australian chapters were opened over 100 years ago by John Stephen, who was second Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, father of the famous Sir Alfred Stephen.

Crown Solicitor, Solicitor-General, and Lieutenant-Governor of New

South Wales, Sir Alfred had a large share in framing statutes for the legislature, organising courts of justice, and was an ardent advocate of trial by jury. He was regarded as the originator of the marriage law of Australia, which gave women equal rights to men in the matter of divorce.

His son, Mr. Montagu Stephen, founded the well-known legal firm of Stephen, Jacques & Stephen.

Mr. Alfred Consett Stephen is the only surviving son of Mr. Montagu Consett Stephen.

As he puts it: "We've been mixed up with the law for over a hundred years."

"You carry your age well," said the interviewer. "Any longevity secrets to give us? What health rules do you obey?"

Mr. Consett Stephen's answer was brief and definite.

"Don't have any rules! Eat what I like. Drink what I like. Smoke what I like. AND I THINK WHAT I LIKE!"

NEXT Anzac Day, Mr. Consett Stephen will celebrate his 82nd birthday. When the Great War broke out he was well past the age for active service.

Nevertheless, the war took tragic toll of his home. His brilliant son, Lieut. Adrian Consett Stephen, who had been awarded the Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre (with palm) was killed in action.

Over 20 years ago, Adrian was writing home from the trenches vivid, stirring, heart-breaking pictures of war.

Such as this, written from Mesines, in 1917:

"My best sergeant has died of wounds. I have just written to his widow. At such times one feels sick and weary of this world silliness, this mud and death called war. There are times when the greatest victory seems small compared to the grief in one little home."

These letters of Adrian Consett Stephen have been collected and published. The slim volume makes poignant reading. They constitute a human document of war recorded by a gallant young soldier with all the passion and simplicity of a gifted literary genius.

Poignant Letters

THOUGH war blotted out his life before his powers reached fruition, Adrian Consett Stephen, LL.B. (honors), had a considerable quantity of literary and dramatic work to his credit.

He was regarded by the most competent judges as destined to achieve lasting fame as an author.

Professor MacCallum, former Chancellor of Sydney University, said of him:

"None of the students I have had

MR. ALFRED CONSETT STEPHEN in a social role. Fair seller of the buttonhole is Miss Bea Meeks, and the occasion a ball in aid of the Sydney Industrial Blind Institution, of which Mr. Consett Stephen is president.

in 40 years had such an instinct for high social comedy as Adrian Consett Stephen, and his humor and satire were always playful and kindly."

His letters are far from being a mere record of the tragedy of war. Deep patriotism is their dominant note.

He makes this declaration of faith:

"The life of a man is as nothing compared to the continuity of a nation, to the greatness of its soul."

Consider it side by side with the utterance of his father, which has caused such a stir:

"We must revive the splendid military spirit which has made our Empire great."

Is there so much to choose between them?

[The question of encouraging the militaristic spirit is discussed in an editorial on Page 12.]



KILLED IN ACTION—Lieutenant Adrian Consett Stephen, M.C., son of Mr. Alfred Consett Stephen.

NEW SHOES WON'T HURT If You Rub Feet With Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night (and morning, if possible) bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable. Use Zam-Buk regularly for happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Zam-Buk has made walking a pleasure. This fine ointment cooled and healed my tender feet and inflamed toes and removed my painful corns. Zam-Buk also has an exhilarating effect on the skin."—Mrs. F. Parrish.

"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them so much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me a pair of sound, healthy feet."—Mr. J. Coates.

Great Memorial Picture for Readers

"They rest in peace while over them Australia's tower keeps watch and ward."

—The King, when he unveiled the Villers Bretonneux monument.

THIS monument, which marks a glorious chapter in our history, has been beautifully painted by the famous artist, Mr. Will Longstaff.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE, THIS PAINTING, REPRODUCED IN COLOR AND SUITABLE FOR FRAMING WILL APPEAR AS AN ARMISTICE DAY GIFT TO OUR READERS.

Mr. Longstaff's picture captures the same mystical effect as his famous "Menin Gate at Midnight," now housed at Canberra as a national art treasure.

It gives to an extraordinary extent the stillness and silence of the war cemetery atop the tragic hill.

The Villers Bretonneux picture will eventually come to Australia. It was purchased in London by Mr. George Nicholas, of Melbourne, and is to be hung at Canberra.

The exclusive rights for reproduction of this picture were obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly direct from Mr. Longstaff.

This Was Melbourne Cup Day. At Flemington, Forty Years Ago!



IN THE PADDOCK at Flemington on Cup Day, 1898. These fashions were the last word in smartness then. The Cup has been contested for 77 years. Only two horses Archer (1861, 1862), and Peter Pan (1932, 1934) have won it twice. Greatest outsiders to win were The Pearl (1871), and Wotan

(1936), both at 100 to 1. Shortest-priced winner was Phar Lap (1930) at 11 to 8 on. Carbine (1890) carried 10.5, Banker (1863), only 5.4 to win. Biggest first prize was £10,288 in Bitelli's year. This year £7000 is first prize, £2000 second, and £1000 third. Best time, Wotan, 3 minutes 21½ sec.

THIS SUMMER, HAVE FROCKS THAT ARE

Crease-resisting

Have them smart, have them colourful, but above all have them in crease-resisting fabrics. Then you'll be sure of day-long freshness. With no unsightly wrinkles to mar the effect of your pretty frocks, you'll achieve a new standard of grooming and smartness.

You've only to ask for Tootal crease-resisting fabrics. Tootal Linen, Lystav, Tootavis (that's new) and others. All are treated by a special process which makes them resist creasing as effectively as silk. Wash them as silk and they stay crease-resisting. All Tootal Guaranteed.

**CHESRO-
DALSTA**
READY-TO-WEAR
FROCKS

Many Stores are now showing Chesro Dalsta models in Tootal Fabrics. They are beautifully made and finished, perfect in cut and line, and with the most exquisite detail. A revolution in ready-to-wear. On the right is a Chesro Dalsta model in Lystav, a grand crease-resisting rayon.

WEAR

TOOTAL

CREASE-RESISTING FABRICS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Box 2300M, G.P.O., Sydney or Box 1035H, G.P.O., Melbourne.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED (Incorporated in England), MANCHESTER 1, ENGLAND.



"Basket Weave"
CHESRO DALSTA
MODEL
CA60 in Lystav.

Melbourne in Grip of Cup Fever

Hotels Are Overcrowded: Guests Have Meals in Relays

By BETTY GEE from Melbourne

"A gay Cup likely," says a Melbourne paper. They're telling me!

But isn't it funny that although there's always such a burst annually on the first Tuesday in November, it isn't Melbourne which goes on the spree. No! It's the visitors who have the good time.

OVER 40,000 people come to Melbourne for the Cup from capitals of the Commonwealth, and villages as far away as Derby, W.A., and from Eastern gold and tin fields abroad.

More than 2000 booked plane passages to fly to the Cup Week from all the airports of Australia. The rest come by car, steamer, and train.

The Maunganui from New Zealand carries 300 passengers, and the Moonta from Perth and intermediate ports brings 150. All these people will live on board until they leave the day after the Cup.

They'll take a bit of money aboard that old Maunganui, too, if New Zealander Royal Chief wins the Cup, and that's right on the cards, too.

A SUM of £35,250 will be given away in prize-money by the V.R.C. at Flemington during Cup Week, including the £10,000 Cup.

But visitors will spend a quarter of a million on fun, frocks and frolics. They do every Cup Week every year.

Every hotel is overcrowded. Diners come in relays and care not if their turn is not until 10 o'clock. They fill in the time with cocktails and turf tales.

Dinner merges into supper and hotel employees work all night washing up the dishes.

Respectable business men of other towns go into a giddy trance for "the duration," and don't emerge until it's time to get on the train for home.

Every business conference of importance is held in Melbourne at Cup time.

Hard-headed men of affairs take one glance at the syllabus and drop it for the Cup acceptances, and the conference adjourns its session to Flemington.

It won't be long now either before the busy round begins. Just imagine, next Saturday is Derby Day, and Tuesday, November 1, the Cup.

And now to tell you something about what I intend doing in the way of betting.

We start with the Wakeful Stakes for three-year-old lady racehorses

BETTY GEE'S CUP TIP
ROYAL CHIEF, with a place-tote bet on MARAUDER.

on the first day, October 29, and Talkalot, from Sydney, I think will win it because Mr. Will Kerr has brought her over specially for this race. Still, I'll have a place-tote "saver" on Early Bird, and I hope she's early enough to catch me some nice little worm for a "divvy."

I'm choosing a couple of beans for the Maribyrnong Plate, Beau Marl and Beaucaire, and I suppose I will have to buck them each way.

Doubtless you've heard all the reports about Nuffield having a little swelling like the mumps on one of his legs. But don't take too much notice of this. Back him for the Derby. And for a place-tote have Tempest.

I happen to know that Fred Scarfe from Adelaide, his owner, was offered 2000 guineas, but would not part with him. And if there's anything wrong with Nuffield really, and he doesn't start, have Tempest and Respirator.

THEY'RE tipping all sorts of Melbourne things for the Cantala, including Judean. But I told you of Mohican, and because Darby Munro's going to ride him this time I feel sure he'll win.

But have a "saver" on St. Constant. That long Flemington straight, his owner Joe Cook says, is just made to order for St. Constant.

I've had a secret whisper for Plectrum for the Hotham Handicap, and not to miss it in any circumstances.

He's a gentleman racehorse who has had an Oxford education. He comes from England.

I've already put something on Royal Chief for the Melbourne Cup. He's the red hot Syndicate tip. My place tote bet goes on Marauder.

I've been given Larina by the stable-boy's sweetheart for the Railway Highweight on Cup Day.

Well, here's luck!

Miracle by Lestrangle

Dr. Hislop triumphs over a charlatan in this week's adventure from the "The Little Black Bag"

THE coming to Levenford of Lestrangle, charlatan and quack healer, worked a strange miracle. But the miracle arose in a queer and devious way; took place in a woman's heart; and was far from the result Lestrangle had intended.

Jessie Grant was a widow who kept the small tobacconist's shop at the corner of Wallace Street and Scroggie's Loan. She wasn't a tall body—rather to the contrary, in fact. Her hair was dark and clenched back tight from her brow, and she dressed always plain as plain in a black serge gown. But she had a look on her pale, narrow face that struck and daunted you—a kind of tight-lipped, bitter look it was, and it burned out of her dark-browed eyes like fire.

Stubborn and hard was Jessie, known throughout Levenford as a dour and difficult woman, who neither asked nor yielded favors.

The shop wasn't much—a dim, old-fashioned place, like an old apothecary's shop, with its counter and small brass scales, its rows of yellow canisters, and a stiff, weather-blistered door that went "ping" when you opened it.

Ben from the shop was the kitchen of Jessie's house, with its big dresser, a rag-at-the-waist clock, two texts, a table scrubbed to a driven whiteness, some straight chairs, and a long, low horsehair sofa—that made up the tale of the furnishings. And out of the room rose a flight of narrow steps to the two bedrooms above.

Jessie's husband, who in his life had been a graceless, idle ne'er-do-well, was dead and buried these twelve years. She had been left with one bairn, a boy called Duncan.

Soured and disillusioned, her subsequent struggle to secure a livelihood for herself and her son had been severe, and, although successful, had served further to embitter her.

As they said in Levenford, "the wind eye blows ill wi' Jessie Grant." Strict wasn't the name for the way she brought up Duncan. Never a glint of human affection kindled her black eye. To those that dared wax her on the matter she had the answer pat, and would throw Ecclesiastes xii, 8, right into their teeth.

Duncan at this time was turned fourteen years old, a thin, lanky lad, who had fast outgrown his strength, a silent boy, very diffident and sensitive in his manner, but with the frankest smile in the world.

At school he had been a regular prize-winner, and had begged to be allowed to continue his studies and go in for teaching. But Jessie, implacable as ever, had said "No," and so Duncan had left school a few months before to start work in the shipyard as a rivet-boy.

Felix murmured at such treatment of the boy, at such lack of motherly affection, but Jessie minded nothing. Bitter and harsh she was with Duncan in everything.

Naturally, such a woman had little to do with doctors—her Spartan principles and steadfast belief in castor oil and fresh air precluded that.

And so Finlay Hislop never met in with Jessie until one day in the spring he received a most surprising and wholly unexpected summons to her shop. It was not Jessie, of course, but Duncan—for once castor oil had not answered. And Finlay had not been ten minutes in the boy's dark little bedroom before he saw the trouble to be really serious.

Duncan's left ankle showed a dull swelling, a sinister swelling very white and boggy, yet without signs

of inflammation. It looked bad; and it was bad.

Following a thorough investigation, Finlay had no doubt whatever in his mind; the condition was one of tuberculosis of the ankle bone.

Back in the kitchen, Finlay told Jessie, and he did not mince words, for already her critical attitude towards him and the coldness in her manner towards the boy had roused him to quick resentment.

"It means six months in a leg-iron," he concluded abruptly. "And complete rest from his work."

For a moment Jessie did not answer—she seemed taken aback by the seriousness of the complaint—then she exclaimed—

"A leg-iron?"
Finlay looked her up and down.
"That's right," he said bluntly. "And some care and attention from you."

Again Jessie was silent, but she glowered at Finlay from under her dark brows, as though she could have killed him. From that moment she was his mortal enemy.

It showed itself in many ways during the weeks which followed. Whenever Finlay called to see the boy she was at his elbow, dour and critical, even contemptuous. She watched the fitting of the iron leg brace with a sour, forbidding frown.

SHE muttered openly at the instructions given her, and grumbled bitterly at the tedious progress of the case. Hislop was doing the boy no good at all; the whole thing was a pack of nonsense.

On more than one occasion hot words passed between them, and soon Finlay began to loathe Jessie every particle as much as Jessie hated him.

He began to study the relationship of mother and son, feeling Jessie's harshness to Duncan as wholly unnatural.

Here was a clever, sensitive, delicate boy, whose heart was bound up in books, forced to make his way through the rough hazards of the shipyard, for which he was so clearly unfitted, when he might easily have made a career for himself in the scholastic profession, as he longed to do. But Jessie's thrown will prevented it.

Every word she spoke was curt and brooding; never a single term of endearment passed her lips.

As time went on Finlay found the situation almost intolerable.

And then, with a flourish of trump-

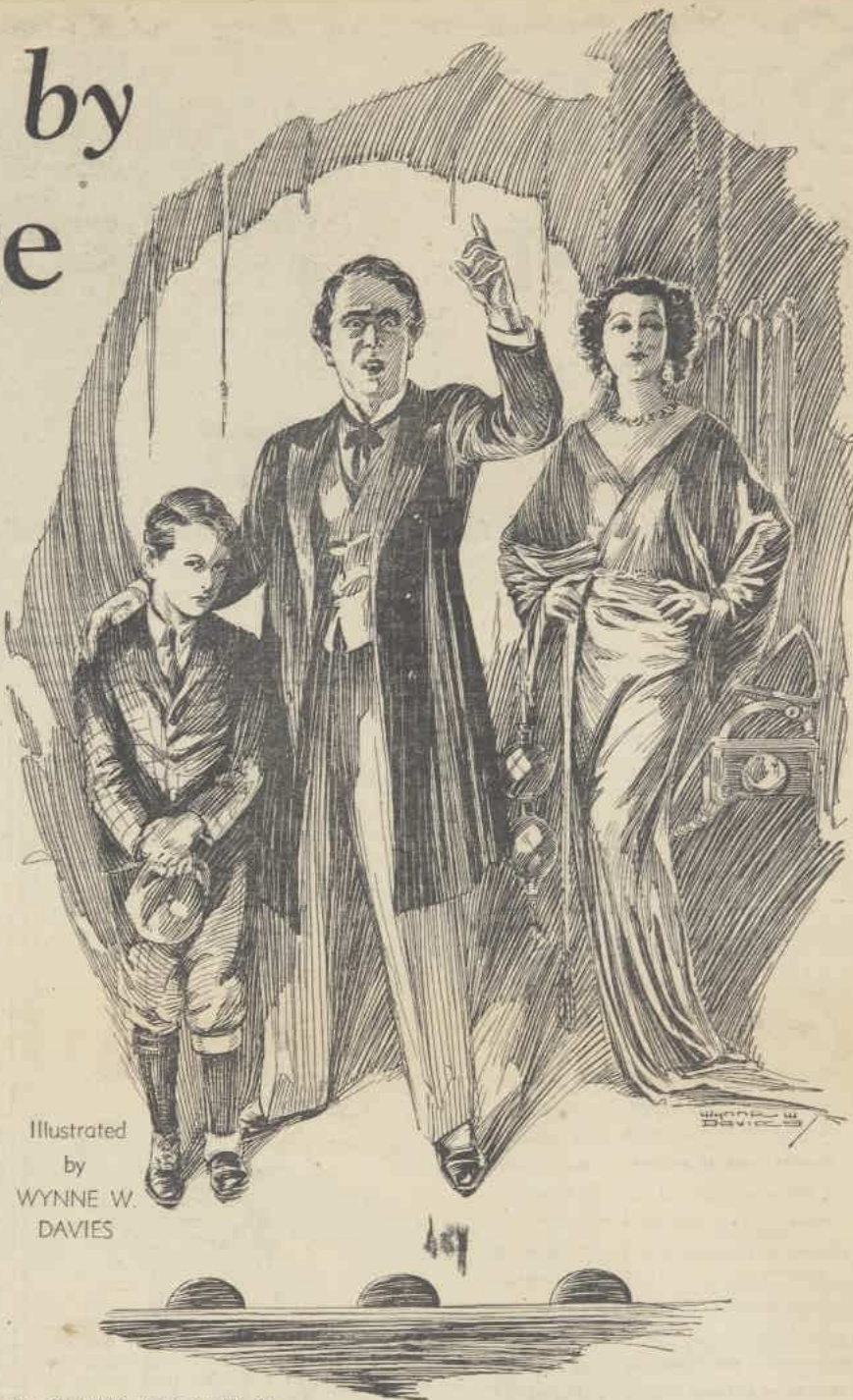
By **A. J. CRONIN**
Author of "The Citadel"

pets and much bill-sticking on country gate-posts, Lestrangle came to Levenford.

Now Lestrangle, or, as he proudly styled himself, Dr. Lestrangle, was a mixture of the showman and the quack, hailing from America, who had toured the breadth and the length of the world, and now found himself at last in Levenford.

Armed with an impressive electrical equipment he posed as a great healer, a man of miracles, who helped humanity, cured those hopeless cases where the methods of ordinary physicians had failed.

It was his custom, outside the hall where his performances took place, to display a breath-taking collection of splints, crutches, and steel leg-irons, which, he claimed, had been cast away rejoicingly after their owners had been restored to health. Humbug it was. But such a dis-



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

play did indeed appear outside the Burgh Hall on the occasion of the visit of Lestrangle to Levenford, accompanied by photographs and testimonials galore.

Finlay himself observed the galaxy, which occasioned him no more than a mild, contemptuous amusement. He gave it no more than a passing thought.

But the fates decreed that Finlay would think and think again about Lestrangle.

Lestrangle advanced dramatically and laid a protective arm on Duncan's shoulders.

months. For heaven's sake be patient!"

"Ye've kept on biddin' me be patient long enough," she cried fiercely.

"But this Lestrangle isn't a doctor at all," protested Finlay indignantly. "So you say!" flashed Jessie with a short hard laugh. "But the folk say different. I'm taking Duncan to him as sure as my name is Jessie Grant."

And before he could say another word she darted a glance of final malevolence at him, and walked off down the street.

For a moment Finlay thought of hurrying after her, but he realised quickly the uselessness of further protest. With a shake of his head he resumed his way.

He knew Lestrangle to be an impostor who could not possibly cure Duncan, and as such he left it, reflecting that nothing could result from the man's intervention but disillusionment and humiliation for Jessie Grant.

But here Finlay slightly misestimated the methods and personality of the bold Lestrangle. The so-called doctor had traded so long in human credulity he had become a pastmaster in the art of roguery and deception. In his appearance, too, he was magnificently fitted for the part, tall and upright, with a patriarchal mane of hair, and a flashing eye which magnetised the beholder.

Matching his own arresting figure was his chief assistant, a beautiful young woman by the name of Marietta, silent, dark, and liquid-eyed, whom he claimed to be the daughter of an Indian chief. Small wonder, indeed, that the unwary were beguiled by such high-sounding effrontery.

That night, before a packed audience in the Burgh Hall, surrounded by Leyden jars, electric apparatus, and a weird instrument known as the Cage of Regeneration, Lestrangle and Marietta worked their way steadily through their performance towards the climax of the evening, which was, of course, the demonstration of miraculous healing.

Then, with a spectacular flourish, Lestrangle called for the halt and the lame to be brought to him.

The first case of all was that of Duncan Grant. Thrust reluctantly into the limelight of the stage by his mother, the little chap stood pale and trembling, while every eye in the crowded hall was turned upon him.

Lestrangle advanced dramatically and laid a protective arm on Duncan's shoulders.

With assumed benevolence, he placed the boy upon an elaborate couch, and, in full view of the audience, made what was apparently the most profound examination.

Please turn to Page 18

SEVEN Must DIE

Another instalment of this
great serial

Illustrated by
WEP

STARTING out from Honolulu, a party of seven tourists are passengers of Captain MacVey on his schooner Storm Child. The object of the expedition is to hunt for "King" Bradley, a South Seas pearl trader, lost with a lifetime collection of pearls five months earlier.

The first day out, Bo Fanning confides in Sherman Drumm that he was formerly employed on the "King's" schooner as saloon steward, and that Bradley's captain, Linehardt, is following him.

Meanwhile, intrigue and friction are becoming very pronounced among the passengers on the Storm Child, and the Captain and Sherman, rivals for Connie's hand, have both proposed marriage to her and been refused; Dame Ellen, who possessed knowledge regarding the position of the "King's" island, has disclosed her information to Sherman; and on the fifth day out Bo Fanning is murdered.

The captain and Sherman Drumm decide to withhold their knowledge of the murder from the other passengers, but during the night the schooner strikes a reef. Entirely due

moment to speak or think.

In that moment, Connie felt, he might have fainted dead away, have burst into tears or have started suddenly to sing. It was too absurd to see him standing there looking at nothing, doing nothing, helpless.

The icy breath of early morning was in her wet clothes and her hair. He flesh writhed with it, for she was too cold to shiver and too bruised to move to keep warm. Her hands were soaked blue and the insides of them were so sore from clinging to the companion steps that she couldn't close them. The rawness of her shins oozed with the scraping she had given them. When she moved her shoulders a sharp pain flashed in her back. She crouched there with the fool laughter of the sea before her and the morning breath of the jungle on the back of her neck.

Then Sherman called again, and everyone stood up suddenly. "Doctor Mayhew, will you look at this man? The mast caught him!" Mayhew stood quite still for a moment, still dazed as the rest of them were, but he managed to crawl forward awkwardly in his wet pyjamas and clamber down the sloping deck to where Sherman knelt by the injured Kanaka in the scuppers.

Dawn grinned along the broad lip of the eastern beach and light came down upon the world suddenly, like a sharply struck gong. The waters were smooth to the torn lace of the reef.

Kia Sefton turned around and looked at the green wall of vegetation of the island. It was not at all the way it should have been. It was tightly woven, with no openings in it anywhere. It grew down to the beach like uncombed hair that hugs a receding brow, and the disorder of it was appalling.

Ida said, "I take it that we have arrived somewhere."

MacVey stepped forward and looked down the companionway.

The saloon and the passage were submerged to the first step of the companion ladder, water tipped sideways. The port lockers were completely under except their cushions and pillows. They floated. There were books and shoes and dozens of mildewed potatoes washing idly.

MacVey said, "You people will want dry clothing." He looked at Connie and at Dame Ellen and at Ida Sefton. "These starboard cabins will be dry, if you can balance in them to dress."

Dame Ellen stood up. He held out a hand for her and helped her up



the slope of the deck. Melville went down first to open the door and steady her as she came down. The door stuck. Ida Sefton crawled up the deck and stood up. She looked down at her soaked dressing gown and laughed.

She said, "Captain MacVey, how do you treat women?"

He didn't answer her. He held out his hand for Connie as she went down the sloping steps. Connie wanted to say something to him, but there was nothing to say. Tension was back in the man again for the job to be done, and as she looked up into his face she saw it there. So she followed Ida down without speaking.

Joe Lount, the mate, had gone forward to where Sherman and Doctor Mayhew were still bending over the Kanaka sailor.

"Well?" MacVey called to them.

Mayhew stood up, steadying himself against Sherman, and shook his head.

He said it slowly, with infinite conviction, "King Bradley's Island!"

cover and spread it over the body of the dead Kanaka. Then Mayhew went below to dress.

Sherman said, "Now what?"

"We'll go ashore," MacVey told him.

"That isn't what I meant."

"You mean Fanning?"

"Yes."

"I'll handle that, Mr. Drumm."

"Just a minute; with me you'll handle it."

"Why with you?"

"Because I've been in on it from the first. I'm not entirely satisfied that Fanning killed himself and I don't intend having everybody loose on that island with a possible murderer in the lot."

"I don't like your implication."

Drumm said, "There is no implication unless you care to take one."

But what you are really trying to say is that you don't trust me."

"Perhaps I am," Sherman told him quietly. "I haven't forgotten that you offered to chuck me over-side yesterday."

"Are you insinuating that I killed Fanning?"

"How stupid that would be."

"But you think there's a possibility that I did?"

Sherman looked at him, but he didn't answer him.

"I see," MacVey said. "So what do you intend doing about it?"

"Now you've got me. What do you intend doing?"

"I want the ladies let out of this as easily as possible. We can't stay on the Storm Child. She won't break up too far over to live on. We'll make a camp and get our stores off first. To-night you and Melville and I will come back to bury the Kanaka, and we'll bury Fanning at the same time. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"And, Mr. Drumm, let there be no question in your mind that I'm not still in charge of these people."

MacVey went down the companion. Sherman took off his soaked coat, wrung it out and shrugged into it again. There was bare wet sand under the Storm Child's rail now.

He let himself down into it and leaned against the damp hull. Connie was above him, looking over at him. He smiled and gave her a hand down.

They waited there for Dame Ellen and Ida Sefton. Mayhew came up first.

Lyric of Life

Yesterday

ALTHOUGH I tell you this
in verse,
(I have no other way)
I ask you to believe I saw
Two fairies, yesterday.

Upon a little bushland track,
Such pale and timid
things . . .
In filmy green and blue they
were
With silver in their wings.

A dream, a fantasy, a
shade!
(I know the things you'll
say.)

I tell you that I saw them
there,
Two fairies, yesterday.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

to Captain MacVey's extraordinary presence of mind, the ship is headed for a beach, and though three of the crew have been lost overboard the passengers are unharmed.

CHARACTERS YOU WILL MEET

IN THIS STORY:
DAME ELLEN MELBURY, retired singer, and seasoned traveller.

CONNIE YATES, her vivacious grand-niece.

SHERMAN DRUMM, in love with her.

CAPTAIN MACVEY, master of the schooner Storm Child.

DOCTOR MAYHEW, old friend of Dame Ellen's.

IDA SEFTON, travelling to forget a recent divorce.

BO FANNING, of doubtful background.

KING BRADLEY, legendary figure of the South Seas.

NOW READ ON—

MACVEY looked at him as if he didn't know who he was. The tension had left the man and he was perfectly helpless for a

By James Warner Bellah

"He's gone out," Mayhew said; "his back was broken."

"Cover him up, Lount," MacVey said. "This sun won't do him any good."

Sherman looked towards the beach. The tide must have been just this side of turning when they struck, for now, where there had been three hundred feet of water between the boat and shore, there was less than a hundred. In another few minutes they could walk ashore. Lount came back from the fo'c'sle with the khaki-canvas mains'l

MacVey said, "If you have anything to say, speak up now."

"All I have to say is that it's still your duty—and mine—to follow this thing through together."

"I'm afraid I'm not a detective, Mr. Drumm, and I don't enjoy playing that I am."

Sherman flushed.

"I want everything to be in order when we get back to Honolulu. That's all. All the evidence."

MacVey looked at the shore line. "You are optimistic, Mr. Drumm."

Please turn to Page 44

RECAPTURED ROSE

By ODETTE
TCHERNINE

*A ghost is laid
after many years
....and a dream
exchanged for a
happy reality*

THE blind flapped. From gardens dim under the night sky came a faint scent of roses that caught at Mary Burford's throat as she sat waiting by the open window.

The stiff white figure on the big fourposter bed hardly seemed to breathe.

All Mary Burford's exhausted senses cried out for sleep. The desire was overwhelming and the sweet scent of the roses made it stronger. But she must not sleep. She watched the blind tassel, fascinated. When it flapped again Miss Stavely, that grim old lady, her employer, would die. Very simply, she was as sure of that as of the craving for sleep weighing down her eyelids.

Mary started to her feet. The blind flapped again. She went and stood over the bed, and then rang the bell softly.

Her twenty-year-old task was over. She was free to sleep now. Free to wake up and look at the faint soft marks of time on her face, and to realise that she was forty, and must pack her trunk and look for another job. The thought terrified her now, just as she had been terrified to snatch at happiness years and years ago, and had let herself be torn away from the chance of it.

"And should she marry, though I doubt it, the income will be reduced from £250 per year to £150, so that she should not be a prey to any petty bread-and-butter hunter, for there are even small adventurers, who would sell their own flesh and blood for a mere £250 per annum..."

Crotchety and unlovable Miss Stavely, who had a very bad opinion of mankind, had provided for her mouse-like slave-companion of twenty years.

"I needn't look for another dreadful heart-breaking job," Mary gasped. "I can hardly believe it!"

The musty office in Grays Inn Road swam around her. They smiled kindly at her and offered her a glass of water, and then suggested that perhaps she might like to have a small advance, as a little while would elapse before the final formalities were through.

"Oh, please, I would! That is so kind of you," she cried. She took the notes gratefully and put the precious things in her worn purse.

Mary Burford walked out of the collector's office dazed.

The income represented a fortune for her. Her relief and gratitude were mixed with the refrain: "This is wonderful. I can grow old peacefully, but it is ten—twenty years too late."

On her way back to her Bayswater boarding-house Mary Burford stopped at a florist's shop and did what she had wanted to do for twenty years, but had never dared.

She bought a dozen long-stemmed pink roses, all tightly closed and adorable.

She thought of Rosemouth, the little town on the South Devon coast where she and Miss Stavely had stayed twenty years ago—the first year of her post with that stern-jawed old lady; the year of her one and only romance, that had haunted her timidly ever since.

Illustrated
by
WYNNE
W
DAVIES

It had been a twilight surf idyll. She would escape in the evenings from Miss Stavely's vigilant eye, ostensibly for a sedate walk along the little rock-bound promenade.

Actually she would don a bathing costume, and, greatly daring, would bathe in the surf of the incoming tide at the lonely end of the beach near the river estuary. Mary was a good swimmer. It was about the only thing she had ever learned to do well.

The sea and twilight and cool embrace of the surf enchanted her in a benign spell. It was her one moment's relief from slavery.

Having never been taught anything except how to be ladylike and sweet, Mary had at least the intelligence to realise that if she left Miss Stavely's autocracy she would only exchange it for another.

But she was young then, and her secret swim and frolic in the dim surf every evening were a great treat and joy, and when he became part of the picture she looked forward

to the evenings as to a forbidden but wonderful paradise.

He was an artist. Rosemouth was a painter's happy hunting ground, with its rich coloring, and the flowers and roses tumbling down to the deep blue sea.

They never knew each other's names. He called her the sea-maid—she was lithe and attractive in the black bathing suit, skippy for those days. She called him her wizard, because he made her laugh so.

"I must paint you—we must meet in the day-time, sea-maid," he implored.

There was moonlight on the sea. They both felt a little mad and elated. He caught her to him and kissed her.

"Not yet—I daren't," she said, terrified of losing her post.

There was moonlight on the sea. They both felt a little mad and elated. He caught her to him and kissed her.

"There, sea-maid—that's made you real!" he cried. "Now tell me who you are and where you come from."

Steps crunched on the cliff path above them. Only a pair of belated lovers strolling along oblivious of the world, but Mary jumped like a

startled fawn, and raced behind the big rock that served her as her bathing tent. She flung her summer frock over her bathing dress and caught up her shoes and etceteras.

"No—No—to-morrow evening!" she pleaded.

"Good-bye, my pretty love—till to-morrow," he sang out, as she hurried away.

Please turn to Page 14



PERFECTION Is SO CHILLING

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

They took their love, as they did everything else, for granted until Judy disturbed their calm...

MRS. FANE woke to an indefinite feeling of irritation. Analysing it as she slowly sipped her tea, it crystallised into the fact that Judy Hamil was coming to stay. And she didn't want her to come to stay. But Camilla, dear unselfish child, had asked her, so there it was. Mrs. Fane sipped on with a martyred air.

When Reckless Tom Fane took a toss in the hunting field, and was duly laid to rest with his fathers, his widow had mourned to the approved standard of the surrounding country folk. She then heaved a carefully concealed sigh of relief, and set about eradicating all traces of him from their six-year-old daughter, Camilla. True that the child took after her mother's people, "county, you know," but there were certain little characteristics inherited from her father that no really well-bred child should have.

And now Mrs. Fane could lean back, and look complacently at the finished product. Camilla, at twenty-three, was really a wonderful girl. Her mother, the rector, and the neighboring families were all agreed on that point. She was lovely, poised, serene, and, of course, extremely well-bred. And she was to marry such a very satisfactory man. Having lived all his life with Camilla worshippers, he thought her wonderful, too. Mrs. Fane used to sigh with pleasure. "Dear Roger. So devoted. Not quite 'county,' of course, but then in these days one must not be snobbish. And that nice income of his, too, and so carefully brought up by that dear aunt of his."

And now this small cloud was marred the horizon.

Judy Hamil was not "quite county," either, but in this case Mrs. Fane felt justified in being discriminating. Judy was poor. Mrs. Fane prepared to be kind, but not encouraging. She still cherished recollections of a previous visit, and the deplorable way that Judy had behaved. True, that was ten years ago, but Mrs. Fane prided herself on a good memory. "Ah, well! Thank Heaven, her Camilla was too good to be corrupted."

Turning a sharp corner in the lane that led to the Green House gates, Roger Chesterton almost collided with a dilapidated red roadster that was standing haphazardly on the crown of the road. He pulled up with a screeching of brakes, and glared protestingly at a pair of trim shoulders that were bent over the roadster's interior.

"Do you have to park there?" He sounded annoyed.

The shoulders turned into a flushed girl's face that rose apologetically from the bonnet. A blob of grease on the nose somewhat

marred the general effect, but she sounded contrite enough.

"I didn't realise that anyone would be using this lane. The car stopped and I just hopped out. I'm awfully sorry. Do you think that you could help me to push it to one side, and then I won't be in your way?"

Roger descended, still a little huffy. The girl smiled at him enchantingly. He felt a little better.

"I'll have a look to see if I can do anything first," he offered.

They inspected the engine; touched things; stepped on others; fiddled wires tentatively; but the roadster was coldly unresponsive.

"It always was a brute," said the girl gloomily. "I suppose that's why they lent it to me."

She rubbed her nose contemplatively.

"Don't do that," cried Roger, horrified.

"What?"

"Don't rub your nose; it's covered with grease."

SHE hastily produced a minute mirror and peered therein. Far from being mortified at the sight that met her eyes, she gave a low gurgle of amusement, and proceeded to repair the damage with energetic dabs from a powder puff. She then tucked in a straying lock of hair that had plastered itself on her hot forehead. Roger was undecided whether to look disapproving or not. He rather thought it was bad form to powder one's nose in public. Still, all girls could not be like Camilla.

"Can I drive you somewhere?" He felt constrained to be generous. Again that enchanting smile. It had a curious effect on him, that smile. It made him feel a little shaken, a little uncertain of his values.

"I'm going to stay with the Fanes at the Green House, just up here. Roger started. He looked at the rakish red roadster, and the shabby suitcases in the back. A picture of Camilla, cool and groomed to perfection, crossed his mind.

"I'm Judy Hamil," the girl volunteered. "I suppose you are thinking that I don't look respectable enough to be visiting Camilla?" Her green eyes twinkled at him amusedly.

Roger colored. As that was rather what he had been thinking, it was very disconcerting to have one's thoughts spoken aloud. He refused to meet that glinting green glance.

"I think I remember Camilla mentioning your visit," he said stiffly. "I am Roger Chesterton."

"So you are Roger?" Her smile was friendly. "I think we must have met ages ago. I've been here before, you know."

As he opened the car door for her, he suddenly remembered that he had met her before. Her visit then had been hastily curtailed, however. To quote his aunt and Mrs. Fane, "she

had quite forgotten how to act like a lady." He also remembered the heinous offence. One hot July morning she had been discovered swimming with the gardener's boy.

They drew up with a crunching of gravel. Roger was feeling a little perturbed. Even in the short drive up to the house, Judy had managed to shock him a little. She had even alluded to the episode of the gardener's boy, and had actually given that shameless little gurgle of hers at the thought of it. But what perturbed him most was that he did not feel as shocked as he felt he should have done. However, he resolved to have a few quiet words with Mrs. Fane as to whether this was the right type of friend for Camilla.

Camilla and her mother were on the terrace, and their raised eyebrows made him miserably conscious of the tousled head beside him. Judy was inclined to dismiss the whole incident with an airy, "Broke down, and your boy-friend kindly rescued me, Camilla," but those raised eyebrows constrained "the boy-friend" to proffer a more detailed explanation. Mrs. Fane pecked frostily at Judy's cheek. "Still the same old Judy, I see," she murmured sweetly.

Camilla took her guest upstairs, and Roger found time for his few little words to her mother. But after a little conversation, they both decided that their darling was incorruptible. Then he suddenly had a curious vision of two green eyes that were laughing at him, and Mrs. Fane wondered at his sudden flush.

Roger was waiting in the hall as the two girls came down for dinner that night. He looked particularly handsome in the conventional black and white. Judy felt a little pang of envy. Camilla's man was nice. But it was not in Judy's nature to be envious for long, and she loyally suppressed the little pang, and tried by being as bright and entertaining as she could, to repay these generous people who were giving her this delightful holiday.

It was uphill work at dinner. Most of the guests seemed very distinguished and strangely dull.

"So you are Roger?" Her smile was friendly. "I think we must have met ages ago."

The conversation, though never flagging, could not be called sparkling. Judy tried hard not to look bored. A few minutes later they had music and Camilla moved among them, serene and lovely, aware of being the centre of this gracious gathering, yet accepting it calmly as her right. Judy, watching her a little forlornly, was suddenly impatient of brown curls that would never lie smooth, and green eyes that danced at the slightest provocation. Why couldn't she be white and gold and queenly like Camilla?

She turned to Roger, who was sitting beside her.

"She's lovely!" she whispered.

He was thinking how much better her nose looked, now that it was properly powdered, and started slightly at being addressed.



"Camilla? Oh, yes!" He spoke as though hers were a superfluous remark. Everyone knew what Camilla was. Why mention it?

Then Mrs. Fane asked Judy to sing, and the girl rose without any

of the conventional protests, and went to the piano. She looked small, and still a little forlorn in the huge room, but with an almost childlike lack of self-consciousness, struck a few chords, and began to sing. She

A Complete Short Story by MARJORIE PENNINGTON

Camilla slipped into the vacant seat at his side. She met his eyes and smiled her serene smile. Then, at something she saw there, she spoke quickly.

"She has a dear little voice, considering it has never been trained, hasn't she? Poor old Judy, she has never had a chance."

She had not really meant to sound so very patronising. She seemed to be speaking in self-defence. Someone was encroaching on her kingdom, Roger felt an unaccountable irritation, but it was Camilla, so he smiled back.

The days slipped by, and Judy was very happy at the Green House. It is true there had been a few not so happy times, when Mrs. Fane had decided to ask a few questions. In anyone not as well bred as she, it would have been called vulgar curiosity. The lady herself dubbed it "friendly interest in the dear child" and felt at liberty to be as rude as she pleased.

Not that Judy minded anyone knowing that she was poor, and that her mother had been so terribly unhappy before she died; or that she, Judy, must look for a job when this wonderful holiday was over. But certain memories still had power to hurt her, and Mrs. Fane in an inquiring mood had the sensitivity of a fish. But Judy bravely answered her questions, and loyally tried to persuade herself that her hostess really did like her; it was just her unfortunate manner.

Camilla, of course, was different, dear generous Camilla, who had made this holiday possible.

And Roger—but she dared not think too hard of Roger.

Mrs. Fane did not notice that Roger's visits had become more frequent, or if she did she took it as a matter of course, as tribute to her daughter. But Judy was aware of every precious minute, and hated herself fiercely for being so aware. A thousand times she reproached herself for disloyalty. She even thought seriously of curtailing her visit, but the future loomed so depressingly before her, that she listened gladly to the excuses that her heart made for her.

"He'll never know. He is wrapped up in Camilla. Anyhow, he thinks I am not a very nice type of girl." Mrs. Fane had not foreborne to let drop a hint of the latter.

If only Camilla were not so sure of herself, so undemonstrative towards Roger. That night he had been so worried over that spaniel of his, Camilla had been charming, of course, and quite sympathetic; but she had insisted that he stay till the end of that very drawn-out party, to help entertain her guests.

"If it had been me," thought Judy fervently and ungrammatically, "I'd have gone back with him and sat up all night with his dog. Perhaps Cam doesn't really love him." At this stage Judy's loyalty always flared up fiercely. "And perhaps she does. And you are a rotten little beast after the marvellous time that Camilla is giving you."

And Roger himself. He went about these days with a strange unsettled feeling. It was most disturbing, especially to one whose life hitherto had contained no disturbances. He was certainly not given to introspection or self-analysis, yet he was compelled by this same feeling to stop and take stock of himself, and he was all the more disturbed by what he found.

He saw a lot of Judy. Too much for peace of mind. Camilla's energy expended itself in various good works. "The dear child is always busy," and Roger was quite used to being told, after a chaste salutation from his beloved, that she simply must run out for an hour, a committee, would he amuse himself for

a while? Mummy would entertain him till she got back.

Once he had ventured a mild reproach, but Camilla had been so reasonable and patient about it, not the least bit annoyed at his selfishness, that he had withdrawn, feeling that he had been very much the masculine brute.

And now Judy was detailed off to keep Roger amused, as Camilla's committees were still urgent. They had become friends surprisingly quickly, considering Roger's first recoil from a type wholly new to him. She found him gratifyingly easy to know. She had to readjust her ideas of the tall, extremely stiff young man who had looked askance at the smut on her nose. Her slightest whimsicality was enough to send him off into gales of laughter, delighted little-boy laughter, that warmed her heart, so that their times together seemed to be full of a light-hearted gaiety that, to Roger at least, was an entirely new sensation.

THE blue and gold warmth of that July sunshine seemed to force their friendship to a quick maturity. Almost imperceptibly it seemed, they had drifted from the first stiff formality to this satisfying companionship. She was a revelation to him, in her sweet directness and obvious sincerity. She had no dignity to stand upon, yet, somehow, one did not take liberties with Judy.

Not that Roger would have dreamt of taking liberties, he was still the very nicely brought up nephew of his maiden aunt. If the venerable was beginning to crack ever so slightly, no one noticed, least of all himself.

Then something seemed to go wrong. They did not laugh so much as formerly, strange little silences crept into the former spontaneous talk. Judy was honest.

"You didn't really like me at first?" she ventured. They were sitting by the lake one morning. The freshening breeze was doing things to Judy's hair as usual, and there were a host of little golden freckles on her nose.

"Well, no, I didn't," admitted Roger honestly. It gave him a decided feeling of satisfaction, being able to answer anyone so honestly. That was one of the good things, the many good things, about Judy. Most people liked him with their pill. His aunt, for instance—and Camilla—in a flash of illumination he realised—and I too—and thereupon fell silent and thoughtful.

Judy glistened her green eyes at him. "Why the sudden silence?" she demanded. "Don't you like me now, either?"

Her lips teased him, but the smile went from her eyes.

"Of course I do. I was thinking," he said shortly, and straightway fell silent again.

"Of course you don't," thought Judy miserably. "That's how everything seems to end lately, and I thought we were going to be friends."

At dinner that night Roger was distraught. He failed to hear when someone spoke to him, and Camilla's voice drew him back to earth. "Roger, darling," she said.

The voice was siren, but the grey eyes were steel.

He looked round the table, appraisingly, as a stranger might. Flowers, glass, silver, everything perfectly appointed. Camilla, acting hostess, lightly guiding the conversation in agreeable and uplifting channels. No jarring note was ever introduced to this table: if, perchance, someone did offend, he was not asked to dinner again.

He knew what would follow this evening. A little music, a little talk, of this picture, or that book; then the gracious murmur of leave-taking at an ultra-respectable hour.

The vague feeling within him suddenly crystallised into revolt. With it came realisation. He didn't want this kind of life; didn't like it; would not have it. This wasn't living.

Please turn to Page 10



was a simple country air that rang softly in the room after the tolling chords of the previous player. But her voice was like her smile, a sweet,

insidious warmth in your veins. Roger felt a strange stirring in his heart, and was vaguely alarmed. He had been taught that it was such

frightfully bad form to be emotional in any way, and to be affected by a strange girl singing, why, it was ridiculous.

Perfection Is So Chilling

Continued from Page 9

THIS wasn't a young man's life. He felt a wild impulse to shatter the serenity of that perfect dinner-table, caught a friendly green glance from the opposite corner, then with the sudden shock of a cold douche saw the frozen gleam of his own diamond winking from the hand of the girl he was to marry.

Through the familiar routine of the evening he moved like a man in a dream. Camilla was forced to be stern with him.

"Lady Dartford has spoken to you twice, Roger. Are you quite well?" Her eyes looked cold and displeased.

Roger stammered his apologies. The lady eyed him suspiciously. "Really," she was thinking, "he is very odd to-night. I hope that dear Camilla is not making a mistake."

During the murmur of leaving-taking Judy felt a hand clutching her elbow. Startled, she turned to meet Roger's eyes. They looked queer, and a little desperate. He spoke with a rather painful intensity. "Judy, I must see you alone."

"But not here, and now, Roger," she said protestingly.

"Very well, I'll be over early to-morrow."

"But—" she was interrupted by Camilla's clear voice calling him to speed some parting guest, and she did not see him alone again for the rest of the night.

Mrs. Fane was budding roses on the terrace next morning when Roger's car drew up with a screeching of brakes. It was so unlike his usual methodical approach that she looked up startled.

"Camilla is in the morning-room, dear boy," she called archly.

The archness was wasted.

"Thanks," said Roger briefly. "Where's Judy?"

If he had had time he might have been amused at her outraged face.

"Judy?" she echoed.

"Yes." He was certainly not in a loquacious mood this morning. A flutter of blue from the other end of the terrace answered his question. "Excuse me," he muttered, and with long strides was off to join the distant figure. Mrs. Fane watched perturbed, and for once speechless, as they turned and moved off towards the park. Then, with a snort of agitation, she hurried into the house. But she couldn't find Camilla, and when she went out on to the terrace again the two distant figures had disappeared.

Roger tried to take Judy's hand as they stopped, as if by mutual consent, where the lichened grey wall girdled the park. She was taken aback. She instinctively thrust both hands behind her, and stood eyeing him almost apprehensively. There was something so childlike in the action that he could not help smiling a little, in spite of his obvious agitation.

Then he was in deadly earnest. "Judy, I wonder if you can guess what I want to tell you?"

Judy did not speak.

"Judy, I can't go on like this." His voice was low and intense. "I'll have to tell Camilla. I can't marry her, feeling the way I do about you."

Judy was still silent for a while. Then when she spoke it didn't seem

like Judy speaking at all, her voice was so miserable.

"If I hadn't come here, you would still be in love with her, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"If I go away, you may still love her."

"Judy," his tone was reproachful.

"So you don't care for me at all."

"Why should you think I did?"

She spoke spiritedly, but too late to hide the traitor glow of her green eyes.

He laughed triumphantly, and tried to draw her to him.

"No." She struggled protestingly.

"You must wait."

"I've waited too long already," he answered impatiently.

Her eyes marvelled at him. Was this the model of propriety that had met her a few short weeks ago?

"There's a lot to say, Roger," she said very gravely. "We are both being rottenly disloyal to Camilla."

"I suppose so," he admitted slowly.

"Camilla's so wonderful, Roger. I don't know how you even look at me when she's around."

She was frankly puzzled. "Perhaps it is that I am so different that you were sort of carried away. You'll get tired of me, Roger. I'm not very clever, you know."

She was honestly sincere in her deprecation of herself, and Roger's eyes grew tender as he looked at her earnest face.

"YOU are you," he

said, and Judy's face glowed softly at his tone. "Camilla is wonderful," he admitted. "I still have the greatest admiration for her. But I have just realised that there is something deeper than that. Judy, I've missed a lot in life, my dearest, all the important things. I am beginning to realise. You have shown me such a lot. You must believe me, Judy, this isn't just an idle impulse, it's my whole life. I love you."

She sat for a little while without stirring. Her eyes were very grave.

"Kiss me!" demanded Roger peremptorily.

A new Roger indeed. He had lost all his diffidence, all that shy hesitation that his aunt had thought so becoming in a young man.

But Judy was still firm. "No, not till we have told Camilla."

"Oh, Lord!" he said ruefully. Then, astoundingly, "We'll tell her now."

"Now?" she echoed, a little taken aback. Again she marvelled at this strange creature that had risen as it were from the ashes of the immaculate Roger.

It was not until after lunch, however, that the fateful interview could take place. Despite her mother's agitation, Camilla had slipped out to a pet committee, which kept her sitting well into the afternoon. Lunch was a very trying meal, with Mrs. Fane oozing suspicion and curiosity, and Roger gradually losing that first fine flush of courage of the morning.

However, when Camilla returned, full of good works, at tea-time, she found Roger alone in the hall with

the tea-cups. Her mother had had to write letters, he told her. He forbore to mention that he had asked her to go.

Without any further ado, he asked her for his freedom. Just like that, baldly, without any preliminary softening. She sat there and stared with incredulous grey eyes.

Truth to tell, Camilla had not been listening very closely. Her mind was still running on the committee she had just left. That odious Farnborough woman had actually questioned her authority over some details of the hospital fee.

Now here was Roger, obviously on edge to tell her something. She supposed she'd have to bear with him, she wished he would hurry though, as she wanted to tell him of her triumph over Mrs. Farnborough. Then an unexpected word of his struck oddly on her ear, and she realised what it was he was finding so hard to tell her.

Her grey eyes filled with indignation and wounded pride. When she did speak, her tone was scathing, haughty, incredulous that anyone should be saying such things to Camilla Fane. Had he known it, it was the same tone she had used for Mrs. Farnborough.

"Of course, you don't really mean all this nonsense?" said Camilla.

In his new-found wisdom, Roger searched in vain for something that was missing from those angry eyes. In a way, it seemed to make his task easier, that there was no trace of real hurt there, but he was feeling an utter cad even then. Only the thought of all that it entailed was keeping him from giving in and admitting that it was all a joke.

"You don't love me, Camilla."

It was a statement, not a question. At the unfamiliar note in his voice, she glanced at him sharply, and her eyes lost a little of their surety.

She, too, began to realise that something had happened to Roger. What it was, she didn't quite understand—he had certainly changed, but Miss Camilla Fane did not stoop to argue with anyone, least of all a backsliding sultor.

All the same, her eyes followed him as he left, and they were very puzzled. Indeed, if it were possible to say it of Miss Camilla Fane, she was frankly bewildered.

Camilla was still wearing that puzzled look when her mother burst into the room. The poor lady was almost frantic with suppressed curiosity. Something was certainly happening in the house, and she didn't know what it was. She demanded an instant explanation. In a very few words, Camilla gave it to her.

Mrs. Fane was running true to form. She discussed Judy and Roger with an equal amount of venom and thoroughness, with the tirade ending on the familiar note, the keynote of Camilla's life.

"Of course one must expect that kind of thing. Neither of them is county, you know."

Then the words seemed to freeze on her lips. She stared aghast at Camilla.

Reckless Tom Fane, dead these seventeen years, was struggling to life in his daughter's face.

"To the devil with county people!" said Camilla, and burst into tears. (Copyright.)

Yours for the
whisper of a price

Someone who knows what it is to be young . . . and want pretty things on a limited income . . . designed this glamorous little nightie. Styled from a fancy warp loom fabric in Peachglow, Sky and Lettuce . . . lovely with lace . . . with darling short sleeves and a skirt as full as your evening dress.

Matching Pyjamas No. 811. Price 22/11.

Bond's
SILK UNDERLOVELIES

Nighties * Slips *
Jamas * Scanties * Vests

You'll see the littlest prices—bless them—on all of Bond's silky-sleek underlovelies in all smart stores.

NIGHTGOWN
No. 811
19'6

YOUNG AUSSIE

"WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT'S GOT A
CORKER SWEET TASTE.
STOPS YOU GETTING
THIRSTY, TOO!"



A.S.20a

SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen;
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



FILM STAR'S CHILD:
I think my new daddy's very charming, mummy; but, darling, may I choose the next one?



"Why do you think Tom will propose to me to-night?"
"When I refused him last night he said he didn't care what happened to him."



CLERK: I thought I'd tell you, sir, that I've been here just 25 years to-day.
BOSS: So it's you who have worn a hole in the carpet.



"I thought you were engaged to a promising architect?"
"I was; but he didn't keep his promise."

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PETER: A ghastly thing happened this morning. I ran over your father in my new car.

SHELLA: Good gracious. What happened?

PETER: Nothing serious, thank goodness. Just a bent mudguard and the paint a bit scratched.

HUSBAND: We will draw a veil over the whole unpleasant incident.

WIFE: Nothing of the sort. A fur coat will be required.

THE clerk, on marrying a wealthy woman, retired. One day the pair were out walking when they were noticed by two employees of the husband's old firm.

"There goes Bill with his labor-saving device," said one of them with a sneer.

MRS. SMART: My daughter is going abroad to study singing. Neighbor: That is very considerate of her.

THE policeman raised his hand and the woman motorist stopped with a jerk.

"As soon as I saw you, Miss," said the policeman, "I said to myself, Forty-five, at least."

"Oh no, officer," remonstrated the woman angrily. "It's this hat that makes me look so old."

"WHEN I go to the seaside, I will dream of you every night."
"Don't you think it would be cheaper for you to stay at home and dream about the seaside?"

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR SON?

SUCCESS—SECURITY—PRESTIGE—MONEY—FRIENDS—at a Cost of Only £36-2-6, and obtained within five years?

OR
Ten years of drudgery—a little prestige—still less money, heavy costs of hundreds of pounds that have to be paid by you?

Now is the time you must make your choice. On YOU depends his future... on the advice you give him now. He can be in a good position in a few short months—on his own in two years' time—in five he can be an executive perhaps, with money, power—all that he wants in life—or he can still be struggling along in an overcrowded field where only the truly brilliant can achieve a very great success.

IS HE AVERAGE — OR BRILLIANT?

Train him for Business with H. & R.—Success lies in that field, particularly for those of average ability. Ninety-nine average people gain—in the realms of Business—success far greater than that which the one brilliant man achieves in any other profession. All that another profession has to recommend it can be found in a Business career. There are opportunities for success of more than 100 in the Business world to 1 in another career. Which chance will you give your boy?

UNDER H. & R. YOU MAKE NO EXPERIMENT

For forty-one years now H. & R. have trained men and women for success in Business. In all the large organizations throughout Australia you will find the men in the high positions are H. & R. trained. In all the Business world you find that the men who are most successful are those who have trained for success with H. & R. There is only one reason why this is so. H. & R. training is that of experts. It's always up to date. From all over the world are gathered weekly the successful plans and ideas of the world's most successful men. Here in Australia skilled and trained men examine, collate, and adapt this knowledge to Australian conditions and explain in simple language the facts which make for success.

Throughout Australia in every capital city is a full-time staff of experts, helping and advising students or collaborating with the business leaders as they do, the House of H. & R. is the only organization of its kind qualified and able to ensure success for those who come to it for guidance and tuition.

DON'T DELAY — ACT NOW!

Do you want your son to be leading ahead to success in a business career? Then call in and see H. & R. 10-day—or cut out the coupon and send for this 124-page handbook —"The Guide to Careers in Business"—and see for yourself the opportunities that exist. In it, too, you will see the names of some of the most successful men in Australia, who, if you ask them, would say, "If we do—Send your son to H. & R. to train for the business world, and ensure his future."

GUIDANCE — TRAINING — PLACEMENT
Personal-Individual Tuition. Open Until 2 p.m. Fridays

HEMINGWAY & ROBERTSON
The Business Training Specialists.

19A BANK HOUSE, BANK PLACE, MELBOURNE, C.I.
19A BARRACK HOUSE, 16 BARRACK ST., SYDNEY.
Service Consultants in All Main Country Centres.

To Hemingway & Robertson.
Please send me FREE COPY of the new edition of "The Guide to Careers in Business."

NAME.....AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CAREER INTERESTED IN.....
1938/39

"10 Years of Ill-Health Ended"

Doctor's Prescriptions save sufferers from

Kidney Weakness and Liver Ailments

"After suffering 10 years with my liver, four U.B.O. Tablets have worked wonders for me. They have also given my son and daughter wonderful relief." This report is typical of many that we now effectively Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. treatments are bringing speedy relief and freedom from the many ailments due to toxins and poisonous acids which permeate the system as a result of incorrect functioning of either the liver or the kidneys.

Backache, Headache, Trouble, Acid Blood, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning and Itching Sensation, are generally due to Kidney disorders. Take a course of Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Kidney Treatment.

Frequent Headaches, Dizziness, Sallow Skin, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, Constipation and Nausea, and loss of appetite, are Liver symptoms—Take Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Liver Treatment.

Morning Tiredness, Loss of Energy, Puffiness under Eyes, and general depression, usually indicate that both Liver and Kidneys are out of order. Both are closely associated and one affects the other. It is wise in many cases to take a course of both tablets. The dual treatment will work wonders, the system will be thoroughly cleansed of toxins, rich blood will flow freely, the complexion will become smooth and rosy—in fact, you'll enjoy the feeling of a new lease of life.

DR. CARROLL'S

U.B.O. KIDNEY TREATMENT, 3/6

U.B.O. LIVER TREATMENT, 2/6

At all Chemists or the U.B.O. Dispensary, 75 Liverpool St. Sydney.

An Editorial

OCTOBER 29, 1938

IT'S DEFENCE— NOT DEFIANCE



IN the wake of the Hitler-Chamberlain peace pact comes a new rush of armament, a new feeling that the war serpent has only been scotched, not killed.

During the next twelve months Australia is to spend \$16,800,000 on defence.

In Europe, as one shrewd observer puts it, they are putting peace on a war basis. The Christian nations are agreeing to protect each other from one another.

Last week, the elderly president of Sydney's Union Club, speaking at an annual meeting of the Girl Guides' Association, denounced pacifists as "twitterers."

He made a fiery appeal to the girls of this peace-loving organisation to give children toy soldiers for Christmas and so help to foster and revive "the splendid military spirit which made our Empire great."

That is a counsel from the bad old days of jingoism, of a boastful type of narrow patriotism which fostered national hatred.

Thanks to such aggressive poison, smoke from the bodies of untold millions has arisen during the centuries from the foul altars of Mars.

To-day, every sane man and woman is a pacifist.

Apart from its inhumanity, we know now war is bad business. It doesn't pay—and is seldom paid for.

But unhappily there are still powerful war-making madmen in control of nations armed to the teeth. Because of them, the peaceful nations must be prepared for war.

Then, such preparations must be made as thorough as possible. They must be done as a tradesmanlike job.

But they must not be done to the rolling of the drums of war-mongers. They must not foster hatred, vanity, the destructive, base emotions which, in the past, have been part of the campaigning for war preparedness.

—THE EDITOR.

Air Hostess Over Europe

Australian Girl Who Saw Europe's Crisis From Sky

By LAURIE STEELE

Sydney girl appointed as Royal Dutch Air Lines Hostess on European Routes—in an Interview Cabled from Our London Office.

I HAVE flown 20,000 miles in the month since I arrived in Holland to be the first British air hostess in Europe.

Who could have chosen a more thrilling and dramatic time to be winging back and forth across Europe?

There was I, the girl from Australia, flying from one to another of the capitals of Europe while they trembled on the brink of war.

That would have been enough.

But added to it was the exciting thought that we were carrying passengers on strange missions, men gravely preoccupied with the affairs of nations.

On the outcome of those missions hung the fate of the people dwelling in those doll-like houses far below in the patchwork of fields, rivers and woods called Europe.

From the clouds it all looked so peaceful, so deceptively calm, that it was difficult to believe that it was actually torn by political issues which might at any moment destroy it completely.

Such passions seemed as unreal as the frontiers drawn on man-made maps, but invisible from the air.

One of the passengers we carried was Sir Harold MacMichael, High Commissioner of Palestine, who was flying to London to consult Cabinet Minister Malcolm MacDonald about the threatened war between Arabs and Jews.

He was courteous and unassuming and obviously a most experienced air traveller.

Fleeing Refugees

ANOTHER passenger I imagined as settling the affairs of Europe was Prince Axel, of Denmark.

He is charming, good-looking and very democratic in his manner, and we had a long friendly conversation in French.

Others of our passengers were refugees fleeing from persecution that seemed unbelievable from the aspect presented by those pleasant fields below.

I do not like to talk about these people. Their problem is one beyond the aid of the most efficient air hostess. All I could do was make their journey as comfortable as possible.

There were tears in their eyes as they looked from the plane windows



LAURIE STEELE, the girl from Kirribilli, Sydney, who is now doing a difficult job as an air hostess over Europe. She is 27 years of age, and held a similar job in Australia for twelve months before accepting her present appointment.

down to the lands they expected never to see again. I felt utterly helpless before their sorrow.

Days of Uncertainty

DURING the worst of the international uncertainty, we were continually crossing frontiers without knowing from one minute to the next whether we would be allowed to leave the airport ahead.

It was a curious feeling being up in the air while history was being made below.

At any moment the peace on which our flying depended might go up—literally—in smoke.

The number of uniformed officers at every airport was amazing. Passport officials, police in uniform, and certain ominous-looking people in plain clothes who may have been secret police. Uniformed soldiers were also in evidence around the airport.

There were many reminders of trouble.

More than once we felt the tension of the war fear in Europe.

ONCE WE WERE STOPPED AT ROTTERDAM WHEN LEAVING FOR PRAGUE, AS THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES WOULD NOT PERMIT US TO FLY OVER THEIR COUNTRY THAT DAY.

Our complement consisted entirely of Czech reservists hurrying back in answer to the mobilisation call.

Another time we were held up at a Continental airport while a passenger was taken off by uniformed men.

What or who he was, or what he had done, we had no idea. But you can imagine the stories we made up for ourselves!

Customs and Currency

THE great difference between the job here in Europe and the job in Australia is that we must know all Customs regulations and currency problems.

These change daily, and keep my head working like a comptometer.

I must also be familiar with all the passport visa regulations, and I have had to learn the geography of Europe all over again.

I have to know it in detail, all the towns we fly over, the historic landmarks, and the various cultural, industrial and agricultural pursuits of each district.

Another problem that does not crop up in Australia arises from the clash of different temperaments and languages among the passengers.

Air hostesses here are required to keep very fit. We have a gymnasium to which we go twice a week, and we also go horse-riding with the pilots, and play golf and tennis on our own course and courts. I was specially pleased to find how popular squash is.

I AM often asked which of the women of Europe are the loveliest.

Well, I really think the Swedish women are the most beautiful and the smartest. They are tall, fair, and graceful, and they wear tweeds beautifully.

The women of Europe are generally less smart than the Australians. They have not the easy balance and poise of our girls.

What most impresses me here is the ground radio and meteorological organisation of the European airports, which leave Australia far behind.

It is absolutely wonderful how everything runs to schedule, and we know exactly what weather we may encounter in any part of the route.

We are in constant touch with the ground by wireless, no matter what the conditions.

But in all this orgy of admiration I must say that so far I have not seen any sight to compare with the beauty of our Australian coastline, or is that just a little homesick pang which comes to all Australians over here, no matter how we enjoy our jobs?

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



What Men Suffer in the Cause of Beauty



Torture Chamber that is the Barber's Chair

I'm sick of having people tell me that I need a haircut.

Of course I need a haircut! And, what's more, I'm likely to go on needing a haircut.

YOU know how it is—you keep putting it off and putting it off until the kids in the street start screeching rude remarks at you. Whereupon I grit my teeth and mutter to myself, "This day I am going to have my hair cut."

Then I find that that day is the occasion of the barbers' picnic and the shops are shut.

On returning home my wife says: "Are you growing that mane for a

bet or have you joined some new cult?"

Just like when she says to me, "For the love of Mike, go and shave yourself. Aunt Aggie is coming this afternoon and I don't want you sitting around looking like a grampus."

"All right! Okay! Stop harping at me."

At this I put my hat and coat on and she says, "Where are you going NOW?"

"I've got to have a haircut and shave, haven't I?"

"Well, you come straight back.

By ..

L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

And don't come back too late. You know how Aunt Aggie—"

"Ah, to blame with Aunt Aggie!"

"Humph! Sort of thing a perfect gentleman would say."

By this time I'm out the front door.

If I could think of some devastatingly sarcastic comeback I'd say it and then slam the door, but as I can never think of these things until half an hour afterwards I just slam the door.

When I arrive at the barber's I find every chair full and nine waiting.

Well, a man can't loiter about the pavement doing nothing, can he? I mean to say, he might be taken for a suspicious character or something. So the only thing to do is to go and have a chat with Clara over at the King's Arms.

After about half an hour I return to the barber's shop. Outside is a sign, "Five chairs. No waiting."

There are five chairs all right.

fifteen customers, and one barber. I sit down to wait. Beside me is a daily paper, provided for the use of waiting clients. It is three weeks old.

Every now and then a stubble-faced, long-haired man comes into the shop, looks around and goes out again. Gone to see Clara.

Human Gramophone

AT last my turn comes and I am actually seated in the barber's chair.

"Haircut, sir? And shave? Yes, sir."

Then he chokes you with a sheet. "We've had quite a lot of dry weather lately, sir, don't you think? Although they tell me that there's been rain in the western districts. Short at the back and sides, sir?"

"Yeah."

"I see by the papers that Germany has backed down. I always say that while the British Navy patrols the seas we hold control—excuse me. There's someone at the counter."

He goes away and you look at yourself in the mirror, and think, "I was born bald, why didn't I stay that way? Mug that I am!"

"Yesir," says the barber, coming back again. "Take our air-force, for instance—"

"I don't want to take your air-force!"

"Ha! Ha! No, certainly not. Have you heard anything for to-day?"

"You brush it straight back, don't you?"

"No. Yes."

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I haven't heard anything for to-day, and I brush it straight back."

"Oh. One of my customers told me this morning that Ajax was a good thing for the handicap."

"Umph."

"That short enough, sir, or would

ONE WAY to prevent a barber talking would be to present him with a beard like this. He'd be dumbfounded.

you like a little more off the top?"

"That'll do."

"You have a slight touch of dandruff there. I've some stuff here I mix myself. Only three and six a bottle. You just rub it in night and morning. You can get it at the front counter. Razor all right, sir?"

"No. It feels like a plough."

Interlude for a bit of stropping. Then more lathering.

"Aren't you the gentleman who writes for the papers?"

"Yeah."

"I thought so. My wife reads your article every week."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Beg pardon, sir? Oh! I'm sorry. It's only a slight nick. I'll soon stop that bleeding. Mr. Anthony Eden seems to have faded right out of the limelight, don't you think?"

"Yeah."

"It's a pity. He was a very colorful figure. Hot towel or spray, sir?"

This is the crucial moment at my barber's.

You can either be par-boiled with a hot towel or be soaked to the singlet with a cold spray.

As I have two singlets I always choose the spray.

After being dried and powdered, he sits me up and grabbing me by the hair, says: "A little oil, sir?"

"Yeah."

And he douses me with stuff that makes people sniff in trauma.

Why you women ever took to shingling and bobbing I don't know. You were happy enough before.

Still, you don't have to shave.

How can you get a Lovely Complexion

YOU can have that clear, unblemished skin—that outer beauty which comes from inner health—if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system and daily eliminate impurities from the bloodstream. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes all blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires—a matchless complexion.

So if you want to be admired for your lovely clear complexion start taking Bile Beans to-night.



"I am a hundred per cent. better in health since I started taking Bile Beans, and my skin is again fresh and clear. I would not miss my nightly Bile Beans for anything."—Mrs. E. Hinds.

"Taking Bile Beans nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is now a healthy colour, my complexion is blemish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britton.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

If every woman knew!



If every woman knew how much better the Hoover cleans, no home would be without the world's best cleaner. Hoover's exclusive "Positive Agitation" process cleans thoroughly and completely. Carpets cleaned with a Hoover look brighter and last longer.

You can obtain your Hoover on very easy terms. Ask for a demonstration.

£1
DEPOSIT

The HOOVER

IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS

Available from leading stores and Radiola distributors throughout New South Wales.



Your Eyes will THRILL MEN



PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green. Complete, with special brush, 1/6 everywhere.

... and for that extra touch Pinaud's Six-Twelve Eyeshadow Pinaud's Six-Twelve Eyebrow Pencil

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

BY EUCRASY with 49 Years' Success.
"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.
It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE Booklet, and many Testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."



BANISH BILIOUSNESS THIS PLEASANT WAY

Wise people, if they have any cause to fear a bilious attack, take Andrews Liver Salt as a precaution, knowing that it will stave off the attack by assisting Nature to function properly. Since Andrews promotes the flow of bile to assist the digestion of fats it quickly corrects any bilious condition.

OSMOSIS one action of Andrews that is truly important

Of the four actions of Andrews Liver Salt, that which works by osmosis is most important, since it has a beneficial, cleansing effect on the intestinal tract through which the body derives its nourishment:

(1) Andrews corrects stomach acidity without causing excessive alkalinity. Its minute bubbles of carbon-dioxide soothe the inflamed linings of stomach and bowels.

(2) Andrews eliminates waste by osmosis, or the flow of fluid through the bowel walls from surrounding tissues. This flow cleanses without harming the delicate bowel lining.

(3) Andrews has a moderate stimulating effect on the bowels—neither the drastic purging of harsh purgatives, nor the irritation of rough patent foods.

(4) Andrews has also a directly beneficial action on the liver, increasing the flow of bile necessary for digestion. Andrews is far, far more than just a saline, as results prove.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

The Ideal Tonic Laxative

EFFERVESCING - PLEASANT-TASTING - THOROUGH

LARGEST SALE OF ANY EFFERVESCING SALT IN THE WORLD



A TERRIFIC

southerly hurricane blew into Rosemouth the next day.

"I can't stand this—we're going to-morrow," commanded Miss Stavelay.

Despairingly, that night, Mary went and stood by the estuary in the teeth of the gale, but he was not there.

He would come the next night and she would be gone.

★ ★ ★
Mary Burford stood before her dressing-table in the Bayswater boarding-house, the years slipping away as she re-lived her ironic, brief romance. Then, above the roses, she saw her reflection, rather sweet, rather nice, rather faded, for fusing after tyrannical old ladies does not allow hard-working companions to look after themselves.

"One thing is certain, and the rest lies—

The rose that once has bloomed for ever dies."

Mary thought of those lines.

"There are other roses," whispered a tiny voice somewhere near her heart. Mary knew it was the flower of her lost youth; that had haunted her for twenty years; the broken, unfinished music of a rudely interrupted romance.

In the end, she had a permanent wave and some really good face-cream and clothes, and she went to Rosemouth for a holiday—just to see the funny old place again, she told herself.

Recaptured Rose

Continued from Page 7

She went there to lay a ghost.

The hotel was select, pleasant and fairly full of holiday-makers.

She was there on the advice of an incongruous fellow guest who had taken a fancy to her in the Bayswater boarding-house, a primrose-haired little revue dancer.

One lonely evening she had found herself telling the girl about him, half humorously.

"You must have a perm, a facial, and some really dinky clothes, my dear, and then go to Rosemouth for a holiday," said Sadie, who was half Mary's age in years, but twice as old in worldly wisdom. "I'll show you where to go for everything. There's a woman I know who does wonders in clothes for quaint dears like you. You'll feel and look like the earth when she's finished with you."

Mary laughed in spite of the fact that she only felt a very insignificant and mousy bit of "the earth" at the moment. Still, the child was amusing, and—well, why not look one's best to make up for all the years when one had never dared look anything else but an effaced brown frump?

It was in this delightfully transformed condition that she found herself at Rosemouth. The woman who "did wonders for quaint dears" had done her best for Mary and made her an outfit in the soft blues and dull roses and greys that suited her personality.

The first few days of rest—and gorgeous sea air—continued the miracle, and then there was John Brent. He sat at the table next to hers in the hotel dining-room, and was over from Australia on a visit to take a protracted look round, as he put it.

HE was big, bluff, and grey-haired. He seemed to like her better than the sunbathing girls whose fun and laughter filled the verandah and beach.

He had a sheep farm in New South Wales. He was home to make up his mind whether to buy property in England and forget Australia and the wife he lost there two years before, or return.

"I wish you would come back with me," he said to Mary. "I can't go back alone to count sheep. And there's no one else I would like to take so well as you. In fact, I've got quite fond of you. I never thought it would be possible to get so bothered over a woman again."

Mary looked beyond the estuary. There was a half-tender, half-mischiefous curve on her lips that had only recently learnt how to smile unafraid.

"I'm forty, John Brent."

"You're not really; you've been sort of asleep for years—afraid to move an eyelid for fear of that old dragon you told me about," he retorted.

"Ah! but I'm grateful to her, all the same," said Mary.

"That's not what gives you the haunted look, I reckon. What's bothering you, girl? For what—or whom are you looking?"

"How did you guess?" Brent's eyes twinkled. "Perhaps counting sheep across big spaces makes one observant. By the way, I want you, anyway, whether I go back to Australia or buy a few sheep here. You're a sweet woman."

Mary leaned forward, and began to talk.

"So you see how I feel," she finished. "I'm a foolish woman, I know, but I feel I must lay that man's ghost. I shan't have any peace until I break the illusion—find out something about him. I haven't discovered a thing yet."

"It's only a dream, Mifanwy," he said, in half-tender, half-bantering tones, quoting the words of an old-fashioned song. "I reckon he wouldn't look the same to you after twenty years. Think of it, honey. You may have knocked up against him in this very town without knowing it. In a way, my dear, twenty years can play more mischief with a man's looks than with a woman's. He'd be bound to look different."

"But so do I," said Mary gravely.

"Well, I don't want you to look different. You're delightful now," said Brent, suddenly taking up her hand and kissing her finger-tips. "And what I love is to see a woman look nice and sweet, if she's twenty, forty, or fifty. And what beats me is a fine, sensible, and darling creature like you getting so het up over a ghost-man that she can't see when a real one is wanting to kiss her

and marry her and make her forget all that—"

"Look out, John—some people are coming," she said.

A local family who belonged to the artists' colony of Rosemouth came straggling up the spur of sand and rocks on which they were sitting.

The girls, untidy and sandy-haired had a picnic basket and were wrangling over it in high-pitched voices. Their mother, a stout and complacent figure, waddled after them with two weedy youths.

"Where's the ginger beer?" queried one of the girls.

There was a chorus of cries for the missing ginger beer.

Mary and John rose from their rock, smiling. The family were notorious locally for their loud and aliphod manners.

As they returned to the hotel they passed the American bar. Some bright young visitors were perched on the striped black and scarlet stools drinking cocktails.

"Come and have one," said John, "and we'll drink to the laying of the ghost."

"The ginger beer for my beloved family," a voice cried suddenly. "Trevor, old man, pack the bottles for me, there's a good fellow, or my missus will want to know the reason why."

Trevor, the immaculate young barman, served John Brent and then turned to the florid and rather watery-eyed, oldish man who was drinking a large sherry at the counter and laughing fatuously.

"A slave to my dear family," he went on. "And they always will picnic at Rosemouth's most romantic spot. Ah, the estuary by moonlight and a beautiful, mysterious girl! D'you know, gentlemen, every year for the past twenty years I seem to have come across pretty damsels in the moonlight at the estuary—tried to paint some of them, but they never looked the same in the morning."

Mary's glass was poised, as the hilarious voice rattled on.

"There was one kid who used to bathe there by moonlight years and years ago. Never had a chance to paint her in the morning. She just blew away in a storm or something. Another large sherry, Trevor—and where's that ginger-beer?"

"Fancy being tight before lunch!" giggled a bright young thing, as the hilarious one shuffled away laden with ginger-beer bottles.

"He always is—has been for years," said the barman. "And he doesn't



SHEER PRINT is the favorite for Mary Carlisle. The navy chiffon with white pin dots is worn with a starched white pique collar. The hat is a turned-up white panama with a circular veil of black silk thread.

paint much—just sloshes about, you know, and boasts about the ladies he's known!"

Mary began sipping her cocktail. Suddenly she put it down and began to laugh.

Brent watched her oddly. She looked extraordinarily young and carefree—as if a load had rolled away from her mind.

"Honey," said Brent, "I can't kiss you in front of all these folks, so hurry and drink up that cocktail."

"To the ghost that is truly and properly laid!" she cried, draining it to the last drop.

She was so grateful to be alive, to feel John Brent's warm, humorous glance enveloping her, and to realise that she had recaptured the rose of love—a sturdier, friendlier bloom than that fragile phantom that had haunted her for twenty years.

(Copyright.)

SMARTNESS IN THE CUT

Freedom IN THE FIT

Men's

CESARINE

Tailored Shirts

Insist on Genuine CESARINE . . . A CAESAR Fabric

MEN—here's the all-occasion shirt that will give you real service.

Fadeless CESARINE—with tailored smartness that gives good looks plus comfort in action. Collar and pockets attached and in all popular shades. See them at any good store. From 7/6 each.

AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS

HAVE SENT OVER 40,000 TESTIMONIALS

THE FOOD MOST PLEASING TO CHILDREN builds and develops them best; that is, of course, when it is a properly constituted food. A problem to thousands of mothers is the fussy eater, and it has been proved that coaxing is apt to spoil the child.

Mothers soon learn that all children love ARNOTT'S Famous MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS and will eat them when they refuse all other foods. This valuable food thus becomes a solution of the problem and leads to a most worthy addition to the diet of the child.

THE value of Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits is greatly increased when they are dipped in milk, a practice popular with children for the past half century. For school they are the ideal rich milk food in most convenient form. Just butter a few and add them to the lunch. They make the usual weak, soggy meal both attractive and beneficial. A popular sweet, too, for the picnic lunch, they are so easy to carry and easy to serve.

Arnott's

FAMOUS
**MILK
ARROWROOT
BISCUITS**



ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — "THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER!"



Reviewed by . . .
ESME FENSTON

Of the many great women of the past century, few have a more colorful story than Ella Lynch, central figure of "Woman on Horseback."

ELLA LYNCH was only nineteen when she linked her life and fortunes with those of Francisco Lopez, who, a few years later, would succeed his father as dictator of Paraguay.

Already calamity and heart-break had crystallised her dreams into a cynical philosophy.

"A woman she maintained, 'gives her first man the dreams that she has taken out of her girlhood; her faith and her confidence and her trust."

"She gives the second one gratitude and complaisance and the privilege of nursing her wounds. The third?"

"For the third man, there is only what he can take. A woman who comes to a third man brings him her own need and her determination to serve it."

So thought Ella Lynch when she was contemplating the choice of her third.

He was to be Francisco Lopez,

and the story of this famous—and infamous—pair is superbly told in "Woman on Horseback," by William E. Barrett.

This is more than the story of a man and a woman. It is the record of a blood-stained experiment in totalitarianism, a tale of tyranny and violence.

As such it cannot help bringing to mind contrasts and similarities with modern states of the same kind.

Bride of Fifteen

ELLA LYNCH'S saga makes some of the famous courtesans of history look mere painted dolls in comparison.

Born in Britain of a family that included bishops and magistrates, she married at fifteen an officer in the medical corps of the French army.

She had three years of enchantment with him before he proved himself a shoddy knight. His Colonel became infatuated with his wife, and he would not protect her against a man of superior rank, in case his career suffered.

He found a loophole that the French marriage laws gave him, leaving her married while he became free, and Ella Lynch cried love out of her heart because of him.

Her second man, a gallant Russian who obligingly killed off the lecherous old Colonel in a duel, was not very important. War between France and Russia parted them.

But her association with Lopez made her a figure of history.

They met in Paris in 1894, and she went with him when he returned to Paraguay.

Lopez, who lacked the power of interpreting personal experience, was satisfied with the thought that he 'wanted' her and did not admit that he 'needed' her. He was unfaithful to her . . . but he neither remembered the women nor knew them by name.

"With Ella Lynch, he discussed the affairs of State."

She had won not his heart nor his body, but his mind.



What an extraordinary woman she must have been!

As a woman she was all woman, exquisite, seductive, cultivated. By rigorous self-discipline she preserved her figure and her beauty against the trials of the tropic climate and the bearing of four sons to Lopez.

As a soldier and a political schemer, she had the ruthless strength, the unscrupulous cunning of a man.

She rode to battle in breeches and boots, with a long grey cloak wrapped about her slender figure. She was strikingly beautiful and so contemptuous of danger that the soldiers of Paraguay regarded her with superstitious awe.

She had a brain that was always one move ahead of the next fellow, and her home in Asuncion, the capital, was a centre of culture in a desert of barbarous ignorance.

And yet she had a private torturer who helped her extract information from suspected traitors!

Cats and a Courtesan

ONE story illustrates her mettle. Many of the women of Asuncion dared to snub her; one of the worst offenders was Madame Cochelet, wife of the French Consul.

Lopez had a plan to end all this. He named Madame Lynch his hostess at a launch excursion and made Madame Cochelet guest of honor.

Madame Cochelet, pointedly ignored her hostess' presence and others of the foreign colony followed her example.

The high-pitched remark of one woman carried to Ella Lynch's ears—intentionally.

"It is an experience for a memoir," she said, "to have been the honored guest of a courtesan in Paraguay."

"Ella Lynch made no reply then. An hour later she ordered the servants to set tables on the deck . . . she moved close to the table of Madame Cochelet."

"She stood there haughtily aloof, and watched a line of servants with

covered trays appear upon the deck from the direction of the galley.

"With military precision and evidently acting upon definite orders, the servants marched to the rail and solemnly dumped the contents of the trays into the river.

"Madame Lynch bowed stiffly. 'And it shall be written in my memoirs,' she said, 'that I refused to serve cats at my table.'"

Francisco Lopez at one time tried to arrange a dynastic marriage for himself, the only serious threat to his mistress' domination throughout his life.

But she was still with him during the long wars when Paraguay was surrounded by enemies, but refused to surrender.

In the final debacle Lopez ordered Ella and their sons into a carriage to fly from the advancing enemy.

"With bugles sounding clearly from beyond the barricade and harsh cries of challenge ringing from behind mud walls, he crushed her hand to his lips.

"Cherie, cherie," he said, "I have always loved you . . ."

"He snapped his fingers to the driver and the whip fell . . . Ella Lynch looked back and gripped the side of the swaying carriage until her knuckles were white. Something stung her eyes and her teeth sank into her lip.

"They had had 16 years—but this was the first time that Francisco had ever told her that he loved her."

The thousands who nowadays read biography as often as fiction will find in this book a most satisfying measure of red-blooded drama and excitement.

"Woman on Horseback," by William E. Barrett. Peter Davies. Our copy from the publishers.

Three Smart Girls



SOLD BY FINE SHOPS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

THE GIRL ON THE LEFT

EVERLOC

"The look that fits everything!" Won't crush, won't fade, but WILL WASH! Clean, soft-lined styles, with such gay stripes, spots, and check patterns. Remember, every back has the famous guarantee! Price 35/-

THE LASS IN THE CENTRE

SHARKTEX

These crisp, comfortable cool frocks are impressively tailored. In white and beautiful pastels, they're guaranteed to please. Amazingly inexpensive, yet nothing about them to indicate Price 25/11

THE YOUNG LADY ON THE RIGHT

floraloc

An important question follows! You'll never leave the dressing gown! . . . Because they're so smart you'll never guess it to look at them! These frocks simply won't crush! There's good taste and fine detail in the styles. Yes, they have the famous guarantee too! Price 39/11

STYLED
EXCLUSIVELY BY

Spectator
SPORTSWEAR

Books in Brief

THE wife of a British officer serving in Palestine from the end of the Arab rebellion until the middle of last year has made a record of her impressions in "A Land Divided." Elizabeth Montgomery does not delve deeply into the troubles of to-day, but does include historical sketches, concerning the origin of both Arab and Jewish claims in modern Palestine. She combines history and current observation happily, and her book was written at a small Jewish hotel on the seashore at Tel Aviv during the hot summer months of 1937. (Hutchinson.)

THOSE who hanker for an idyllic existence on a South Sea island will be anxious to read "Madman's Island." This is the rewritten first book of Ion I. Idriess, and it is done in his usual laconic style.

There's no romance and little beauty about his island, and he escapes from it with relief. The men of the house will be most interested in this tale, the account of an adventurous prospecting sojourn of two men on an island along the Great Barrier Reef. (Angus & Robertson.)

SYDNEY HORLER is a prolific writer of detective stories, and his latest is "A Gentleman For the Gallows." A gang of smiling men sweep into a court as the Judge dons the black cap, shoot the Judge and kidnap the convicted murderer. The smiles are on masks; the gang is unmasked by a crime reporter, who, of course, drags his sweetheart dangerously into the affair. Enjoyably melodramatic. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

DAILY ADVENTURE

WHY do the majority of people complain about the sameness of the daily round of life? And why is it that people become bored with living?

Such people have become self-centred, and refuse to see the joy of variation about them.

Life is an adventure that should be lived to the full, and even with our daily toil, that becomes supposedly monotonous, we can, provided we forget self, find joy and pleasure and even adventure in our most routine existence.

£1 for this letter to Olive Woods, Egremont, 213 Liverpool Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

CLUBS NEEDED

I AM one of a great many business girls who often stay in town after work to keep an appointment later on in the evening.

Time does not always permit me to go home first, and I am often at a loose end trying to find something to do to fill in the interval before keeping my engagement.

I think we should have special clubs dotted round town to provide us with something to do with this leisure time.

Miss Heather Moor, 9 Marlborough House, Arthur St., Randwick, N.S.W.

WASTED AFFECTION

WHY do women in comfortable circumstances, without children, lavish their affection on animals when they could give some deserving orphan child a comfortable home and a good upbringing?

It seems a hypocrisy on our community outlook that animals should receive care and attention while our orphanages are filled with homeless mites.

R. M. Loder, 248 Liverpool Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1952B, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.



In Defence of Idleness in Trams & Trains

MISS CROUCH, who says people "waste precious time" in trams and trains by sitting doing nothing (8/10/38), apparently does not realise that perhaps her travelling companions are busy people taking necessary relaxation.

For example, the business man or shop girl on the way to or from work, or the busy wife and mother out to do the household shopping.

I do a great deal of knitting myself, but would not dream of taking any of my work when on an excursion to the city, as I prefer to enjoy gazing at what is going on about me.

Molly G. Bullock, Evandale, Tas.

Rest Eyes

BEING a busy mother with a family, I do not agree with Lorna Crouch in her condemnation of people sitting idly in trams and trains. She thinks they should be knitting or reading.

It is the only time some people have to rest tired eyes and nerves.

Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

Hours Wasted

MISS CROUCH raises a good point. Life is too short to waste time, and when one considers that the average person spends about an hour a day in travelling to and from work, the total time wasted is appalling.

Also, there is nothing more disconcerting than to have to endure the continual scrutiny of the idle traveller.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew ES, Vic.

Means Relaxation

THERE'S no doubt that we waste time. But there are some, like myself, who have taken sewing or reading along in train or out-of-doors, and the fresh air has taken away all inclination to do it.

To some, this idleness means relaxation, while I'm sure there are people who do quite a lot of planning while travelling.

Mrs. A. Fuller, 15 Railway Cottage, Nymagee St., Nynan, N.S.W.

Impossible to Read

LIKE L. Crouch, I felt it was a waste of time sitting doing nothing while travelling in the trams, but on attempting to do some knitting soon found it was practically impossible.

The constant clanging and jolting of stopping and starting and the jostling of passengers getting on and off make it impossible to concentrate on anything for any length of time.

Even reading the newspaper and wrestling in a small space to turn the pages makes you feel rather a nuisance to those travelling alongside and opposite you.

Mrs. J. R. Smith, 25 Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Study Fellow Men

PRACTICAL experience has taught me that much may be achieved by way of studying and knitting



Can achieve much

while travelling to and from business.

Yet relaxation is of priceless value to tired folk, and, further, one who is interested in his fellow-men may find the study of other passengers an education in itself.

Mrs. J. Gaunson, 3 Larne Grove, Camberwell ES, Vic.

Is the Modern Generation Too Outspoken?

I AGREE with Mrs. J. Hamlyn (8/10/38). The modern generation is frank, in many cases unnecessarily so, and not always from a dislike of anything savoring of hypocrisy, but from a lack of understanding of the feelings of others.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

Use Discretion

FRANKNESS is always in good taste, but it is those folk who pride themselves on being "outspoken" who are so insufferable.

We should always have regard in conversation for the feelings of our hearers, and use discretion in airing opinions which may be unpalatable to others present.

True courtesy such as this is still to be found, though it no longer reveals itself in the courtliness and ceremony of other days.

Miss M. Berry, Box 3277PF, G.P.O., Sydney.

Can't Be Too Frank

I CANNOT agree that this generation is too frank, Mrs. Hamlyn. When good manners are overvalued to such an extent that we become hypocritical, they cease to do us credit. Far better to acquire the reputation of being outspoken than to risk losing our sense of proportion, and become unduly concerned over the feelings of those whose outlook is too narrow to appreciate truth.

Miss B. Rayment, 72 Second Ave., Campsie, N.S.W.

KITCHEN TEAS —FOR MEN

KITCHEN teas, linen teas, and such are very popular with young women about to be married and the gifts received are very useful in the new home. I see no reason why young men should not be given "Handy Man Teas," or to give them a more masculine name, "Handy Man Smoke-obs."

A smoke concert at which the man's friends might bring along such presents as hammers, saws, ash-trays, and all the many little gadgets so useful about the home would prove a pleasant farewell to bachelor days and be the means of setting the new husband up with many useful articles that he may be years in getting otherwise.

What do readers think?
A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

Have Consideration

AS J. Hamlyn says (8/10/38), frankness can be carried to extremes. We need to have more consideration for other people's feelings.

However, though we may deplore the lack of courtesy and good manners, women have had a great deal to do with their passing.

It is up to us to show that we expect good manners and when we receive them to acknowledge them with grace.

There is too much scoffing at small acts of kindness and common courtesy; appreciation would foster their growth.

L. Roberts, 154 Cambridge St., West Leederville, W.A.

Rouse Suspicion

MRS. HAMLYN wonders if our love of frankness and scorn of hypocrisy are carried beyond the bounds of good taste.

This is all to the good. The alleged good manners and tact of a passing generation were often a mere screen for downright hypocrisy.

With frank people one knows where one stands, but those "nice," tactful people leave one wondering and justly suspicious.

Miss F. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Woman's Most Attractive Attire

AS long as the "frills and furbelows" dear to feminine hearts are displayed in modified form, I join with Miss Hall (8/10/38) in giving praise that they are to be the fashion this season.

Tailored wear looks smart and striking, but not so appealing or becoming as dainty feminine attire.

Yet one must be careful to dress tastefully, for one so readily looks tawdry in "frills."

Mrs. Campbell, First Ave., East Adelaide.

For Everyday Wear

FRILLS, flowers and lace are certainly charming for evening wear and garden parties; but for everyday wear there is nothing so attractive



Men prefer femininity

as the plainly made easy-to-laundry linens that we wear nowadays.

Still another point in favor of the frill-less frocks is that they suit the not-so-slim as well as the flappers.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

More Appealing

IF one dresses to please a man, one will definitely rejoice in the frills and furbelows which Miss Hall declares are now the fashion.

Men like dainty clothes. Their favorite color is blue—baby-blue, not any of the exotic new shades.

And dainty attire makes a woman appear more feminine and so appeals to the protective masculine instinct.

Mrs. Wilkie, Clifton St., Hawthorn, Vic.

Not for Everyone

ADMITTEDLY, dainty feminine attire is very attractive—but not for everyone.

Some people don't look their best in it. The secret of good dressing is to wear clothes that suit your particular type.

The not-so-slim look best in tailored wear.

Probably Miss Hall is a dainty type. And in that case she certainly does do well to rejoice in the return of femininity.

Marion Waters, Grafton St., Warwick, W. Qld.

Older Fashions

I TOO, am glad that frills and furbelows are back in fashion.

I think there are few fashions so becoming to a woman as the bustles and full skirts of the gay 'nineties.

Or the sumptuous, extravagant, but highly-becoming styles of the powder-and-patches era—the early nineteenth century.

In these active times we cannot hark back completely to those fashions. But it is a good thing if we attempt to capture some of the old, charming femininity.

Miss Read, Ozon Parade, Cottesloe, W.A.

Simplicity Best

YES, Reva Hall, men definitely admire and prefer femininity—woman's greatest charm.

I have never met a man who likes to see a girl in slacks.

But tailored clothes are very smart and can also be feminine. Too many furbelows and trimmings are apt to look cheap and tawdry.

For the best effect—avoid extremes. Simplicity is charm.

Mrs. Joy McDonald, No. 3 Kenilworth, Hardie St., King's Cross, Sydney.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

CUT BIRTHDAYS

THIS serious business of birthdays!

From the time the child is born we tell him he will soon be this age, soon be that age. By various and subtle means we encourage him to wish his years away. Every year the adult, too, observes the ritual of ticking off another milestone and bewails that each year flies faster than the last.

In many instances too much importance is placed on the chronological age rather than on the mental capacity to fulfil life's requirements, and young people often advance their age in order to obtain employment.

Could we not live a longer and happier life by minimising this apparent desire to rush towards our end?

Mrs. Margaret de Gyulay, 105 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

BAR "SHOUTING"

EVERY right-minded woman must deplore excessive drinking, but this is often but a fashion, due to the idiotic custom of "shouting."

Imagine if a woman met two friends in the street and invited them to tea with her at a restaurant. Then, when they had finished, one friend said, "Now you must have one at my expense," and ordered another tea-pot of tea; and when that was finished, the second friend, "Now it is my turn," and solemnly ordered a third!

A remedy for this foolish custom would be to do away with bars altogether, and have cafes—open-air in suitable weather—where men, women or children could sit and order tea, coffee, beer, or whatever each fancied. In countries where this is done, there is said to be almost no overdrinking.

Mrs. A. Roberts, Flowerdale, Tas.

BAD HABIT

I CAN'T understand why women and girls out with their men-folk in streets, cafes, and trams are continually examining, adding to, or attending in one way or another to their make-up. How men can and do put up with it is remarkable.

Mrs. P. Simons, Waratah Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

All UGLY HAIR gone

...in only 3 MINUTES

In less time than it takes to slip into your bathing suit you can get rid of that disfiguring hair. Have velvety smooth arms and legs without a trace of hair or stubble. Simply apply this dainty scented cream—wash it off—the hair is gone as if by magic. It's just as easy as that. No mess or bother—absolutely no unpleasant smell. This amazing discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET'. Get a tube to-day and say goodbye to superfluous hair troubles for ever. 2/6 and 4/-(double size), at all Chemists and Stores.

Soft, smooth arms and legs with NEW VEET



TRUST YOUR LIPS TO *Michel*

and Keep Them Young Forever!

★ If you moisten your lips all through the day—beware! It's a sign the lipstick you're using is drying your mouth—making it old and lined.

Your lips can be young—soft and appealing, all through life, if you use the lipstick that protects them... Michel Lipstick. The base of this famous lipstick was created especially to keep mouths soft. Michel Lipstick is pure—alluringly soft! Its perfume delicately inviting.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry
Vivid : Capucine
Raspberry : Scarlet

ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES



DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible
Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
NEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



ALTHOUGH his mask-like features revealed nothing as his hands slipped over Duncan's legs, Lestrangle was inwardly delighted.

Although entirely without professional skill, long experience had acquainted him with those cases most adapted to his own ends. Duncan's was exactly such a case, for the leg, under Finlay's patient and persevering treatment, had responded finely. The swelling had subsided and the bone had healed; the ankle, in fact, was almost well.

Straightening himself theatrically from the couch, Lestrangle raised his hand as though to compel the attention of a multitude.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began in his sharp-pitched nasal voice. "I will now proceed to demonstrate my powers!"

Continuing to hypnotise the audience with high-sounding jargon, he condemned the old-fashioned bungling which had crippled the lad with a loathsome iron; then, in ranting terms, he declared that he proposed to cure him.

Beckoning Marietta, who came forward with a winsome tenderness never seen on the face of any trained nurse, he raised Duncan from the couch, and assisted by his beautiful partner led the boy to the Cage of Regeneration.

Donning a long white garment and drawing on rubber gloves Lestrangle took Duncan with him inside the cage. In a deathly silence various impressive rods and wires were adjusted; then, in a stillness which was almost painful, the man's rasping command rang out.

Marietta threw over a lever, and the current passed in a quick crackle. Blue sparks ringed the cage with a screen of flame. Then the lever went back, the flame died, and the stillness was intense.

Spellbound, the audience watched Lestrangle stoop to remove Duncan's leg-iron and cast it out of the cage and across the stage with a gesture of triumphant insolence.

Then, as Duncan came shakily out of the cage, walked a little, and, at the man's hissed command, finally ran across the stage, a great sigh rose in the hall and swelled into a crescendo of sound.

Cheer after cheer rang out from the wildly-excited crowd as Duncan came down the steps and rejoined his mother, while Lestrangle, with one hand outstretched and the other placed on his heart, bowed to the acknowledgment of his mastery.

It was a great moment—oh! a

thrilling moment—for all within that tense, excited hall.

On the very next morning when Lestrangle and his associates, a tidy sum in taking to the good, had placed thirty miles between themselves and Levenford, Jessie Grant burst into Finlay's surgery with the light of baleful triumph in her eye.

So vindictive was she and so triumphant that the words broke from her lips with the rush of a burn in spite—

"You wanted me not to take the liddle to Dr. Lestrangle! You wanted to keep him crippled up for life, me doot; well, in case you haven't heard, I'd have ye know I did take him. And he's cured—cured, do ye hear me? He started back in the yard this morning; he's fit to do it in spite of all your bungling. That's what a real doctor has done for him, and not a fushionless know-nothing, like yourself."

Finlay stared at the enraged Jessie, unmoved by her vituperation, but strangely disturbed at the unexpected turn of events.

"Didn't I tell you," he said slowly, "this man's a rank impostor?"

"He made the liddle walk without irons," she cried shrilly. "That's a heap shill more nor you could do!"

"But don't you see," answered Finlay quickly, holding his temper in rein, "Duncan could have walked in any case. The trouble is that by putting away the irons too soon the good of all these weeks of treatment is undone."

"Nonsense!" she shouted. "A pack of lying nonsense! I know ye. Ye're only tryin' to save your face."

FINLAY'S expression became a trifle strained.

"Mrs. Grant," he declared with firm gravity, "say what you like about me, I'm not thinking about myself; I'm thinking about Duncan. I beg of you to let him wear the iron for another two months."

"No, no," she interrupted in a passion of violence. "I'm done and finished with ye. The boy's cured in spite of ye. So don't ever dare to darken my door again."

And, with a laugh of triumph and contempt, she turned and banged out of the surgery.

Too late Finlay's anger flared. He was furious.

With a hot flush of indignation

Miracle by Lestrangle

Continued from Page 5

he cursed himself for having borne with Jessie for so long. She was beyond words. And he swore there and then to let her go her own intolerable way.

But, as the days passed and turned into weeks, Finlay's resentment passed also, and instead he began to feel a deep concern for Duncan. It was his own strong professional sense, allied to a profound instinct of humanity.

And then, one Saturday in June, almost a month later, as he walked along Church Street past the Public Library, he came across Duncan, and all his suppressed feeling rose with sudden intensity.

The boy, emerging from the library, where he had been spending his few free hours among his beloved books, was limping abominably, hardly daring to place any weight upon his left leg.

A pained frown formed on Finlay's brow. He remained in the middle of the pavement directly in Duncan's path, and despite the frown his voice was kind.

"How are you, Duncan, lad?" he asked quietly.

"I'm not so bad, thank you, doctor," he paused awkwardly. "At least—"

"At least what?"

"Well, I get about," muttered Duncan miserably. "I go to work. But, oh, I don't know—"

Finlay did know, however. As he watched Duncan go limping down the road he went home and raged to Cameron.

"It's iniquitous," he threw out in conclusion, pacing furiously up and down the room. "We've got to stop her. We can't stand by and let her do this thing. The situation is impossible!"

"Yes, it's impossible," Cameron agreed slowly. "Impossible for us to interfere."

"But we must!" Finlay cried violently.

"We can't!" Cameron answered with a shake of his head. "You know we can't. She's his mother. We can't enforce our treatment. I know that she's hard and bitter on him—that she doesn't care a hang for his welfare beside her own black pride. But you cannot get between mother and son."

There was a long silence. Then Finlay ground out from between his teeth:

"She's a bonny mother. She doesn't care a pin for the boy. It's an insult to the name to call Jessie Grant a mother." And, with a gesture of supreme contempt, Finlay walked out of the room and into the surgery.

The days passed, and Finlay, although occasionally referring to the subject when Cameron and he were together in the evenings, began gradually to become absorbed in other cases. He saw nothing of Duncan, heard no news of him, and eventually—such was the press of work upon him—fell out of touch with the boy altogether.

And then one evening in the autumn Alex Rankin, a small and ragged urchin who often ran errands about the town, came to the surgery with an undreamed of message for Finlay. It was a summons from Jessie Grant.

FINLAY'S first reaction was stupefaction. Then, flooded by the resentful remembrance of all Jessie's bitterness and injustice, he told himself hotly that he would not go. But finally came the thought of Duncan, softening him, making him resolve to bury his own sense of personal injury and answer the call at once.

It was a dark and squally night, without one single star showing through the heavy clouds which banked the sky.

As Finlay rounded the corner and came into Scroggie's Lane, the wind took him and almost bowled him from his feet. Jessie's shop was shut, but a faint light was visible through the small, square-paned window.

He pulled loudly at the bell, which jangled into the dim interior of the little shop, and was at once admitted.

Inside, he did not speak, but stared across at Jessie, who stood, a silent, bewildered figure, her hands folded in front of her, her eyes fixed impetuously on his, her face harsh and formidable. She muttered at last—

"I want ye to look at Duncan," "So I thought."

His tone was curt and hostile, and it seemed to him that in some vague fashion she winced. But her voice continued stern and indomitable.

Please turn to Page 20




HOMework! HOMework! HOMework!

It was a family nightmare!



Does your child get tired easily? Seem dull and listless? Does he hate homework? Remember, children can outgrow their strength very easily. They burn up energy all day long at a tremendous rate. That's why your child needs extra nourishment.

Horlicks at bedtime keeps children fit and active through the critical growing years. It gives children nourishment in just the right form. It builds them up and helps them grow. It's the best energy builder you can possibly give them—and they love it. Such a delicious cold drink in summer—especially if you use the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9; Horlicks Mixer, 1/-.


HORLICKS FOR GROWING CHILDREN



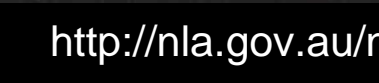
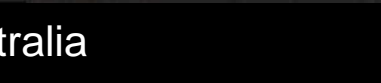
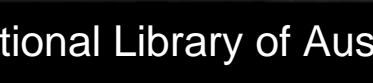
Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes the star turn
of his revue. He befriends
MARY: Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the same
revue. On the opening night he is kidnapped by
two gamblers,
SHORTY AND SLIM: who order him to use his magic
to do some crooked work for them. When he refuses

they decide to do away with him. Binding him, they
take him to the Zoo, where they leave him uncon-
scious outside the open cage of a ferocious lion.
Lothar, however, arrives just in time and saves
Mandrake, and when the lion escapes Slim and
Shorty take refuge up a tree. The lion is finally
captured, and Mandrake and Lothar return to the
Zoo, where the two crooks are hiding. NOW READ
ON.



TO BE CONTINUED

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

SMALL pillbox hats, tilted over the eyes, kept on with wide fish-net veiling, have become an over-night vogue on the grand boulevards.

"HE keeps grin' about the pain in his leg." A pause, then, as though the words were dragged from her—"and he doesn't seem eager to walk, like."

At this something broke loose inside Finlay. He could have slain her for her inhumanity.

"And what do you expect?" he cried furiously. "Didn't I warn you weeks and months ago that this would happen? I knew it was madness. I told you it was madness the way you were behaving, but you wouldn't listen to me. You're a bitter woman and a bad mother. You haven't a spark of love or kindness in your whole body. You care nothing about your boy. It's a crying scandal the way you've treated him all his life."

Again that faint tremor passed over her rigid body. But she did not answer his outburst except to say coldly:

"You'll see him now you're here."

"Yes," he shouted, stung beyond endurance by her icy indifference, "but not for you. For his own sake, because I'm fond of him, because I want to try to get him out of your clutches."

And without waiting for her reply he turned away and walked into the back room where Duncan lay.

Jessie remained quite motionless, as he had left her, her expression still drawn and curiously remote. He was a long time, a very long time, but still she did not move. Indeed, as the minutes passed, slowly recorded by the moving hands of the old wall-at-the-wall clock behind her, she seemed to become more rigid, to contract, almost into a statuesque immobility. Her features, pale against the dark shadows of the kitchen, were set and hard as granite.

At last Finlay returned. He came

Miracle by Lestrangle

Continued from Page 18

slowly, in a manner quite different to his tempestuous exit from the room. He busied himself for a moment quickly adjusting the contents of his bag, then straightening himself, not looking at her, he said gravely—

"We've finished with words now. It's time to act—or it may be too late. The leg is in a shocking state. There is only one thing to do, and mark my words it must be done quickly."

Silence. Her body, frozen and rigid, was convulsed by a violent inward spasm, yet her voice did not lose its stony note.

"What is it you mean?" Again silence; he looked at her at last. His tone was quiet, studiously even.

"I mean that your boy is seriously ill. The condition has extended. We must get him into hospital immediately. I think we'll have to operate. Amputation!" He paused, then spoke slowly, letting every word sink in. "Your motherly behaviour may cost the boy his leg."

For a moment nothing was heard but the battering of the wind in the outer darkness; then, as though in the darkness of her soul, there rose an echo of that fierce wind, she muttered harshly:

"Yes mean—he's like to lose his leg?"

He nodded in silence, and picking up his bag went out into the blackness of the night.

Duncan was taken to the Cottage Hospital in the ambulance which

would Finlay have known her. She had a shrunken, shilpit look, as if she had fallen into herself, and in the space of that one short night her hair had turned to the color of driven snow. Rocking herself back and forward she was like a woman demented, wringing her hands like she was wrestling with something. And all the time moaning out Duncan's name. Then she lifted her head and saw Finlay.

"Doctor," she grasped his arm, her speech broken and distraught. "Tell me about him. You can't do it—you won't take off his leg?"

HE stared at her changed and ravaged features, bewildered, doubting the evidence of his senses. At last he said slowly:

"You're a bit late, surely, with your concern."

But she only clutched his arm the more, her voice desperate.

"Don't you understand, doctor?" Her whole body shuddered as with pain. "I never knewed I loved the boy. But I do, doctor. I do. I've brought him up hard, I was feared he would turn out like his father, weak and soft, and a wastrel. I've used him sore and ill, but in my very heart, doctor, I ken now that I love him."

Finlay continued to gaze at her, profoundly troubled, half-doubting, half-believing this agonised revelation. She rushed on frantically—

"I've done wrong, doctor, I admit it freely. But I'll make up for it. Oh, I'll do anything you say. But for the love of the Almighty spare my boy his leg."

Now there was no mistaking the frenzied pleading in her tone. His eyes fell before the agony that lay open and naked in her face. There was a long silence. Then in a low voice he said:

"I've already made up my mind not to operate. I think, after all, we can save the leg. It'll mean months and months of treatment in plaster lying up here in the hospital."

"Oh, doctor," she breathed, as though it were a prayer, "never mind that if you'll just get him right."

He did not answer. But, rooted to the ground at a strange and moving sound, he stood in pity and in wonder. It was the fearsome sound of Jessie's sobbing.

The tobacconist's shop in Scroggie's Loan has changed hands now, and Jessie Grant is seen in it no more. But there is a little white-haired woman, very gentle and quiet, who keeps house for Duncan Grant, the young classics master at Levenford Academy, in a small, neat villa out by the Carslake Road.

When newcomers to the town remark how Mrs. Grant spools her clever son, Finlay holds his peace. Even when Cameron broaches the subject Finlay will take no credit, but with an inscrutable smile remarks that they owe the miracle to Lestrangle. (Copyright)



Superfluous Hairs

Any lady can now remove privately and permanently unsightly hair with the latest Home Electrolysis Outfit. So simple and safe a shaven can use. Contains own electricity. No chemicals, no discomfort, no expense, and never fails. Used by world famous salons. Positively guaranteed. Satisfaction or money refunded. Price £1. post free. Send now.

F. MAHER, 26 O'Connell St., Sydney. B4666.

Don't Suffer with Piles

NO need to suffer the tormenting irritation of itching or bleeding piles when you can get quick relief by beginning at once to use Doan's Ointment. This special pile prescription is healing and soothing. Even stubborn cases which have resisted other treatment quickly yield to this preparation. Let Doan's Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Get Doan's Ointment to-day.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

...He asked for her 'phone number!

LUX

CHANGE-DAILY

GIRLS make lots of friends



LUX YOUR UNDIES EVERY NIGHT AND THEY'LL STAY LOVELY... BUT ONLY LUX IS SAFE BECAUSE IT DISSOLVES SO QUICKLY... IS SO EASILY RINSED OUT



DAINTY Lux Change Daily girls are sure of personal charm, because they Lux their stockings and undies every night. It's very easy... so there's no excuse for any girl risking loneliness and unpopularity through perspiration odour in underthings.

Only 4 minutes... with LUX

How to Lux undies in four minutes! (1) Make rich Lux suds—Lux dissolves instantly in lukewarm water. (2) Squeeze undies gently. (3) Rinse. There you are! Harmful, unpleasant per-

spiration gone—clean, fresh undies ready for the morning. Lux your girdle too—every few days. Leading corset manufacturers recommend regular Lux care.

It must be LUX... to remove perspiration nightly

Always Lux, and nothing else, for your stockings and undies—because Lux is so quick-dissolving, so easily rinsed out. No risk of undissolved soap particles clinging in the weave after rinsing—which is the danger with ordinary

slow-dissolving soap. Lux Change Daily Girls aren't bothered at all with laddered stockings and dull, shabby, faded undies, because nightly Luxing keeps pretty things lovely longer. Such an economy! There's no soda in Lux.



A LEVER PRODUCT

5410.16

The Movie World

October 29, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

● 1. IN SERIOUS MOOD, the charming Carletons. From left, Billie Burke, chatterbox wife, Doug Fairbanks, Jun., susceptible son, Roland Young, father, and Janet Gaynor, daughter.

● 2. FAIRBANKS lets his mind stray from the work of chasing heiresses. With Lya Lys, chambermaid in a Riviera villa.

● 3. BROTHER and sister, Fairbanks and Gaynor, plan another coup to gain them luxury, food, and lodging.



● 4. GAYNOR with Richard Carlson, sober young Scot who sees through the Carletons and tells her so. She breaks off their engagement.

● 5. FAIRBANKS with Paulette Goddard at their first meeting. She plays a stenographer in the office in which he begins first to earn an honest living.

● 6. EN ROUTE to Paris and practically penniless, the Carletons meet Minnie Dupree, a rich and unsuspecting old lady, who invites them to stay with her.

Charming Gold Diggers

"THE YOUNG IN HEART," United Artists' release, is a comedy drama built round a family who live by their wits and their charm—until the advent of an old lady who, by her kindness, shames them into reforming. Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., are brother and sister, Richard Carlson and Paulette Goddard their respective love interests.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Fans Too Enthusiastic

AUTOGRAPH hunters have been particularly enthusiastic in Hollywood during the past few weeks. Character actress Elizabeth Patterson is still in hospital being treated for a dislocated kneecap, suffered when she was surrounded by a crowd of fans eager to get close to the stars at "Spawn of the North" preview.

Gene Raymond was another victim. Mobbed by fans as he emerged from a cafe, he was pushed backward through a glass door, and suffered minor injuries.

Impending Divorce

HERBERT MARSHALL and his wife, Edna Best, have been separated for three years, and it now seems that they will finally be divorced. Marshall has been friendly with Lee Russell, and close friends expect they will marry as soon as he is free.

Edna Best, popular English actress, has been living in England with their daughter and her twin sons by a previous marriage.

Gable as Rhett Butler

PRODUCER David Selznick has finally signed the papers by which he will release "Gone With the Wind" through M-G-M., thereby getting Clark Gable for the Rhett Butler role.

Selznick will have to decide on an actress to play Scarlett O'Hara quickly, for his contract provides that production on the picture must start between November 15 and December 31.

New Leading Man

ALAN MARSHALL, young Australian-born actor, finally gets a "break" with the leading role opposite Lili St. Rainer in "Dramatic School."

Alan came to America some time ago, appeared on the New York stage and, about two years ago, signed a movie contract with David Selznick. He has played in "Garden of Allah," "After the Thin Man," "Conquest," and "Parnell."

The new film, which starts production immediately, gives him his first leading role.

"The vest opening down the front is a splendid idea"
—says Important Baby Clinic.

The Clinics helped us design this "Nevabind" vest. The "Nevabind" opens right down the front so that you don't have to struggle getting it over baby's head. The sleeves are cut like this, without underseams, so tender little limbs won't chafe... and each vest is finished with a convenient little projecting tab onto which you can pin the nappy, preventing any uncomfortable lifting of the vest itself.

Bond's
"NEVABIND"
Shirts for babies

Silk-and-Road, Short Sleeves. All infants' sizes, 2/11 to 4. Silk-and-Cotton, 2/6. Also Short Sleeves, 1/11. Sold by all leading Infants' Clothing Stores.

Rediscovering Binnie Barnes

AFTER FOUR YEARS PLAYING IN DRAMATIC ROLES, SHE IS NOW ACHIEVING NEW AND GREATER POPULARITY IN SOPHISTICATED COMEDY.

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

FOR the past year or so—in fact, ever since that highly successful film, "Three Smart Girls"—we have become increasingly aware of a certain actress, not a newcomer, not particularly young.

Distinctly reminiscent of Lilyan Tashman, she has been "stealing" pictures from important stars in riotous fashion by her jovial handling of wisecracking, sophisticated roles. She has a vitality that is rarely met with in films—anywhere else for that matter.

This is English Binnie Barnes, who began her Hollywood career by an undistinguished starring with Universal about four years ago, was dropped from the star lists, and has now worked herself to the front of featured players, a comedienne high in public favor.

Now she is making as brilliant a comeback as have John Barrymore, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Mary Astor, and other former stars now specializing in featured roles.



Was Milkmaid

MORE than that, she is far more telling, more likeable in these new roles than she ever was in as the centre of attention in drama.

You know her well in films as the good-humored, wisecracking older woman, worldly but kind-hearted, and the wearer of glamorous clothes.

And if you are a woman you will know her as the screen's innovator of the popular page boy hair style, now the successful wearer of the Edwardian style, and for her pearl necklaces, rings, bracelets which are just as much a feature of her personality as Jack Benny's famous cigar.

You will remember her most recently in "Three Blind Mice," her biggest success. Entering somewhere half-way through, she vitalized that slightly artificial film and humanized the story—in fact, literally took charge of the screen till her final fade-out.

Binnie has had a remarkable career, for she made her mark in the professional world in her native England as an American, and won her American film contract as an English-woman.

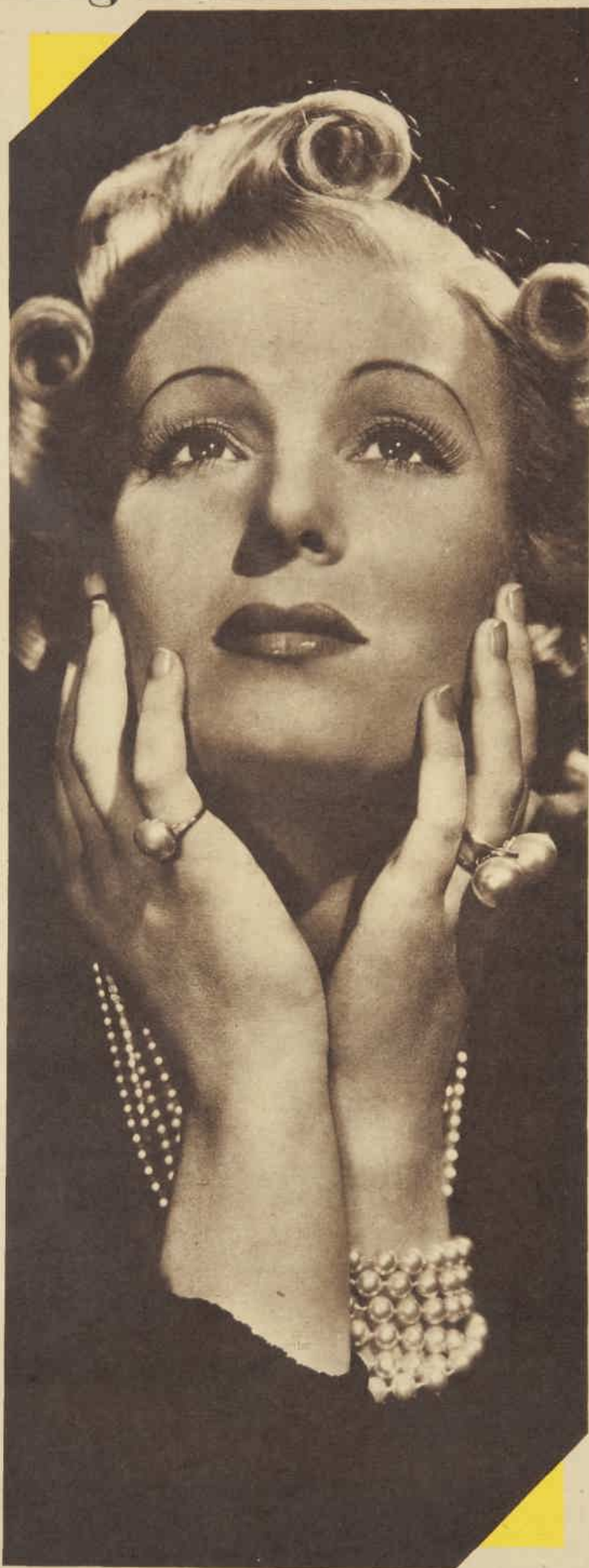
She was born 31 years ago, the daughter of a London policeman and his Italian-English wife.

Among other things she was a milkmaid on a dairy farm near London, a student nurse at the Great Northern Hospital in England, a truck driver, and a professional mermaid at Blackpool.

Then she was approached by showman Tex McLeod to share an eccentric rope-spinning act with him, touring South Africa. He wanted to bill her as "Texas" Binnie, a true-blue American.

At first she would have nothing to do with the act. "You mean, you expect me to pretend to be an American? Why, who in the world would believe such a story? The map of England is written all over my face, and my

● A scene from "Gateway," Fox romantic drama recently completed: Binnie Barnes in characteristic attitude with Arleen Whelan.



● It is difficult to believe from this glamorous study that Binnie Barnes was once a milkmaid and later a truck driver. She is now making rapid strides as a comedienne in films, and has signed a long term contract with Fox.



● Binnie Barnes with Herbert Marshall in "Always Goodbye," in which Binnie has a sympathetic comedienne role.

accent is as broad as the British Empire!" she said.

But Tex McLeod thought differently. "I can teach you to talk like a Texan in a few weeks. And if you'll dye your hair black, and cut it with bangs, you'll look as American as Colleen Moore."

And so it was that Binnie Barnes came to be billed as "Texas" Binnie on a South African tour for a patter and rope act. She learned to handle a rope like the girls who are reared to that sort of thing, and she studied geography books on Texas till she knew more about the Lone Star State than most of its natives.

The tour was successful, and she returned to London to see English acts unwanted by the British theatre. Everywhere there was a demand for American acts. No matter what kind of a performer one was, if one were from the United States one was engaged.

So Binnie walked into a booking office, and said, in her best "Middle Western" manner, "Well, I've decided to give the English stage a try. I'm 'Texas' Binnie Barnes. Just came over from the plains."

With her rope, and her hat, and her songs she became the rage in variety theatres.

This led her to the musical comedy stage, and she had to set about losing her American accent to become an English girl once more. Her first dramatic role in the theatre was with Charles Laughton in a play called "Silver Tassie." By degrees her acting technique improved, and she was chosen for the original Drury Lane production of "Cavalcade."

Her film debut was in 1931, when she played the part of the vamp in "My Wife's Family." She appeared in several British films, including "Counsellor's Opinion," "Henda We Go," and "The Lady is Willing."

But it was her portrayal of Katherine Howard in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" that brought her to the notice of Hollywood.

This was the film, you remember, in which Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, and Wendy Barrie, two of Henry's other wives, made Hollywood also.

Rushed to Hollywood under contract to Universal, she was given a heavy emotional role in "There's Always Tomorrow."

Genial Man-chaser

THIS film was notable for the fact that half-way down the cast list, playing one of Frank Morgan's sons in the picture, appeared the name of Robert Taylor, then an obscure actor trying hard for Hollywood fame.

Binnie then appeared with Victor McLaglen in "The Magnificent Brute," in an unsympathetic role, and was made a star of "One Exciting Adventure." She finished ingloriously with that studio with "Sutton's Gold."

As a freelance her pictures have included "Three Smart Girls," "Divorce of Lady X," "Diamond Jim," "Broadway Melody of 1938," "The Adventures of Marco Polo," and "The First Hundred Years," until she has developed from being just another vamp into a humorous, genial man-chaser.

"Three Blind Mice," "Tropic Holiday," for Fox, and "Holiday" for Columbia are her most recent films.

Her two next films are "Gateway," a story of Ellis Island, the gateway to America where all tourists await permission to enter, and "Always Goodbye," in a supporting role to Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall.

In "Gateway" she plays a flighty young widow, and supplies much of the comedy, performing a similar function for the rather melodramatic theme of "Always Goodbye."

Her next film—signed for on the dotted line—is "The Three Musketeers," starring the Ritz Brothers.

In private life Binnie is married to an Englishman, and is reticent about her private affairs. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs a modest 122 pounds, and, although she appears so frequently as a blonde, is actually red-headed, with brown eyes.





● Players on location steal a few hours' relaxation in the sun before the cameras start grinding again. From left to right: Dorothy Jones, Margaret Haegreffe, Phillipa Hillier, Mary Healy.

Revelling In Summer

ONE is always inclined to give a sceptical grin on seeing an off-the-set shot of a screen star attired faultlessly in bathing costume, and to comment unkindly: "She won't let herself get wet."

But it's not only because the stars look well in their bathing costumes—or in any other of their many immaculate athletic outfits—that they wear them, but because they are genuinely lovers of swimming and of sport outdoors.

For within recent years Hollywood has definitely gone "health conscious," and is taking its sport—as well as its diet—seriously. No longer do they only pose attractively in beach attire on sands, or with tennis racket on turf, but take active part and vie with each other for laurels in sport.

Worshippers of the sun, the stars revel in summer swimming, sunbaking, and surf.

Every home with the slightest pretensions to luxury in the exclusive residential locations of Toluca, Bel Air, Beverly Hills round Hollywood is equipped with a workmanlike swimming pool, sunbaking area, and even diving equipment.

Merry Sunday morning parties are held—dejeuners they call them—which guests attend equipped for bathing, and finish up with a health meal in the open.

Anita Louise, without a swimming pool herself, chose a Hollywood hotel pool for a recent exclusive party, and guests enjoyed luxurious fare at tables dotted round the pool.

Hollywood is within a few miles of several attractive beaches, and it is the habit of the stars to retire on Sundays or for occasional week-ends to surf and bask in the sun at Lake Arrowhead, and the popular resort, Palm Springs.

It was at Lake Arrowhead that Ginger Rogers retired when quarrelling with her studio. From there, in the warm California sunshine, Carole Lombard staged her rebellion against a continuous stream of "crazy comedies."

More actively, tennis, squash, and badminton are

CONTRARY TO GENERAL OPINION, MOVIE STARS NOT ONLY LOOK DECORATIVE IN THEIR DELIGHTFUL SWIM SUITS, BUT THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF GETTING WET.

in that order the most popular summer sports.

Tennis parties are the vogue, and they're not just opportunities for exchanging gossip, but for concentrated energetic play.

Ginger Rogers excels at tennis, and at the recent annual tennis tournament run in Hollywood reached the finals and was only narrowly beaten by Leslie Henson and his partner.

Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell run a most exclusive Racquets Club at Palm Springs, which in summer is attended by the many movie star enthusiasts, alternately with surfing.

Notable members are, of course, the Fred Perry's, the Gary Coopers, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, and Edmund Lowe.

Other tennis enthusiasts include the now departed Simone Simon, Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan—and skating champion Sonja Henie.

Summer riding is a vogue, and two enterprising members of the film colony—Robert Young and Allan Jones—have opened the "Bel Air Stables" where stars may hire handsome horses and luxurious equipment to ride round Hollywood and its environs. Thirty horses are the total, and business is brisk at Bel Air.

Talking of riding brings to mind the ranches of the film stars. One after another they are migrating to San Fernando Valley, abandoning their palatial

residences, and settling in comparatively crude lodgings. All for the sake of sun,

sunshine, outdoors, and the opportunity of riding freely upon their own handsome steeds.

Many of the stars keep their own horses. Robert Taylor, for instance, at his Northridge ranch, owns a number which he assiduously grooms and treats himself, and of which he is prouder than any of his other possessions.

Spectator sports has its many devotees, and polo its active participants, too—among them Spencer Tracy, Walt Disney, Walter Connolly. And, of course, the race track at Santa Anita and other show tracks, notably on Brentwood Heights, are popular all the year round.



● Sonja Henie, Pavlova of the ice, is also an enthusiast of the less graceful game of tennis. She belongs to the exclusive Racquets Club of Hollywood.

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

Why Laurel Left Hardy



● HERE IS THE famous comedy team of Laurel and Hardy, recently ended. They will be seen for the last time in Hal Roach's "Blockheads," the film which caused Laurel's final break with his studio.

PLEASURE JAUNT ENDS LAUREL'S CAREER, AND USHERS IN NEW TEAM OF LANGDON AND HARDY.

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER,
Hollywood

THE famous screen comedy team of Laurel and Hardy is no more.

It's finished because Laurel, the small sad-faced member of the duo, was a bad boy, wagged it from the studio, went on a pleasure jaunt when he should have been finishing off his picture, and generally caused trouble and expense to his studio.

Harry Langdon, famous comedian of silent days, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Laurel, and was on the spot, has been signed up to take his place, and with Hardy is now at work on a new comedy series.



● COMEDIAN STAN LAUREL, with his third wife, Iliana, to whom he was married last January. Troubles domestically and in business seem to have started with his marriage.

Thus is eleven years of a happy and profitable association ended.

Laurel and Hardy have long been a household word-combination, and there is hardly one person who has not seen them at one time or another, in short two-reel comedy or feature-length film.

Not since they first started together have they separated to make a picture.

Laurel, whose real name is Arthur Stanley Jefferson, was born in England. His first experience in professional entertaining was in the circus, musical comedy, vaudeville and drama.

He started with Hal Roach in 1917, made fifty comedies, produced a few, directed two-reelers, before he finally joined up with plump, six-foot-one Oliver Hardy.

Hardy, too, was a comedian of long standing, had made two-reelers with Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers, famous stars of silent days.

Laurel and Hardy "clicked" immediately as a screen team, and made innumerable short comedies together. At one time no programme was complete without a Laurel and Hardy film—Walt Disney and other cartoon-makers have now taken their place.

Some of their full length comedies include "Fra Diavolo," with Lawrence Tibbett, "Bonnie Scotland," and "The Bohemian Girl."

All went well till the beginning of this year, when domestic difficulties started Laurel's troubles.

Marriage Troubles

ON January 1 he married his third wife, Russian singer Iliana (Vera Ivanova Shuvalova is her real name). His second wife, Ruth Laurel, tried to stop the wedding, called him a bigamist. Laurel responded by marrying Iliana twice more just to ensure the legality of their marriage.

Then in April his first wife, Lois, sued him for maintenance. She asked £340 a month instead of the £62 she then received.

Laurel told the court that, despite a salary equivalent to £40,000 a year, he was practically penniless.

"All I've got left is an endowment of £54 a month," he said. Taxes, agents' fees, insurance, and clothes consumed the remainder of his earnings.

He also had to pay his second wife, Ruth, five per cent of his income.

Not long after this Laurel walked out on "Blockheads," his last picture, before it was complete, and was not on hand when another was scheduled to start.

Hal Roach, president of his studio, suspended him without pay, ordered him back to do retakes on his picture.

But Laurel was off on a pleasure jaunt and could not be found. Finally Hal Roach declared that by his failure to report to his studio as ordered his contract was void, and signed Harry Langdon immediately to take his place.

Harry Langdon, Hardy's new Stanley, will be well remembered by picturegoers of an older generation.

In the silent days he made numbers of short two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett, then for First National, M.-G.-M., and Hal Roach. Ten years ago he was at the



● AND HERE is wistful Harry Langdon, of the new team of Langdon and Hardy. He bears a striking resemblance to Laurel in looks and mannerisms.

height of his career, earning three thousand dollars a week.

Some of you may remember him in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "The Chaser," "Three's a Crowd," and other feature-length comedies.

Financial worries beset him, he lost his place before talkies arrived, and has worked only occasionally since. His last film, a two-reel, was in 1935.

A few months ago he declared he had only £3 in the world. His friend, Laurel, got him a job as a writer with Hal Roach, and so he was on hand when someone was wanted to take Laurel's place.

The new team is at work on a film entitled tentatively "Zenobia's Infidelity." Hardy is a country doctor, Langdon a justice of the peace, and Zenobia an elephant who follows Hardy around.

Hardy will carry on his familiar slapstick minus bowler, moustache and some other familiar props of his apparel.

If successful, the team will continue to make full-length comedies based on these characters.

STOKOWSKI HELPS DISNEY

SYMPHONY conductor Leopold Stokowski has returned to Hollywood, and is having daily conferences with cartoon producer Walt Disney.

Some time ago he worked with Disney, conducting the music for "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a short cartoon. Now they are planning to make a number of short cartoons, each based on some famous piece of music. The cartoons will illustrate each composition.

In addition to "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" they will use "Clair de Lune," "Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's "Bolero," and "Flight of a Bumble Bee."

In "Clair de Lune," for example, the illustration will be a series of beautiful moonlight effects, in keeping with the mood of the music.

Make some of these tempting
DIPPED CREAM WAFERS
with COPHA

COPHA
COOKLESS
DAINTIES
No. 5

RECIPE FOR COPHA DIPPED CREAM WAFERS

- 5 ozs. Fine Coconut (2 cups)
- 8 - Icing Sugar
- 2 1/2 - Cocoa (3 tablespoonsful)
- 8 - Copha (melted)
- 8 - Cream Wafers

Melt the Copha and pour on to the mixed dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. While the mixture is still warm, dip or spread the cream wafers thinly, place on greaseproof paper and leave in cold place until set.

No cooking
needed!

As toothsome and tempting as anything you ever saw on the tea table! Yet you can make Dipped Cream Wafers in ten minutes with Copha. They are easy to make, too, yet have a professional look about them; in fact, you will probably have a job to convince people you made them yourself! Use the recipe here and see how very attractive and delicious are these latest Copha Cookless Dainties. And ask your grocer for leaflet containing full list of Copha Cookless Recipes. It's FREE.

* Copha is 100% pure, white shortening, nourishing and economical.

COPHA CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

Another Cookless Special!

- 5 ozs. Pure Copha (melted)
- 1 lb. Icing Sugar, heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa
- 1 Egg

- Essence of Vanilla to flavor
- 1 lb. Coffee, Malt or other suitable biscuits (these should be softened by exposure)

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line cake tin with greaseproof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the biscuits until the tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place until set.

COPHA 100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING

44,46,12

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Although Gary Cooper is picturesque in the title role, this story of the Venetian explorer in medieval China is cut from pretty thin pasteboard. (United Artists.)

ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Smashing action entertainment in brilliant technicolor, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in the legendary roles. (Warners.)

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—All Irving Berlin's famous tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in an orchestra story which covers years of entertainment history. (20th Century-Fox.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Mother-love drama de luxe, with Barbara Stanwyck marrying Ian Hunter, instead of Herbert Marshall, for the sake of her child. (20th Century-Fox.)

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Edward G. Robinson in an odd and sometimes effective mixture of science and crime. The whole from a London stage success. (Warners.)

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—A wooden and colorless Annabella makes a disappointing Hollywood debut in a plucky story of Hungarian politics. William Powell steals the show. (20th Century-Fox.)

BLOCKADE—Realistic scenes of civilian suffering in the Spanish War redeem a routine drama about a beautiful spy. Henry Fonda and Madeline Carroll present. (United Artists.)

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

BLONDES FOR DANGER—Gordon Hartner's sardonic taxi-driver cannot save a befuddled thriller. (Herbert Wilcox.)

BOOLOO—Good animal-photography from Malaya cannot save a ludicrous melodrama. (Elliott Special.)

BRINGING UP BABY—Cary Grant as a professor, Katharine Hepburn as an heiress, and a tame leopard as "baby" scamper through just another crazy comedy. (R.K.O.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Sound example of a popular series, with John Howard and John Barrymore on the trail of an explosives formula. (Paramount.)

CHASER—Drama of American rackets, with newcomer Dennis O'Keefe. (M.G.-M.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE—"Street Singer" Arthur Tracy sings well in bad film. (Ass. Dis.)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Crooner Dick Powell tries to boss New York and is found out by Pat O'Brien. Priscilla Lane with a Western accent helps rowdy, musical fun. (Warners.)

CRIME OF DR. HALETT—Melodrama about medical research in the jungle. Ralph Bellamy wears the white coat. (Columbia.)

CROWD ROARS—Tough, exciting boxing drama, with Robert Taylor playing a fighter from the slums and giving quite a believable performance. The ring scenes are grand. (M.G.-M.)

DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN—Bert Bailey and other firm favorites fine in new Australian comedy from the Steele Rudd books. Dad goes to town in a modern, streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of broad humor. (Cinesound.)

DANGER ON THE AIR—A murder to miss. (Universal.)

DIVORCE OF LADY X—Very saucy comedy of a London lawyer and a mysterious lady, in which Lawrence Olivier, the dialogue, and Ralph Richardson steal the show from Merle Oberon. (London Films.)

DRUM—Adventure on the North Western Frontier, in fine color, with native star Sabu heading an excellent English cast. Roger Livesey wins international stardom, and the story is A. E. W. Mason. (London Films.)

ESCAPE BY NIGHT—Country life reforms crook. Ann Nagel helps. (Republic.)

EVERYBODY SING—Comedy musical about a theatrical family and youngest daughter, Judy Garland, has sparkle on mirth as well as melody. (M.G.-M.)

FOUR DAUGHTERS—Life and loves of a charming household, with the Lane sisters and two really exciting newcomers—engaging Jeffrey Lane and brilliant John Garfield. One of those "different" films. (Warners.)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Rowdy musical in luxury hotel setting. Pat O'Brien out-talks Margaret Lindsay, but doesn't out-sing John Payne. (Warners.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—Weakest of the lavish Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy musicals is set in early Californian mining days, with Eddy a peculiarly plump and unconvincing bandit. (M.G.-M.)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Joe Perrier, more and less comic. (R.K.O.)

HOLIDAY—Throws a new and charming light on romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn the lucky—and likable—stars. (Columbia.)

IT'S A GRAND OLD WORLD—The exuberant personality of Lancashire comedian Sandy Powell makes a poor film forgivable. (Ass. Dis.)

JOSETTE—Simone Simon's last Hollywood picture, and her least. (20th Century-Fox.)

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—Laughs and unacy from the Ritz Brothers, who burlesque everything in sight from hillbillies to Spew White. (20th Century-Fox.)

KIDNAPPED—Sugary travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous adventure, with Warner Baxter an aged Alan Brock, and Freddie Bartholomew a petulant David. (20th Century-Fox.)

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Unusual romantic drama of the New York Theatre, spiced by the crackling comedy of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and dummy Charlie McCarthy. Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds also present. (Universal.)



VIRGINIA BRUCE takes a leading role in M.G.-M.'s glamorous divorce drama, "Woman Against Woman."

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—Latest and best in the Judge Hardy Family series. Mickey Rooney, assisted by Judy Garland, separates his Christmas holiday romances. (M.G.-M.)

MERRILY WE LIVE—Antics of an eccentric household that are not nearly as funny as they hope to be. Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne starred. (M.G.-M.)

MONTE CARLO—Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan in a revival of a Lubitch musical. Barely worth-while. (Paramount.)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—German Peter Lorre as the Japanese detective solves a couple of neat murders in boxing circles. (20th Century-Fox.)

NON-STOP NEW YORK—Thrills on a Transatlantic passenger plane with good settings, exaggerated characters. (G.E.D.)

OWD BOB—England's best for some time, this staunchly human sheep-dog yarn is set in the wilds of the Cumberlands. Will Fyfe outstanding for his shrewd study of a wily Scots shepherd. (G.E.D.)

PRIDE OF THE WEST—Fine example of the Hopalong Cassidy series, aided by a cow twist to the old coach-robbery theme, a lively Bill Boyd, and an even livelier George Hayes ("Windy"). (Paramount.)

★★ Two stars—
above average
★★★ Three stars—
excellent

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd in the kind of slapstick farce that made him famous. Some of it funny, and some of it outdatedly dull. (Paramount.)

RAGE OF PARIS—Introduces a new star, the saucy and captivating Danielle Darrieux, of France. Gives her gay comedy romance to handle, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as leading man, and Michèle Auer plus Helen Broderick for stout comedy support. (Universal.)

RASCALS—The irrepressible Jane Withers joins a gipsy band, roams the countryside, and fixes up the love-affairs of several adults. (20th Century-Fox.)

ROMANCE FOR THREE—Thoroughly enjoyable comedy of mistaken identity, set in a Swiss Alpine resort. Frank Morgan and Edna May Oliver lead joyous entertainment with Robert Young and Florence Rice handling the romance. (M.G.-M.)

SAINT IN NEW YORK—New type of detective thriller, based on the Leslie Charteris books, with Louis Hayward making an attractive rogue out of the central figure. Killings abound. (R.K.O.)

SECRETS OF AN ACTRESS—Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in another misunderstood drama. (Warners.)

SHADOW—Second-rate murder in sixth-rate circuit. (Columbia.)

SHOPWORN ANGEL—Poignant drama of a Broadway actress, her manager friend, and an idealistic private, in 1917 New York. Jimmy Stewart, flawless, Margaret Sullivan fine. (M.G.-M.)

SKY'S THE LIMIT—And so it is this musical. (Ass. Dis.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, based on the well-known fairy tale, is sheer enchantment—and a new milestone in screen history. (R.K.O.)

SON OF THE SHEIK—Rodolph Valentino's last film, amazingly modern in technique and humor, gives the great lover an interesting dual role. He could act. (Paramount.)

SPEED TO BURN—Enjoyable drama of the race-track, with Michael Whalen in the lead. (20th Century-Fox.)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Novel drama set to classical music tells how a band of jewel-thieves are reformed by an old concert pianist. Setting is Continental, stars are fragrant Olympe Bradna, veteran Lewis Stone, and Gene Raymond. (Paramount.)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

NORMA SHEARER
as
"MARIE ANTOINETTE"
co-starring
TYRONE POWER

There's the message you should begin to look for at your favourite theatre!

You've been waiting for Norma Shearer's return to the screen after an absence of two years. Now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brings her back in the finest role she has ever played, and in the greatest picture ever produced!

"MARIE ANTOINETTE" has an incredibly outstanding cast. The co-starring of Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power is only the beginning. Heading the supporting cast are: John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut, Gladys George and Henry Stephenson.

And, besides, you'll see in "Marie Antoinette" such other popular players as Henry Daniell, Cora Witherspoon, Barnett Parker, Reginald Gardiner, Alma Kruger, Joseph Cellier, George Meeker, Louis Backus, Victor Kilian, Leon Jonson, Max Baer, Guy D'Arcy, Pat Lawrence Grant, Jeanette Thomas, George Houston, Moroni Olsen, Orla Hyatt and Gustav von Seyffertitz.

These are merely a few of the well-known screen players who fill some of the film's 150 speaking parts. Which gives you a slight idea of why you should begin looking for "Marie Antoinette" at your favourite theatre!

Yours for the best in entertainment,
LEO, of M.G.-M.

LAST DAYS AND NIGHTS
FUN with WILL MAHONEY

66 — SINGING, DANCING, COMEDIANS — 66
TIVOLI TWICE DAILY 2.30 & 8

THURS., NOV. 3rd — CHANG & 40 STARS.



Now for a rousing wash with PEARS' before meeting John



... It's simply grand the way
Pears' Tonic Action
freshens up my complexion!

Gently, quickly, deeply, Pears' invigorating lather sweeps away dust and dirt—lets half-choked pores breathe again! Flagging cells and tissues revive under Pears' lively stimulus—your skin sparkles with clear young radiance!

ECONOMY NOTE
There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm until it is worn to water thinner. The softer, mottled, fit snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

Now Only 6d
A Cake
Gives 12 Washes
Pears' Original Transparent Soap
ECONOMICAL BECAUSE IT LASTS FAR LONGER

A. & F. PEARSON LTD.

TS-171-25

Faulding's

ORIGINAL

Lavender
and
MuskQUALITY
SUPREMEOUTSTANDING FOR
IT'S FRESHNESS
AND FRAGRANCE

If it's FAULDING'S—IT'S PURE

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Film Guide—Continued]

♦♦♦STRANGE BOARDERS—Tom Walls blends impudent entertainment with the thrills of stolen political documents. Co-star Renee Saint-Cyr is French and charming. (Ass. Dis.)

♦♦♦TEXANS—The struggles of Southern cattle-ranches after the American Civil War, presented on a grandiose and exciting scale. May Robson steals the show. (Paramount.)

THE SHEIK—Rudolph Valentino's timeless appeal lingers in the revived version of his famous film—in spite of old-fashioned technique. (Paramount.)

♦♦♦THREE COMRADES—Beautifully haunting performance by Margaret Sullivan in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world. Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor, and Robert Young all fine as the ex-soldiers. (M.-G.-M.)

♦♦♦THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—Breezy comedy of two New York men and one country girl, with Janet Gaynor scoring in a perky role, and Robert Montgomery fighting Franchot Tone for audience applause. (M.-G.-M.)

♦♦♦TIME OUT FOR MURDER—First of a new film series about a roving reporter is crisp, flippant melodrama. Michael Whalen, Chick Chandler, and Gloria Stuart teamed. (Fox.)

♦♦♦TOY WIFE—Luisa Rainer as the frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquettes herself into tragedy. Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, exquisite setting—and all for those who like tearful entertainment. (M.-G.-M.)

TRIAL OF PORTIA MERRIMAN—Distinguished Frieda Inescourt in a sob-story of a lady lawyer whose past catches her up. (Republic.)

♦♦TROPIC HOLIDAY—Mexico contributes gay tunes and settings to the love-stories of Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland, and Bob Burns and Martha Raye. The comedy is riotous. (Paramount.)

♦♦YELLOW JACK—How they conquered yellow fever down in Cuba, plus Irish comedy from Robert Montgomery, ordinary comedy from Buddy Ebsen, and a serious view from Virginia Bruce. (M.-G.-M.)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—For astrology fans only. (20th Century-Fox.)

WHITE BANNERS—Uplift drama by the man who wrote "Green Light," and magnificent acting from young Jackie Cooper and veteran Claude Rains. (Warners.)

WHO KILLED GAIL PRESTON?—Nobody wants to know. (Columbia.)

♦♦WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—Appealing story, with a slight glitter of divorce. Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce as his new wife, and Mary Astor as his ex. Dialogue is grand. (M.-G.-M.)

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

JANE WYMAN CARRIES A MINIATURE ALARM CLOCK IN HER PURSE AS AN APPOINTMENT REMINDER.

THE POSTOFFICE OF CLARK GABLE'S HOME TOWN STAMPS THIS CACHET ON LETTERS MAILED FROM THERE.

Mr. Clark Gable, Hollywood, California.

PRISCILLA LANE REFUSES TO WEAR BLUE ON MONDAYS.... IT'S HER PET SUPERSTITION.

AFTER QUARRELING AND BREAKING THEIR ENGAGEMENT WAYNE MORRIS AND PRISCILLA LANE WERE CAST AS LOVERS IN "BROTHER RAT".... BUT THEY SPOKE ONLY THE LINES OF THE SCRIPT TO ONE ANOTHER.

"New
Hairdresser,
Mary?""Yes, Jack,
MYSELF!"

Bring out the hidden Beauty of your Hair
with a Roxine Permanent **HOME WAVE**

It is no longer necessary to go to the expense, time and trouble of visiting your hairdresser to have your hair permanently waved. The Roxine Home-use Permanent Waving Machine is a complete outfit which enables you to perm wave your own hair as beautifully as any expert, in the privacy of your own home, at a fraction of the usual cost.

**THE ROXINE METHOD
SAVES YOU POUNDS**

Two or three permanent waves, done at home the simple Roxine way, and this marvellous little machine has paid for itself. More than that, you can make money if you wish by waving and setting your friends' hair in your spare

time. There are no extras to buy—this compact, well made little outfit comes to you with complete with all appliances and waving and setting lotions.

ANYONE CAN USE IT

There is no need to be an experienced hairdresser to get results the Roxine way. An illustrated booklet of instructions comes to you with every machine and these are so simple to follow that you cannot fail to get excellent results right from the very first application.

CANNOT BURN THE HAIR

There is no danger of burning or any undue drying of the hair with the Roxine method. Experts have tried and tested it under all sorts of conditions and already hundreds of satisfied owners have expressed their appreciation of its efficiency.

A COMPLETE HOME-USE MACHINE

To introduce the Roxine Home-use Permanent waving machine to Australian women we are making a special offer of a complete Roxine outfit for \$9/6!

Post this Coupon Today

FREE!

Full instructions on waving and setting. Fill in this coupon and send it (together with 5d. in stamps to cover postage) to Home Appliances Pty. Ltd., Third Floor, 106 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and we will send you, free of charge, a most useful and instructive booklet on how to wave and set your hair to suit your particular type.

NAME

ADDRESS

R.2/37

Here's Hot News
From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

The latest news on Doug Corrigan is that he finally signed on the dotted line with R.K.O. to appear himself in a picture called "Born to Fly." This will be a serious attempt to depict the life of the "wrong-way" flier.

The contract gives Doug \$5000 for the story, and \$15,000 for playing in the picture.

GREGORY STROUD, fresh from his Australian tour, is playing the part of Fish-Tush in "The Mikado," now being screened at Pinewood.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Paulette Goddard are entertaining again in a big way. Charlie has put on some weight and is looking much better. At a party they gave the other night, he told their guests that Paulette's picture would be started before the end of the year.

Virginia Bruce wears a ring with ten little tinkling bells.

DOLORES DEL RIO, who is in Mexico City at her father's bedside, has received an offer by cable of 1,200,000 francs to do a French movie called "La Mallrand."

WHEN Shirley Temple and her mother went shopping recently in a Chicago department store, there was such a riot that the management begged them to leave. The sales clerks got so excited that they deserted their counters and rushed out for a glimpse of Shirley, with the result that shoplifters made off with hundreds of dollars' worth of merchandise.

ERROL FLYNN took sick while at Catalina for a few days' holiday. He caught cold and suffered a recurrence of malaria, and had to be rushed back to the coast by aeroplane.

He is feeling much better now, but declines to appear in "Dodge City," which was supposed to be his next. Ronald Colman may take the part instead.

Joan Bennett is thinking of letting her hair go dark.

HAPPY RELIEF
FROM PAINFUL
BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches, people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and can be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking waste and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this poisonous waste stays in the body. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, hunchback, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They are used successfully all over the world by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

MAKES SEWING EASIER

Use 3-in-one oil on all working parts and see how much easier and smoother your sewing machine runs.

CLEANS
LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL

People Who Live Private Lives

We All Have Little Worlds In Which We Dream

By MILLICENT HARGREAVE

We live so close together these days that it is difficult to live any sort of private life... that quiet world to which we can each retire to reflect, or dream, or cherish ambitions.

Obviously, a private life is not a private life when it becomes public. Or when you tire of it. Or when it becomes a problem and you hang it about someone's neck. Or when your boss inquires into it.

HOW many of us live private lives? How many just think they do?

The line of demarcation between society and insanity is very fine, say the psychologists. Certainly the line between a private life and a public one must be as finely drawn.

Just what is a private life? I should say it is the life you live when you have drawn the curtains on the world and its rush of events.

Remember, when you were a child, what a thrill it was to have a secret place all your own?

Perhaps it was just the house you built under the dining-room table—perhaps it was an open space in the bush, or a cave between the rocks.

You lived a private life then! If you were a boy you hunted lions and played bushranger, and sometimes you were the man hunting the bushranger.

If you were a little girl you lived in a world all your own that was much more real than the world of grown-ups, which consisted mostly of being fed and having your face washed and being put to bed.

Your dolls were really children in this private life you lived, the corner of the porch was a real house, and you were the mother of a real family.

Does this desire to live a private

life take root in our subconscious mind from early childhood, or do we withdraw into a world of our own as the result of hurt and disillusionment?

What a cosy thing it is to draw the curtains—to know that although the hard, cruel world is prowling about outside here all is snug and warm and bright.

The curtains you draw may be only mental curtains, but they can separate you from the world as completely as though you had just heard the key turn in the door of your prison cell.

With this difference—your thoughts are freed, instead of confined.

One of the loveliest stories I ever read was about a man who owned a horse in the country. He was a clerk in a huge concern in the heart of the city.

He planned that some day he would give it all up and go to his country home, where he would live a wild, free life on the open range.

His real life—the hustle and bustle of the city, the petty annoyances of the day—did not exist for him at all.

He was really living another life—a life entirely his own, with his horse, in the country. Of course, he never did own the horse, nor did he ever get away from the city—



ALL OF US day-dream. In the private life of the mind we build castles in Spain or go adventuring, according to our mood.

but it was probably much more real to him than the reality.

There is hardly anyone who has not, at some period of his life, contemplated life alone on a tropical island. There is something extremely pleasant in letting one's mind wander to the South Seas.

Do you think when you go into a department store that the salesgirl is interested in whether the wool for little Johnnie's jumper should be red or blue? Or whether you look younger or older in that black hat with a veil?

Of course not! She is living a private life, and her responses are mechanical.

"Yes, Madam, I think the black suits you beautifully." (Should I wear my new red frock to-night?)

"Yes, Madam, the blue might fade." (Two more months of this and I shall be free.)

"You do look chic with a veil!" (I wonder if George will send me flowers...)

"Six skeins of the red?" (Shall I go to the mountains or somewhere on the sea?)

The private life of the adolescent would astound many parents. The wishful dreaming, the whispered secrets, the first kiss, the desire for popularity and success—all these carry the young girl or boy far away from home and school.

Little Deceptions

WITH marriage, we are told, there should be no private life. But is this true?

How many wives do you know who conceal the fact from the husband that they have bought a new gown?

How many wives tell their husbands what they have won—or lost—at bridge?

And then, of course, there is the private life of the true adventurer. Those who, for reasons unknown even to themselves sometimes, will defy society to live their own life. They are the flotsam and jetsam of life—whose private lives are "stranger than fiction."

Movie stars have as much privacy as the proverbial goldfish. They are not allowed to draw the curtains—mental or otherwise.

Government officials from the Prime Minister down to the flimsy clerk feel the eye of society always upon them. Their public is their first consideration.

Opera stars have little or no opportunity to live a life of their own. If they have lobster and champagne for supper after the theatre, the world knows about it the next morning.

If they quarrel with their manager it is news. Their outbursts of temper, their family tiffs, their manner of dress, their love affairs—all belong to the world.

Witness Lawrence Tibbett—who visited us recently.

He didn't catch a fish—it was front page news!

In private thoughts, dreams and ambitions such as these, there is little danger.

But it is a different story when private lives involve the romantic. History is full of such private lives. The surprising thing is they remained private at the time they were being lived. Biographers present some as magnificent; others as disastrous.

But it is the living of a private life that makes it important—not the way it ends.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS...

from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, October 26.—11.45 a.m.: Serial "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, October 27.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, October 28.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 29.—2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30 p.m.: Hits of To-day.

SUNDAY, October 30.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital.—Gerhard Husch. 6.10 p.m.: From Foreign Parts.

MONDAY, October 31.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 1.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Miss D. Vautier.

HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pain after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Selig's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Selig's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulates the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Selig's Syrup.

THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly 8. Mat. Wed. Sat., 2.15.

LAST 15 NIGHTS

"HOLLYWOOD HOTEL" WITH 60 OVERSEAS ARTISTS. and Willie and Eugene Howard.

STOTT & UNDERWOOD'S

(16 HUNTER STREET)

GREAT ANNUAL

TYPEWRITER

SALE

STOTT & UNDERWOOD'S Sales are rightly regarded as the Typewriter events of the year. Every machine offered is a positive bargain. Values are truly represented. Reductions are genuine. The work of reconditioning has been faithfully carried out by expert mechanics. The terms are the easiest possible. Every typewriter carries our recommendation and is fully covered by our

Six Months' Guarantee

These machines have all been traded in for new Underwoods, and they surprise all makes and sizes. If you require a typewriter for ANY purpose—business or personal, correspondence, home practice, invoicing and billing, balance sheet work, reports, etc.—this is your chance to secure it at a substantial saving. Use the coupon to obtain complete details without obligation.

500 BARGAINS in SLIGHTLY USED and RECONDITIONED MACHINES

Royal

No. 18 models, various sizes.

Two-colour ribbon, tabulator, stencil switch, etc. Visible writing.

SALE PRICE, from £7

L. C. Smith

No. 2, 3, 5 and 8 models.

Visible writing, two-colour ribbon, back spacers, tabulator, auto ribbon reverse, etc.

SALE PRICE, from £5

Monarch

No. 2, 3 and 4 models, visible writing.

Two-colour ribbon, auto ribbon, reverse, back spacers, tabulator, etc. etc.

SALE PRICE, from £5

Remington

No. 10 and 12 models, all sizes, visible writing, two-colour ribbon, column selector, patent interlineator.

SALE PRICE, from £4

Smith Premier

Available in Foolscap, Brief and Policy sizes.

SALE PRICE, from £8

Woodstock

An excellent buy for those wanting a sturdy machine at a particularly keen price.

SALE PRICE, from £5

Barlock

These British typewriters are excellent value. Available in 10in. and 14in. sizes.

SALE PRICE, from £5

STOTT & UNDERWOOD Pty. Ltd.

16 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY, Box 1556E, G.P.O.

Phone, BW231.

STOTT & UNDERWOOD PTY. LTD., 16 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Dear Sir,

Please send me full details of.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THIS REQUEST INCURS NO OBLIGATION.

W.W.E.

SPECIAL OFFER
Offer Closes Nov. 30.
Every purchaser paying a deposit of £3 or over will receive Free of Charge, with their purchase, a 1 Ream of Paper, Bottle of Oil, Typewriter Brush, or if the purchaser is a lady she has the typewriting tuition at our college.



UNDERWOOD

There are over 100 different machines from which to select, including models from 10in. to 30in. Every machine is in excellent condition, has been thoroughly reconditioned and is guaranteed 6 months.

SALE PRICE, from £9

SPECIAL BARGAINS

DOMINION CASH REGISTERS, £1/10/-, £2.

CASE TILL—£2/10/-.

BURROUGH ADDING MACHINES From £11.

BARNETT ADDING MACHINES From £12.

PROTECTORGRAPH CHEQUE WRITING MACHINE—£12.

STOTT & UNDERWOOD PTY. LTD.

16 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY, Box 1556E, G.P.O.

Phone, BW231.

STOTT & UNDERWOOD PTY. LTD., 16 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Dear Sir,

Please send me full details of.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THIS REQUEST INCURS NO OBLIGATION.

W.W.E.

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives INSTANT RELIEF



Quick, soothing, certain... those are the qualities definitely proved for the finest remedy for digestive disorder—De Witt's Antacid Powder. Sufferers from after-meal pain and misery, those who have been in terrible pain from acid stomach or gastritis repeatedly tell that just one or two doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder bring glorious relief. This marvellous, quick-action remedy for acid stomach, heartburn, wind, palpitation, stuffy fullness, pain after meals and all stomachic affections, is successful in ending this trouble not only quickly, but permanently, because—

1. De Witt's Antacid Powder at once neutralises the sour acid stomach.
2. Its colloidal-kaolin soothes and protects the stomach lining.
3. It actually digests a portion of your food.
4. It nurses the weak stomach back to health.

Here are two letters affording you convincing proof of the quick, certain action of this splendid remedy for all digestive disorders.

AFTER 3 DOSES CAN EAT ANYTHING

Mrs. E. Monaghan, of 3 Raglan Road, Kilmarnock, N.S.W., writes:—"I would like you to know I have been taking De Witt's Antacid Powder, and of the relief it has given me from terrible indigestion. I suffered for years from acid stomach. After 3 doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder I was relieved, and now I can eat anything."

When De Witt's Antacid Powder is taken, all forms of indigestion caused by excess acid disappear as if by magic. Even when chronic dyspepsia or gastritis have resulted from slight indigestion neglected, there is still hope if you

YEARS OF SUFFERING ENDED IN ONE WEEK

Mr. V. E. Willis, of Foch St., Ashgrove, Queensland, writes:—"I suffered for years with chronic indigestion. My trouble was vomiting, heartburn and unbearable stomach pains. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder and within a week I was looking forward to meals, and now I feel better than I have done for years."

TAKE DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

Queen to Meet Mrs. Roosevelt

Contrast in Personality of World's Greatest Women Leaders

President Roosevelt's invitation to the King and Queen to visit the United States during their tour of Canada next year will bring about the meeting of two of the world's most notable women.

During the visit Queen Elizabeth, First Lady of the British Empire, will be entertained at the White House by the First Lady of the United States, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt.

THE two women, widely different in age, in birth, and in the circumstances which led to their present positions, are yet drawn together by a common bond in leadership of two great democracies.

Although poles apart on many points, they have both overcome one disability—shyness.

Queen Elizabeth, blue-eyed gentle daughter of a high-born Scottish family, never knew in youth, even after marriage, that she would one day be called into the fierce light which beats upon a throne.

Possessed of charm, dignity, and grace, she was afraid of the burden of queenship.

Yet the whole Empire knows with what courage and ability she faced the task before her, and to-day she is acclaimed as a model of democratic Royalty.

Mrs. Roosevelt's is a very different story, yet she, too, was a shy girl. An orphan, she tells in her autobiography of a none-too-happy childhood.

She was the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt's younger brother, and on the death of her parents was brought up by a grandmother, Mrs. Hall.

Too often Mrs. Hall, who seems to have lacked an understanding of children, told the small Eleanor Roosevelt that she was not pretty—

fatal to the self-possession of a small girl.

Life in a Paris convent at the age of six was almost unbearable for the lonely little girl.

One highlight of her youth was her meeting with a good-looking schoolboy cousin, Franklin Roosevelt. She was then, as she tells in her autobiography, "a leggy girl of 12." Six years later she married.

But the shy little girl blossomed out into a forceful, vital woman.

Americans say she is the busiest woman in the U.S.A.

Force of Duty

WIFE, mother, grandmother, hostess, teacher, writer and lecturer! All those activities she combines.

No retiring wife is Mrs. Roosevelt. "Duty," she said in her autobiography, "was the motivating force of my life."

English Queens do not write autobiographies.

Yet if Queen Elizabeth were to write hers we would learn, too, that her path has been that of duty.

Mrs. Roosevelt has said that she believes in doing all in her power to increase the influence and prestige of women socially, politically, and economically.

Queen Elizabeth is able to do that quietly, by example rather than utterance. Always she is beside her

husband, always ready to play a joint part in the task of reigning Royalty.

It is known that not only has she overcome her own girlish shyness, but has played an immense part in overcoming the same natural shyness in her husband.

Australians will remember the charm of Queen Elizabeth, when, as Duchess of York, she visited Australia with her husband in 1927.

Mrs. Roosevelt's is a very different charm, but it is none the less admired by Americans.

At first, when her husband became president in 1933, Americans did not wholeheartedly approve of their First Lady. They thought it not in good taste that she should speak and write for money—even though that money went to charity.

Informal Visits

SHE criticised slums openly, and revealed a passion for informal visits which alarmed those who preferred that deficiencies in American life should be glossed over.

From her predilection for informal visits grew a number of current jokes: There is the famous one of Admiral Byrd, American Polar explorer, who, so people said, always got into his dinner jacket and laid places for two in his ice cave at the South Pole—"because he never knew when Mrs. Roosevelt might drop in!"

Americans as a nation do not resent criticism. It is an individual as well as a national characteristic.

Thus Mrs. Roosevelt has risen above criticism, turned public opinion in her favor by the sheer force of her convictions.

Both the Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt show a model devotion to their homes and children.

Queen Elizabeth, a much younger woman, has shown that she is not only a loving mother, but a sensible one. The two little Princesses are enjoying a happy and well-directed childhood.

Queen Elizabeth had a happy childhood herself. The youngest of



QUEEN ELIZABETH



MRS. ROOSEVELT

ten children, she was idolised by her family.

With Mrs. Roosevelt, it is the memory of an unhappy childhood which has made her an ideal mother. She was determined that no child of hers would ever be unhappy or neglected.

The main thing for her was that her children should be happy.

Now with eight grandchildren, she has a large and adoring family.

In one year she travelled 35,000 miles, made 81 speeches, and received nearly 100,000 letters. And that is one year of six equally active years.

"It's a great life," she has been quoted as saying, "if you don't get tired."

Queen Elizabeth could say much the same thing. To her, also, public life means an endless story of activity and official engagements.

*As young as
she looks—*

Milk builds stamina and vitality without taxing the system. Milk is the food that is packed with pure nourishment, unburdened with acid waste. Milk builds strength without encouraging unwanted weight. Milk possesses a wealth of vitamins and minerals that give you vigour and guard you from illness. Milk, in fact, is the finest natural food known to mankind, and should be the mainstay of old and young—men, women and children!

Inserted by the Milk Board.



..and enjoy Youthful Vitality!



The World's Favourite Music

"Hymns of All Churches"

Melody and inspiration
selected from the world's
favourite songs of faith
and praise.

Simple hymns of childhood.

Age-old Latin chants.

The hymns of the Revivals.

Moving Hebrew melodies.

The Spirituals of the Negroes; and

The grand Gospel hymns.

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday mornings at 8.45



2GB
THE NATION'S STATION



Parramatta Celebrates Its 150th Birthday



The Old and New:

● PARRAMATTA pioneers represented by Harry Munson and Joan Healy walk with a modern Parramatta girl in the shadow of old St. John's Church in the charming picture above, which was taken at a rehearsal for Parramatta 150th Anniversary Celebrations this week.

TO-DAY Parramatta has exchanged the wheat field for the chain store, the cow bell for the factory whistle, but everywhere are reminders of the past. This week the ghosts will be brought to life and those who tilled and built 150 years ago will be honored by their inheritors.

SIREN SOAP

gives you better
Quality **GIFTS!**

**BATH TOWEL**

Extra Large, 23" x 46".
In gay modern designs,
soft and absorbent.
Save 48 Blue Crosses

PILLOWSLIP

21" x 31". Dainty and
hemstitched — nicely
finished and durable.
Save 36 Blue Crosses

GLASSCLOTH

Pure Irish Linen, size
23" x 32", red or blue
side-striped.
Save 24 Blue Crosses

BATH TOWEL

Genuine White Ad-
miralty, snowy-white,
red stripe, 23" x 46".
Save 48 Blue Crosses

DESSERT FORK

HEAVY E.P.N.S.
A strong fork of
modern design.
Save 24 Blue Crosses

SAUCEPAN

Aluminium, 2½ pint
size, with coloured
heat-proof knob.
Save 56 Blue Crosses

TABLE KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel.
Made in Sheffield,
England.
Save 36 Blue Crosses

HAIR BROOM

Fine, close-set bristles.
Nicely finished. Will
give years of wear.
Save 104 Blue Crosses

DESSERT KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel.
Made in Sheffield,
England.
Save 36 Blue Crosses

CASSEROLE

9 in. diam. 99% alu-
minium, close-fitting
lid, heat-proof knob.
Save 104 Blue Crosses

DESSERT SPOON

HEAVY E.P.N.S.
Make your table
smarter.
Save 24 Blue Crosses

TABLE FORK

HEAVY E.P.N.S.
A fork to be proud of
— H'dsome, well-made.
Save 32 Blue Crosses



SIREN'S

extra-soapy suds

make washing easier

Siren gets clothes spotlessly clean without any hard rubbing or scrubbing because Siren suds are extra-soapy and Siren is made from pure, fine oils that keep linen dazzling white... hands soft and lovely.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET, (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to:

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,
BOX 4287 Y. G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT SEND A LETTER BUT USE
PRINTED FORM

NAME _____
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS _____

ENCLOSED _____

State which gift you require

CROSSES

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

SL/1.7

Fairy-Tales In Modern Guise

A talented Australian girl, Elisabeth Power, is presenting famous fairy-tales in a new form for modern children per medium of the radio.

SOME pessimists here in Australia lament that the talkies, children's comics, and cowboy and mystery yarns have supplanted fairy-tales in the affection of modern children.

Elisabeth Power does not believe this.

In Old Goldie the Goblin, heard from 2GB in the children's session, she has created a delightful old fairy character who may himself pass into the traditional personnel of fairyland.

As well she has found a new formula for presenting the old fairy tales to modern children.

"In their literary form," said Miss Power, "I have found that fairy stories are lacking in dramatic incident, which is what modern children have learnt to appreciate from the talkies.

"Children to-day have a more highly-developed sense of humor than their parents had, for in the olden days a sense of humor was regarded as not being in keeping with the earnestness of life.

What Children Want

"IN dramatising fairy stories for radio, I have found that by slightly modernising them, sprinkling them with current idioms, and introducing fresh characters often in a humorous mould my results are interesting not only for children but even for adults.

"Do not think I am belittling the originals in saying that.

"There is in fairy stories an ingenuity of plot, a realism of narration and a brilliance in the depiction of character that give the best of them immortality.

"As for the moral lesson that our parents used to stress, I do not think children look for instruction these days in stories. Eric, or Little by Little, belongs to the past.

"But children have a sense of fair play that one must not flout. They appreciate the rough moral of virtue rewarded and vice punished.

"For the rest, they will soon learn in real life that all beautiful people are not good, nor ugly ones wicked; that every elder sister is not selfish, nor every stepmother cruel."

Drifted Into Radio

ASKED how she first came to write for radio, Miss Power explained: "I have been many things in my short life.

"My first ambition was to be an interior decorator, but for lack of opportunity I found myself in the Public Service.

"Next I was in an art studio, modelling figures, and then I didn't work at all.

"Someone said one day: 'You write don't you?' and when I admitted that I had always done a bit of scribbling they said, 'You ought to write copy for radio.'

"Having discovered exactly what was 'copy' for radio, I haunted the broadcasting stations, and at last convinced one of them that I could write advertising copy.

"Since then I have been in radio, transferring recently to 2GB, where I had my first opportunity to write as I have always wanted to write. Some day I hope to do more serious work."

In the meantime, when not delving into the works of the Brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen and the Arabian Nights, Elisabeth Power reads the "moderns"—John dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, Richard Aldington, Thomas Wolfe, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, W. B. Yeats and Stephen Spender.

When not reading she returns to her first love, interior decorating.

"You can add," she concluded, "that I'm Celtic by origin, with Highland Scot and County Cork ancestors. That will explain a lot of things besides my love for the fantasy of fairy stories and the realism of the moderns."



Save these
crosses

1
CROSS
WITH EACH
UTILITY
TABLET

4
CROSSES
WITH EACH
BAR

Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Nell Gunning's wedding to Mr. George Hill this Wednesday at St. Stephen's will be followed by an afternoon reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club?

And that they will spend their honeymoon in Melbourne during Cup Week?

A "Musical" Wedding

A HIGHLIGHT of Cup Week in Melbourne will be the wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral on November 5 of Marshall Sumner, well-known pianist, and Elizabeth Halkyard, who was one of his pupils.

The bridegroom, well known on the concert platform as accompanist to Borghini and Edmund Kurta, is now touring with Guila Bustabo. He will return to Melbourne from Adelaide on the morning of his wedding day.

The bride, a popular Melbourne society girl, is still in her teens. Her matron-of-honor will be Mrs. Percy Grainger, wife of the famous Australian pianist and composer.

Guila Bustabo will be a guest at the wedding. At the conclusion of Guila's Australian tour Marshall Sumner will take his bride to America, where he has engagements to fulfil.

Cotton Floral Gowns

MRS. C. G. LAMBIE, who has just returned from abroad with her husband, Professor Lambie, visited the Glasgow Exhibition while touring Scotland. She says that some of the most attractive evening gowns shown in the Exhibition by Schiaparelli and other famous designers were cotton florals, made from material only 1/11 a yard.

News of C.W.A. President

LOOKING extremely well after her holiday abroad, Mrs. Hugh Munro, of Keera, Bingara, returned in the Oracles last week. Ask her where she's been and she mentions what seems to be every place in the world except the North Pole.

In London Mrs. Munro met Mrs. Alfred Watt, president of the Associated Country Women of the World. And she heard Mrs. Watt, speaking about Australia at a Royal Empire Society meeting, say how pleased she was with the work the Country Women of this country are doing.

There was a host of relatives and friends at the wharf when the Oracles berthed to welcome Mrs. Munro. Among them were her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Nilsson, of Walcha, and her sons, Gordon and Douglas. Doug Munro has recently returned from Melbourne where he was judging at the Royal Show.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which form from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders—it is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/6, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. R. Warner & Co., Ltd., 830 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

Live in Historic Homes

PEOPLE who are perhaps most interested in Parramatta's 150th Anniversary celebrations are those who live in the beautiful old homes which figure in the history of the district.

Mrs. E. Swann and her daughter Margaret live at Elizabeth Farm, said to be the oldest house in Australia. It was built by convict labor for John Macarthur in 1793. The George Terrys' homestead at Rouse Hill was built in 1814, and members of their family have lived there ever since.

Another noted house which will figure in the celebrations is Brindlington, now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Keith Brown. And, of course, old Government House (now the junior house at The King's School), built by Governor Phillip in 1790.

Won Beauty Culture Diploma

MRS. EDWARD H. O'BRIEN and Beryl and Gwenyth O'Brien returned last week after nine months abroad to The Moorings, their lovely home on the waterfront at Kirribilli. They toured the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland and the Continent.

In Vienna Gwenyth won a diploma of beauty culture and she has brought back all sorts of new beautifying ideas. Beryl spent part of the time abroad studying dress draping and designing.

Golf and Ice Skating

MR. AND MRS. FRANK WATTS and Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Whiting left Sydney last Friday to spend a golfing holiday at Duntryleague, Orange.

Mrs. Watts is now as enthusiastic about skating as she is about golf. All this season she has left her seaside home at Collaroy several days a week early enough to be in time for the morning session at the Ice Palais. And although she only started skating this year she is very proficient.

By the way, the Frank Watts' country home at Holbrook possesses the attractive name Morgiana—the same as the slave who filled the forty jars with oil in "All Baba and the Forty Thieves."

The "Last Word" in School Halls

PRESENT boys and old boys of Barker College (Hornsby) are very proud of their new assembly hall, which was declared open last Saturday by Sir John Butters. It is paneled in maple, has amber glass windows, a high-domed ceiling, concealed lighting, and parquet floor. And in the years to come it will be filled with about 500 upholstered chairs, each presented by a boy as he leaves the school.

On each chair will be a disc engraved with the boy's name and the year he left.

Miss Mollie David has presented stage curtains and a set of scenery as part of the furnishings for the hall, and other gifts include Mrs. C. S. Somers' set of colored engravings and views of Oxford, and an imposing chair from Mr. W. C. Carter, who was headmaster of the school for 25 years.

Lady Gowrie, who disembarked from the Strathallan in Melbourne to stay at Government House for Melbourne's Cup Week, will return to Sydney on November 7.

Tea for One Thousand

THE ladies' committee of the Havilah Church of England Homes for Children is extremely busy this week preparing afternoon tea for guests invited to the homes this Saturday. More than 1000 invitations have been issued. It is hoped to reopen shortly the Babies' Home, which has been closed for some years on account of lack of funds.

Mrs. W. H. Read, of Wahroonga, who spends a great deal of her time working for charitable causes, is president of the ladies' committee.



Returning Home

DR. and MRS. REG BETTINGTON will be home again on the last day of this month... they're returning via America. This means moving-day for the Keith Mackays, who have occupied the Bettingtons' Darling Point home during their absence.

Mrs. Mackay has taken advantage of residing in town to practise figure skating at the Ice Palais. She wishes there was a frozen lake on their Glen Innes property so she could continue practice.

New Home at Watson's Bay

AFTER almost three years abroad, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. A. Clowes have returned to live in Sydney. They arrived in the Oracles last Wednesday, took delivery of their new car, and left almost immediately for Jeir, Yass, the home of Mrs. Clowes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Magennis.

They will return in a fortnight or so to live at Watson's Bay, where Colonel Clowes will be stationed at the Artillery School.

In London Beauty Salons

AFTER working the London-Sydney cable service overtime during the recent European crisis, Enid Hull informed her family that she'd decided to stay on in London and hope for the best. It probably will be about two years before she returns. By that time there'll be plenty she can tell us about the latest tricks in the beauty trade.

Enid has a flat almost in the heart of London with several other girls working at the same exclusive—and expensive—beauty salon. And how's this for luck?... the flat is provided by the firm.

Another Enid—Enid Manning—also has a job in a fashionable London beauty salon, and she's flitting in Knightsbridge.

Furnished House in One Day

BETTY DEAKIN, who marries Kevin Meagher this Thursday, holds the record for choosing in record time the furniture for a new home. The bridegroom-elect came to Sydney for a day and they selected everything for their house at Barmedman in that one day. She says it was the heaviest day's shopping she has ever done.

The wedding is at Sacred Heart Church, Mosman. Her bridesmaids are Dorothy Deakin and Sue Cronan. Country guests in town for the wedding include the Peter Meaghers, of Temora, the Mick Meaghers, of Cootamundra, and the Tony Meagher, of Forbes.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKay, of Delegate, returned home last week after a fortnight in Sydney. Gordon played in the Country Week golf championships.

Stayed for Cup

WHEN Marjorie Wilson, daughter of the Governor of Queensland (Sir Leslie Wilson) and Grace White left Brisbane a few weeks ago on a motor tour to Victoria, they intended returning home before Caulfield and Melbourne Cup time. But friends in the southern State persuaded them to stay for the gaieties.

Miss Wilson accompanied the Vice-Regal party to the Caulfield Cup. Meanwhile Miss White has been spending a holiday with Mrs. Bill Armstrong, at Woodbury Station, Deniliquin.



JOAN PEACOCK, of Darling Point, in a smart navy ensemble which she has chosen to wear in Melbourne during Cup Week. Her unusual handbag has a little pocket into which fits a watch. Joan will stay with her cousin, Beryl Spey, of Toorak.

Duntroon Festivities

CANBERRA was crowded last week with visitors from Sydney, Melbourne, and many country districts for the festivities at the Royal Military College, Duntroon.

It was a lovely time to visit Canberra with all the spring flowers and tulips in bloom. Major and Mrs. W. W. Crellin and Major and Mrs. Rourke entertained guests at cocktails and sherry after the sports meeting last Wednesday. That night Mrs. C. G. N. Miles and Mrs. H. C. H. Robertson were hostesses at a dance held in the officers' mess.

On Friday afternoon guests were again invited to the officers' mess for afternoon tea during the gymkhana held in grounds adjoining the college. And on Friday night most of the young people attended a dance given by the cadets.

Among those present at the festivities were Lady Bruche, of Melbourne, who came on after staying with her sister, Lady Ryrie, at Michelago. Also Dame Mary Hughes, Lady Groom, Mrs. R. G. Casey, Miss Charles Lane-Poole, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Stanton.

Aviator to Wed Next Month

THAT noted young Queensland aviator, Esther L'Estrange, will be married in Brisbane on November 15 to Mike Malher. The Royal Queensland Aero Club has presented her with a replica of the cup for the interstate competition, run early this year.

Coming Home

CHERRY CONNELL is homeward bound. She is aboard the Oracles, due here on November 3. She went abroad with her godmother, Mrs. Lou Davies, and has had a glorious time, spent mostly on the Isle of Jersey, where the Davies' have a lovely home.

Cherry will be followed soon by her aunt, Argie Kitchen, who assured her young son Micky that Christmas Day would find her amid the family circle again. She will return via America.

I LIKE—

The turquoise earrings worn by Madame Pao to match the buttons trimming her black frock.

He wanted to show off his wife

"My dear," said Margaret to her husband, "Jenny is upstairs writing poetry. I think she's in love."

"Bob is out with that nice girl next door."

"I've made myself look perfectly irresistible and charming and young with Powder Charmosan."

"Now, so what? Bridge or a car-ride?"

"Dash it all," said Lionel, "let's go where there's a crowd. I want to show you off. Wonderful. Come."

"Tough back into the skin, yes, back into the plain or aging skin. And charm and sweet enchantment. That is the story of Powder Charmosan."

It's really remarkable, too, the way Charmosan face powder stays on for hours. It's from France.

Charmosan face powder made her look so lovely

Big double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere.

"The three most important minutes in your day"

"Do you know the three most important minutes in your day? Well, they are those three little moments you spend each night in cleansing your skin with Charmosan cold cream to remove makeup, dust, etc. from your face, throat, neck, and chest."

Charmosan cold cream

Doublet size 2/6. Tubes 1/6. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days of money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2383

"YOU will be careful on the polished line, won't you, plumber. 'Don't worry about me, lady. I've got hobnails in me boots.'"

Navigator and Ship's Doctor, Too!

WITH her black hull and tall masts she looked, when she sailed into Sydney Harbor, like something straight from the pages of Masfield, "schooner rigged and rakish."

Mrs. Sawyer has not a courtesy title. She is on board to do a job of work as navigator. She navigated the schooner through the treacherous Strait of Magellan; a perilous job for a man. She did her trick at the wheel and all the duties that fall to a deep-water sailor. Having done four years at medical school Mrs. Sawyer acted as ship's doctor, too, but there were only simple ailments to be treated.

Nine men and two women are on board, including the captain and his wife, who was formerly Miss

Adventurous Voyage of Heiress on Round-the-World Cruise

Now sailing round the Australian coast in her husband's schooner Henrietta is Melbourne heiress Mrs. Bailey Sawyer.

She navigated the vessel on the 15 months' voyage from Cape Cod (Massachusetts) to Australia, and was ship's doctor as well.

The Henrietta was one of the fishing fleet in the film, "Captains Courageous."

Dorota Platau, of Melbourne, daughter of a wealthy family, and her school friend, Susie Parker, of Hay, New South Wales.

They have come via the coast of

South America, through the Strait to Valparaiso, Juan Fernandez, Easter Island, the Tuamotus, Tahiti, Fiji, and Noumea.

And after having roamed in Australian waters for six months they will sail for Europe. Nor will the Henrietta's adventures end there.

The ship which saw the fogs and storms of the Grand Banks with the fishing fleet for so many years may yet sail the whole seven seas.

For eventually the ambition of Captain Sawyer and his wife is to do scientific work, oceanography and research.

When a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly met Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Parker they were changing into shore-going clothes—and none too comfortable about putting on high-heeled shoes!

In 15 months their feet have been more often innocent of covering than not.

Both sun-tanned and attractive, Mrs. Sawyer petite, Miss Parker taller, they are finding civilisation has some compensations.



MRS. BAILEY SAWYER has had an adventurous 15 months' voyage on her husband's schooner Henrietta.

HE SAID I WASN'T THE SAME GIRL HE FELL IN LOVE WITH!



BILL'S NOT TIRED OF YOU, MARY! WHEN HE SAID YOU WEREN'T THE SAME, HE MAY HAVE MEANT THAT PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT AS SWEET AND DAINTY AS HE THOUGHT YOU WERE

CAN YOU MEAN I HAVE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT 'B.O.'?



DEAR, ANYONE MAY OFFEND, BUT JUST USE LIFEBOUY REGULARLY AND YOU CAN BE SURE YOU WON'T BE GUILTY!

WHY I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT — WHEN I USED TO USE LIFEBOUY I HAD LOTS MORE FRIENDS



THEN GO BACK TO IT! LIFEBOUY IS THE ONLY TOILET SOAP THAT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT TO GUARD YOU AGAINST 'B.O.'



USE LIFEBOUY ON YOUR FACE, TOO. IT FRESHENS AND CLEARS THE SKIN MARVELLOUSLY

INDEED I WILL. THANK YOU



NOW LIFEBOUY IS A REGULAR HABIT

"B.O." GONE — BILL RETURNS MARY, YOU'RE MORE LIKE MY OLD GIRL THESE DAYS — YOU'RE THE SWEETEST, MOST CHARMING THING!



SHE THINKS: BELIEVE ME, I'M GOING TO STAY SWEET AND CHARMING — WITH LIFEBOUY'S HELP

WHY WOMEN PREFER LIFEBOUY

Wise women depend on Lifebuoy because its special purifying ingredient keeps them dainty—safe from "B.O." For complexion, too, Lifebuoy is the wonder-worker. It revives, helps refine dull skin, and you can trust its mildness—6,000 tests in Australia alone proved Lifebuoy milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women. Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT

Rush for Hair "Do"

HAIRDRESSERS, manicurists, milliners were their immediate objectives.

"The last time I had my hair set was in Tahiti," said Miss Parker.

"And the last time mine was done was in Valparaiso," chimed in Mrs. Sawyer. "Neither of us has worn nail varnish for 12 months."

"And," said Captain Sawyer, who is lean and sun-tanned as sailors ought to be, "if you ever marry a sailor don't take your model hats to sea!"

Mrs. Sawyer looked ruefully at a navy-blue New York model, a little battered, but still obviously once the apple of a hat-creator's eye.

"Look at the mould!" she said. "That's the greatest weapon the sea has against women! We looked after our shore-going clothes like diamonds, but still the mould got into them."

These two girls have been absolutely two of the crew.

"Do I mind taking my wife to sea?" echoed Captain Sawyer. "Why, the Henrietta just couldn't sail without Dorota. What would she do without a navigating officer?"

Highlights of the Henrietta's voyage? Well, how would the average housewife like to get her ice straight from the berg?

That's what one of the ship's crew did in the South Pacific.

Wrapped in wool from top to toe he rowed in a dinghy to the iceberg, and chiselled off enough ice to fill the ice-chest for several days.

The iceberg didn't miss it, and the ship's company was grateful.

Right off the ice, indeed!

"Of course," explained Miss Parker, "we don't work quite as hard as the men! After all, with nine men there's no need to do heavy work."

"But when it's 'All hands on deck,'

day or night, at least one of us turns out."

It is three years since Miss Parker left Australia. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Parker, have a station property, Gre Oke, at Hay.

"Four months I said I'd be away," she laughed. "I told them I'd be home for the shearing."

"Dorota and I travelled by the City of Hayville, a cargo ship, to America. Pete (Captain Sawyer) was navigating officer; he taught Dorota something about navigating, and incidentally asked her to be his wife!"

Married in U.S.A.

MR. AND MRS. SAWYER were married at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, the home of the former's parents. They returned on a brief visit to Australia, and went back to purchase the Henrietta.

Meanwhile Miss Parker had remained in America.

It was natural that she was asked to accompany the travellers on their voyage, making the third Australian in a mixed crew—one Irish-Anglo-American, one Chilean, some Englishmen, and Americans.

Six weeks of the trip were spent in the Strait of Magellan, passing along the loneliest coasts in the world, "a land with the whirlwind and wall on it, ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea."

Only rarely does a ship pass through this strait. Mist and rain are the daily portion of the weather. When it lifts it reveals rocky shores, magnificent glaciers, undergrowth-covered hills—and no sign of human habitation.

At night they anchored, as the strait is only navigable by day with any safety. Once one of the crew had a swim.

"He was in and out in a flash owing to the cold," said Mrs. Sawyer.

Bring your crochet TO LIFE with—

COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

IN WHITE AND OVER 35 FAIR COLORS.

Your local Needlework shop will show you instruction leaflets with more than 300 30-mk designs.

MCS

CHOSEN FOR CUP WEEK



OUR London fashion editor, Mary St. Claire, selected the three lovely models shown on this page as especially suitable for the formal evenings which are always such an important part of Melbourne Cup week festivities.

● JUST above is a Reville model in pastel-green moire. It is cut in Edwardian lines, with an interesting new decolletage and very full, circular skirt.

①

● AT THE top left hand of the page is beautiful white crepe from Harrod's, London. Both skirt and bodice are accordion-pleated, but, for all the fullness, fall in slim, classical lines.

②

● AT THE LEFT is a Hartnell model line in Cartauld's black taffeta. Its skirt is deftly corded and finished with rows of ruching. Similar ruching adorns the simply-cut bodice.

Evalastic
Permanent
WAISTBAND

in PANTIES · SCANTIES · BLOOMERS

GUARANTEED
TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

Lucas



*The first real
stocking news
in years!*

The best overseas sheer stockings have a new vitality—colours are more radiant—there is a new depth of tone and evenness of texture. Full life and strength is restored to every silken fibre by a new and secret manufacturing process. Prestige acquired this secret process exclusively to give still better stockings to Australian womenfolk. They are known as VITA-BLOOM.

All Prestige Sheers are now VITA-BLOOM from 5/11 upwards.

Vita-Bloom
SHEER Hosiery
by
Prestige

PRINTS CHARMING...

ON this page Petrov, our fashion artist, used actual pieces of fabric from the new season's collection and then sketched dresses in which the fabrics are used

- AT THE EXTREME LEFT is a dance frock in silk pique printed in a bold design of black leaves edged in red.
- NEXT is an evening ensemble in gipsy-striped brocade combined with black taffeta.
- LEFT (BELOW) is a little suit of Vandyke-striped crepon with the flowers arranged in chevron stripes.
- AND, FINALLY, a Continental print covered with myriads of tiny flowers in vivid colors.



FRACKS for RACES and PLACES

HERE'S the perfect recipe for summer chic: Take one good frock — black or your favorite foundation shade. Mix your accessories with artistry. You can then go happily to the Melbourne Cup . . . or wherever you're going to-day, lady!

This trio of beautiful basics was sketched by our fashion artist, Rene.



● THE DRESS sketched above would look its best in heavy crepe. It has an attractive cross-over effect on the bodice, with a little fullness over the bust, finished with an ornament at the neck and waist. The skirt features fine sunray tucking. This frock would go happily under a simply-cut coat of sheer or featherweight wool in the same shade as the dress or the accessories.

● BLACK-SHEER crepe dress with simple but clever drapery coming round the long V neck, crossing over to swathe the waist and falling in placed front fullness on the skirt.

● CLASSIC in its simplicity is the dress sketched above. Its most striking feature is the raised sunray effect achieved from the high shoulder line, down the sleeves and bodice. The skirt has a restrained circular movement.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Latest Styles...
to build a
Modish Summer
Wardrobe

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Give box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



FOR STRIPES
WW2601.—Dainty in design, and so easy to make. Sizes 32-in. to 36-in. bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SLIMMING EFFECT
WW2602.—Smart matrons will appreciate this smart style for day occasions. Sizes 36-in. to 42-in. bust. Material required: 5 1/8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FROCK AND COAT
WW2604.—Frock and coat make this smart daytime outfit. Sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust. Material required: 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ATTRACTIVE FOR BEACH
WW2603.—For sporting occasions. Sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards for shirt and shorts and 3 1/2 yards for coat, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SWING STYLE
WW2605.—Old-world evening gown, delightful for debutantes. Sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust. Material required: 7 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WITH BOLERO
WW2600.—Contrasting bolero and suit. Sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards for frock, and 2 1/2 yards for bolero and suit. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMARTLY TAILORED
WW2607.—Smart tailored frock. Sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust. Material required: 4 yards for frock, and 3 1/2 yards for coat, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

INDISPENSABLE COAT
WW2606.—Lightweight woolen coat. Sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4209TY, G.P.O.
If calling, 128 Castlereagh St., at Dalson House, 118 Pitt St.

PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
Pattern Coupon, 29/10/38.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

ATTRACTIVE BEACH SUITS

In Three Children's Sizes

OUR concession pattern this week features three charming outfits for the little girl 4-10 years of age.

Sizes, 4-6, 6-8, and 8-10 years. Material required, 36 inches wide:

- No. 1 Sports Suit, 2 yards.
- No. 2.—Shorts and Coat, 3 yards.
- No. 3.—Costume, requires 2 1/2 yards.



TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS

TO MAKE TEETH
SPARKLE and
YOUR MOUTH
HEALTHY



For clean sparkling teeth and healthy gums, your dentist says: "Cultivate the twice-a-day Kolynos habit." KOLYNOS fulfils the requirements of modern Dental Science because it is a proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste which removes unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and brightening the teeth without any harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. KOLYNOS effectively protects your teeth against

harmful germs which cause decay and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

KOLYNOS is highly concentrated, and therefore most economical. Only half-an-inch—preferably on a DRY brush—morning and night brings you the joy of a clean mouth and sound, sparkling teeth. Get a tube of KOLYNOS—the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste—TODAY. Of all chemists and stores.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



REDUCED PRICES NEW DOUBLE SIZE
1/9 NOW 1/3 2/- PER TUBE

ROLEX WRIST WATCHES

31 WORLD RECORDS



The world's most precise
Wrist Watch, officially at-
tested by Kew Observatory.

9-ct. Gold, £8.15/-
9-ct. White Gold, £9.10/-

Obtainable from
leading Jewellers
within the
Commonwealth.

Stainless
Steel, £8.
9-ct. Gold,
£9.15/-
9-ct. White
Gold, £10.10/-

ROLEX WATCH CO. LTD.

H. Wilsdorf, Managing Director

GENEVA—LONDON—PARIS

NORWEGIAN FILM STAR: I was offered 15,000 dollars to remain in America.
Interviewer: By Norway or America?

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

PARIS FASHION HIGHLIGHTS

Sent by Air Mail by
MARY ST. CLAIRE

PIERROT pompons are the rage of the moment for decorating hats, collars, cuffs, hems, gloves and shoes. They are made in a variety of materials: fur, feathers, wool, spun silk, chenille and kid.

Black pompons on colored frocks and colored pompons on black gowns, hats and gloves are popular, though self-colored pompons are considered smarter and more sophisticated.

THE newest jumpers and blouses are worn outside the skirt. They are elaborately belted at the natural waistline and then fit snugly over the top of the skirt to within a few inches of the hipline.

To look really well they should be made to measure with rather a pouching effect at the back.

BEAD girdles, made of strings of minute metal and brightly colored beads plaited into intricate designs, are "de rigueur" for wear with the new lame or velvet afternoon frocks. They are worn knotted in the centre-front with both ends hanging to the hem of the just-below-the-knee length frocks, and have elaborate tassels.

ACCORDION-PLEATED pyjamas are the latest addition to mademoiselle's lingerie drawer. They have pleating down the sides of the legs from waistband to ankle, on wide cape collar, on the full-open elbow sleeve, and in two narrow panels down back and front of the blouse which tucks inside the belted trousers.

THE new high coiffure demands new type hair ornaments and these are to be found in great variety in the little salons for accessories in the Rue de Mondovi.

Here, arranged on elegant Louis XV tables, one can see large vividly colored, hand-painted butterflies, brilliant crystal starfish, large bunches of realistic bakelite cherries, or even small baskets of exquisitely colored wool flowers, all intended for wear among the curls at the top of the head.

SMART Parisiennes no longer fish into the bottom of their bags for their compacts—they whisk them out of their pockets or skirt-bands instead. For the latest gadget is the compact-fob—a sleek, thin powder-box with a gay, weighted dangle attached.

SWANSDOWN is very popular just now, not only for bed-wraps and negligees, but for long evening capes, tiny dinner-dress boleros, theatre caps and stock scarves for wear with afternoon suits. Many of the couturiers say it is more becoming than fur.

NO buttonhole goes unadorned down the boulevards—the chic of many a costume depends to no small extent upon the fillip given to this hitherto unimportant detail of a tailor-made.

Mostly they are geographical or utilitarian—tiny hats from the Tyrol, exquisitely perfect down to the last-minute feather; a pair of sabots from Provence; an enamelled postcard, addressed and stamped—or a microscopic thermometer.

PARIS, always a stickler for black, has gone very gay in her millinery.

Inspired by the chi-chi bows that appear on practically every hat, color schemes are a bit mad, too; there is magenta-red with salmon-pink, emerald-green with reddish-purple, orange with brick color, and stained-glass blue with cerise.

THE newest ties for Parisian wear are of sage-blue with what looks like a pencil drawing of one's favorite animal friend decorating wider end.



PARTICOLORED pompons adorn an amusing little hat and form a pretty finish for a blouse.

HEALTH and VIGOUR

Live vigorously. Natural vigour, the normal result of perfect health, is ensured when your system is freed from the poisons which cause lack of vitality. Eliminate these dangerous poisons by drinking regularly Eno's "Fruit Salt," the famous household remedy for digestive ailments and disorders of the stomach.

ENO IS DIFFERENT
because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.

Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood and can safely be taken in cases of diabetes.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

Beauty Tip-
USE

World's Most Famous Cosmetics
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
Asst. Agents, Turnleys, Mells, & Sydney



GLAMOR veils are worn with every type of hat—straws, felts, flowers, lace, and feathers. Top: A grey summer felt with new pedestal crown, banded with purple feathers and a shirred fluff of purple veil. Next is a tiny breton brim full of flowers and a long sheer spotted veil. Next is a high pillbox with a bouquet of violet, red, white lace on either side, and a black veil tied under the chin.

FARMER'S



ENGLISH SANDALS

featuring the sponge rubber sole

A batch of beach sandals just off the boat from England. Strongly woven macrame and webbing "Suntogs", they've sponge or solid rubber soles that keep you in firm contact with slippery decks. So irresistible, you will want two or three pairs.

- A. Interwoven braid in five colour combinations. Sponge rubber sole. 8/11.
- B. Woven linen thread, closed-toe ankle tie. Clotted cream colour. 9/11.
- C. White canvas with Swedish design. Ankle-tie. Also in red/fawn. 9/11.
- D. Toeless or covered hand crochet sandal. Green or red with fawn. 9/11.
- E. Macrame sandal. Blue, white, red/black, green/brown/white. 8/11.

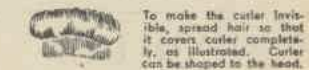
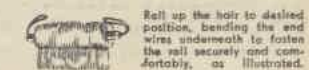
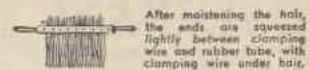
Sandal Shop on the Third Floor



A ROLL COIFFURE

with the new "Goody"

This wonderful cushion roller creator for you a wonderful new coiffure. Invisible to the outside eye, the "Goody" keeps your hair securely, but comfortably, in place. Three sizes, with one large, two medium, or three small rollers on each card. **9d.**



Hair Accessories—Ground Floor.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS! MAIL YOUR ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497 AA, SYDNEY, OR TELEPHONE M 2405



TABLE "KOOLERS"

Stand one in the centre of the table and it keeps food hot or cold as you require. Particularly handy for ice cubes. Chromium finished for 17/6. Country Carriage extra. Lower Ground.



BABY TOWELLING

Bundles at special prices

Cleverly made in England in this hygienically-prepared baby towelling. The parcel embraces one dozen self-edge, navy squares, one large, extra-nat baby towel, one initialled white washer. The bundle for **18'2** the amazing price of just

First Floor—Pitt Street

NEW EGG PAPERS

1/3



As idea fished from the "Queen Mary." Egg papers that fit easily and snugly into the cup, preventing the yolk from running down the side. In cream and white. 24 in packet, 1/2.

Stationery—Ground Floor.



TENNIS FROCKS

Cool as a summer breeze

CREASE-RESISTING linen, crisp as lettuce, for this backless-tennis frock with panties to match. Bolero in contrast colours . . . blue, green and maize. 32-36. **63/-**

WAFFLE PIQUE makes this frock a cool buy for summer tennis. Sleeveless and tubs marvellously. Striped jacket in vivid contrasts. Panties to match. 32-36. **45/-**

Small Women's Salon—Second Floor

CHARLES BRYANT ART EXHIBITION

Great sea paintings by the late Charles Bryant, on show in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, Ninth Floor, October 26th to November 8th. Part of a collection from London, not previously shown in Sydney. No charge for admission.

FARMER'S IS AIR-CONDITIONED TO A COOL 73°



Lay-by dolls for Santa

With Christmas just eight weeks off, it's time to think of Santa gifts. And in Farmer's brand-new "Doll Aisle" there are hundreds of imported dolls, in all sizes and at all prices. Everything from goliwogs to giant "Shirley Temples". Lay-by keeps them for you till the 26th December.

Dolls—Fourth Floor



Charnaux corset expert at Farmer's

One Week only! To learn to be slim . . . beautifully proportioned as the young Diana . . . a specially trained Charnaux corset expert will give you individual advice, from Monday, October 24th, to Saturday, 29th. No charge. Phone M 2405 for appointments.

On the Fourth Floor.



TOYO ALLOVERS

Fresh as an ocean plunge

Tossed high on the back of your head with the carefree abandon of youth, a white toyo looks, and is, just about the coolest thing you can wear. In a bonnet shape to keep you young and fresh as a garden. **9'11**

Millinery on Third Floor.

GIFTS FOR HOME . . . by Farmer's Harrod's. You select your gifts from catalogues here, pay for them, plus 25% exchange, and they go direct to your English friends from Harrod's, London.



Boys' sturdy school or playtime shoes

ENGLISH SHOES, rubber soles. Dark tan, black. 7-10, 7/9. 11-1, 9/6. 2-3, 10/6.

BOYS' SANDALS, Brown yearling calf, leather-sewn soles. Half, 7 to 10, 8/11; 11 to 13, 10/6; 2 to 5, 11/11. Lay-by!

Boys' Shoes—Fourth Floor.

Your New Season's Frocks, Ensembles

Ready-to-Wear or
Made-to-measure

ALSO MEN'S FASHIONABLE SUITS

**CASH OR SMALL
DEPOSIT & EASY
MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

ALL MODELS
DELIVERED ON
RECEIPT OF THE
FIRST PAYMENT

Enjoy the smartest and best

summer frocking—ready to

wear or made to measure—

at lower cost, and pay (if you

prefer) by our system of low

deposits and small monthly in-

stalments. Your goods come

to you with your first pay-

ment, with a guarantee of

complete satisfaction or

money refunded.

Illustrated 12 September 1938

Cash Price 10/-

Terms: 5/- deposit, three

monthly payments of 2/-

FREE!

New Season's Catalogue

Cut out and Post Coupon Now!

WELDREST

PROPRIETARY LIMITED

195-9 LIVERPOOL ST., SYDNEY

Please Address all correspondence to

BOX 3822T, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Please send me your New Season's Catalogue, FREE and POST FREE.

Name and Address..... W.W.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

NARCISSUS LINENS

*EXQUISITE
supper or luncheon pieces
with cutwork design
running crosswise.*

HERE is something quite new in luncheon and supper sets. The idea comes from America—that of having the design running diagonally across the various pieces instead of in the centre or corners.

You can obtain the complete set or the various pieces separately traced with the lovely narcissus design ready for working on pure Irish linen in shades of white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green. Order now from our Needlework Department.

The prices are:

CLOTH, 36in. x 36in.	7/6
CLOTH, 45in. x 45in.	8/9
CLOTH, 54in. x 54in.	11/9
CLOTH, 72in. x 72in.	18/6
SERVLETTE, 11in. x 11in. . . .	1/-
DOYLEY, 8in. x 8in.	1/-
DOYLEY, 5in. x 11in.	1/-
TEA-COSY, 13in. x 10in. . . .	1/6
TRAYMOBILE CLOTH, 14in. x 25in.	4/6

The stitches used in embroidering this set are buttonhole for the flowers and bars with either eyelets or French knots for the centres of the flowers.

You can also obtain the broder cottons for working in white or ecru from our Needlework Department for 14d. a skein.



THIS beautiful supper or luncheon set in narcissus cutwork design is obtainable in white or colored linen and includes cloths, serviettes, doyleys, tea-cosy and traymobile cloth. Order from our Needlework Department now.

Needlework Notions

FOR addresses of Needlework Department see our Pattern Page in this issue.

BEHIND HER



Slender Strength

THE NOURISHMENT OF WHOLE WHEAT

Your body needs the vitamins, mineral salts and natural roughage of the whole wheat. You'll find them in Peek Frean's Vita-Weat.

Each delicious wafer-thin slice of Vita-Weat Crispbread gives you all the energising goodness of the golden grain, without an excess of fattening unconverted starch.

You'll keep slim and you'll feel vital, when you make Vita-Weat your daily bread.



Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat on your table at every meal. A 4-lb. carton costs only a few pence. Why not buy one to-day?

PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat
CRISP BREAD

V20.8A

For Your Wee Son

Useful romper suit in cream or blue linora, traced ready for embroidery.

YOUR tiny son would look simply adorable in one of these practical little romper suits. The suits may be obtained from



our Needlework Department ready for making up and traced for working on linora in shades of cream or blue.

Sizes are for infants to 18 months. The pattern is already traced on the material, which is ready for cutting out and machining.

Price of romper suits 2/3 each, postage free.

Paper pattern for rompers, in sizes infants to 18 months, may also be obtained from our Pattern Department, for 10d. each.

Your Skin's best Friend

Roughness of the skin, blotchiness, blackheads caused by impurities in the air, can be avoided if you adopt the Cuticura method, advised by skin specialists the world over.

Twice daily cleanse the face with Cuticura Soap. The creamy, gentle lather, with its mildly antiseptic action, washes away all the grime which lodges in the pores and causes blackheads and ugly spots. The pores are purified, the skin softened and soothed. To get rid of pimples, skin eruptions or rashes, apply Cuticura Ointment direct to the affected part. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes immediately and heals in a surprisingly short time.

After the bath, use Cuticura Talcum, fortified with balsamic essential oils, fragrant and refreshing.

Cuticura
for
Clear Healthy Skin



Real Life Stories

Gun Battle Between Escaped Convicts and the Police

How Women Schoolteachers Averted a Tragedy

SIX years ago when I was attending the Nailsworth Primary School an event occurred which is reminiscent of Chicago rather than a quiet suburb of Adelaide.

It was while our class was in the midst of a geography lesson one afternoon that a commotion was heard outside and our teacher hurriedly marched us upstairs where the whole school was gathered playing games under the direction of the mistresses.

Although we could not understand the reason for games at such an odd time, we were still more a loss to account for the shots which we could hear intermittently in the school-yard.

Desperate Criminals

WHEN we returned to our class-rooms about half an hour later we found that many of the parents from round about had called to take their children home.

And from them we learned that five desperate criminals had escaped from the Yatala Gaol, about three miles from the school, and had got clear in a car containing sawn-off shot-guns left near the gaol by a confederate.

They had been chased by the police all around the district and had entered the school grounds in the hope that the pupils would be out playing. In

such circumstances they knew the police would not have been able to fire for fear of hitting the children.

Using the large gum-trees in the school-yard for protection, they had exchanged shots with the police, and then, dashing out, they had held up a council lorry that happened to be passing, and at the point of their guns had commanded the two men on it to keep on driving.

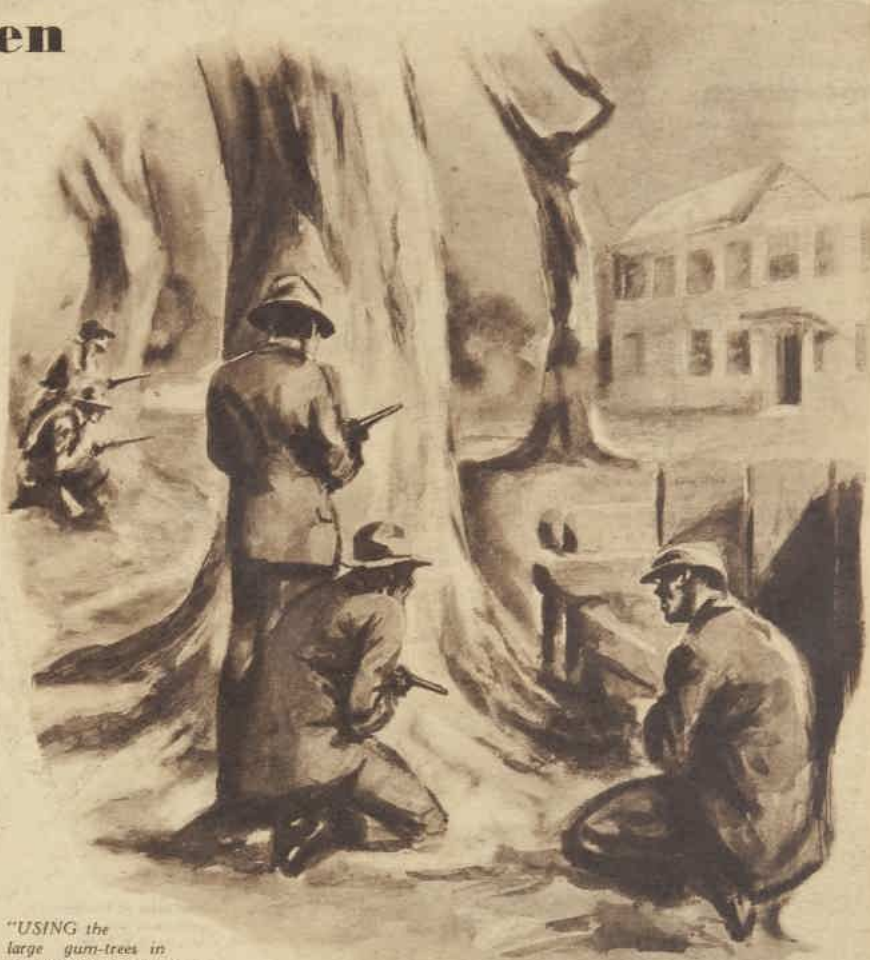
Lying flat in the back of the lorry they waged a battle with the police who followed them on motor-bikes and side-cars. The chase was a sensational one, and as they tore along the main road pedestrians rushed into the shops and shut the doors.

Two of the convicts were killed in the struggle and the other three were eventually captured.

How others were not injured remains a mystery, but had the convicts entered the school a few minutes later all the children would have been out at recess and then the story would probably have had a different ending.

The prompt action of the teachers in taking their pupils upstairs where there was practically no danger from flying bullets doubtless averted a tragedy.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Burdon, Box 521E, G.P.O., Adelaide.



"USING the large gum-trees in the school-yard for protection, they exchanged shots with the police."

Saved by the Moon

IN the winter of 1918-1919, when the feeling of the Arabs in Egypt against the British ran high, an Australian wounded soldier was brutally murdered by a mob of natives outside the Esbekia Gardens in Cairo.

The reaction of the troops was "to take it out of the natives," and in their ignorance they picked a Soudanese village, the inhabitants of which were strongly pro-British.

The night of the murder we could both see and hear the troops padding past our house on their unauthorised raid. I knew the natives there would get a punishment they did not deserve, so, in spite of my family's wishes, I rushed out of the house intending to run about a mile to the nearest R.A.F. camp for help.

I was wearing a long white frock, and in the dark this could easily be mistaken for a native galabia.

A tract of desert lay between our home and my objective, and, while rushing across this, a figure suddenly loomed in front of me, and I saw the glint of steel. Fortunately for me the moon at that moment came from behind the clouds, and I heard a horrified English voice cry, "My heavens, it's a woman," and there stood a soldier with rifle and bayonet raised. The moon had saved me!

I do not wait to hear any more, but ran on, and as a result of my information armored cars patrolled the village all night.

5/- to Miss Mabel King, 33 Colingwood St., Wellington, N.Z.

Trapped on Railway Bridge

AFTER setting up camp on the Murray River, about a mile and a half from the township of Murray Bridge, my brother and myself decided to walk into the town for breakfast.

There was a short cut over the railway bridge, and when we were half-way across we heard the approach of a train behind us. We moved across to the other track, but no sooner were we there than we saw another train approaching. The only thing to do was to work ourselves over the side of the bridge and hang from the sleepers till the danger had passed.

There we hung with the wood biting into our hands as a result of the vibration, until the trains had passed.

After a great struggle we got back to safety, and, staggering to the end of the bridge, both collapsed.

5/- to D. L. Fraser, Davis Avenue, South Yarra, Vic.

Saved His Neck

GRANDFATHER was caretaker of two big coal boats lying at Kerosene Bay, Balmalm, and every Sunday called for us in his launch to get provisions and take us out to the boats for the day.

One Sunday we pulled in between the sterns of the coal boats, and when I hopped up on to the cabin of the launch something caught me by the head and lifted me off my feet. That was all I remembered.

When I came to in hospital, I could not open my eyes or mouth, a few teeth were missing, and my nose was terribly swollen.

It appeared that the wire ropes that held the boats together had slackened as I stood up on the launch cabin, then tightened over my head as they drifted out again.

I was lucky not to have got a broken neck out of it.

5/- to Mrs. Dorothy Mills, Marcia St., Toongabbie, N.S.W.

Panther Was Not Hungry

ABOUT 1965 I was junior assistant on a large rubber estate in Malaya. In those days we used bicycles or horses to inspect the coolies at their tapping, and one evening on my return from a distant part of the estate I had a hair-raising experience.

It was dark, and I was riding along a track through thick rubber when my bicycle hit something and I crashed. Gathering myself together, I saw to my horror that the obstacle that had caused the accident was a large black panther which had evidently been asleep.

He shook himself and looked at me. My scalp started to prick and my heart to thud, but there was nothing I could do but try to out-stare him.

Thus we sat for several minutes which seemed like hours. The panther seemed just as surprised as myself and made no attempt to move, so

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

I stealthily lit a cigarette to try to still my nerves.

To my delight he stretched himself and started to wash himself, exactly like a domestic cat. From this I deduced he had recently eaten.

After this performance, which I watched spellbound, he slowly wandered off into the gloom of the trees. On the other hand, I leapt for my cycle and careered down the track to safety.

5/- to David Paterson, 4 Denbern Flats, North Cottesloe, W.A.

Faithful Horse

HOLIDAYING at my grandparents' home up north, I was crossing a creek on a fallen tree when I lost my balance and fell.

Grasping a submerged portion of the tree I clung to it desperately, for it was impossible to regain the trunk.

After having been in the water for twenty minutes an old draught mare came to the creek for her midday drink, and seeing my predicament gave two long whinnies. Then, pawing the water and stretching out her neck, she came slowly forward and, grabbing me by the dress, drew me gradually to the bank.

Meantime my absence had been noticed, and my parents' anxiety aroused. The whinnying of the horse drew my father's attention to the creek, and he completed the rescue.

The faithful old mare is now pensioned off for life.

5/- to Miss Rita Robb, c/o P.O., Moleton, N.S.W.

Launch Fire

RETURNING in a twenty-foot launch after a day's outing at Ralphs Bay, we had reached the busy part of the river opposite Hobart about 10 o'clock at night when suddenly the engine stopped.

In endeavoring to repair the damage to the petrol pipe my husband upset the hurricane lamp, which set fire to the cabin. The three women, so as to be out of danger, were put into the dinghy, but it was half full of water and we had a terrifying few minutes baling it out.

The men were concentrating on putting the fire out and did not notice that the flames were spreading towards the petrol tank. However, they just managed to subdue them before they reached the tank.

Even when the fire was out we were not out of danger, for we were nearly run down by a ferry several times.

5/- to Mrs. E. Poole, 45 Cope St., North Coburg, Melbourne.



TIRED of the humdrum of life in London, a young Chelsea artist and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Braybrooke, are trying to find peace and relaxation in gipsy fashion. They have a horse-drawn caravan, and intend to ramble about the country for four years. Mr. and Mrs. Braybrooke are shown beside their caravan.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

LIBRANS should always strive to create an element of goodwill, beauty and serenity in their immediate surroundings.

PEOPLE born between September 23 and October 24, when the constellation of Libra rules the heavens, belong to a zodiacal sign which produces many famous people.

These famous names include, moreover, an unusual variety of types, thus showing how clever and adaptable Librans can be if only they will take the trouble.

But the taking of trouble is the one thing these folk seem to dodge with the greatest zest. Some say it is because of reserve and sensitiveness; others contend that it is just laziness.

Many Librans lack the real "fighter's urge" for the greater part of their lives, but when once they are fired by true zeal and optimism

—and especially if they are backed by the faith and enthusiasm of other people—they seem able to shed their qualities of diffidence and lack of assurance, and to achieve so much more than they themselves previously considered possible.

Most famous of all Librans are those who fight on the side of law and order. These include some notable lawyers and judges. But the warrior-type Librans are even more spectacular, for the list includes such well-known names as Georges ("Tiger") Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, Sir John French, Oom Paul Kruger, and Lord Roberts.

Next in numerical strength come the "artistic" Librans, and in Hollywood their name is legion. These folk shine in all artistic or publicity fields of endeavor where they can

They're Worth Encouraging!

THOSE who love Librans born people would do well to rouse them in some way... encourage them to greater things.

But do not rouse them in the wrong way. Even a worm will turn, and an angered Libran can prove a tough adversary.

express emotionalism, charm of manner, intuitive knowledge and natural sense of poise, balance, refinement and good judgment.

Nearly all Librans have some pretensions to good looks, and a few attain unusual perfection. Lily Langtry, known as the most beautiful woman of her time, was a Libran; so also are Helen Hayes and Lillian Gish.

Libra has also produced some extremely famous philosophers, politicians, dispensers of law and humanity, and religious leaders. Their names are impressive, and include those of Ramsay MacDonald, Annie Besant, Francis Willard, and Nietzsche.

Painters, singers, mannequin designers, actors, advisers, and dancers of note frequently belong to this sign of the zodiac. Librans can, in fact, reach almost any goal they set themselves, so long as their careers are harmonious and interesting.

They dislike lowly or routine work. They have originality, a cheerful and kindly nature, and a desire for beauty, so that if allowed to express themselves fully can usually make life more desirable in some way.

They should always strive to create an element of beauty and goodwill in their immediate surroundings, and continually cultivate an air of serenity, optimism, and confident happiness.

Librans are sensitive people, delicately attuned to harmony, and quickly disheartened or distressed by discord or misery. They shun that which is vulgar and crude and ugly, and crave that which is lovely in both form and color.

They frequently lack confidence in themselves and have an actual physical and mental need of the encouragement and friendship of other people if they are to do really important work.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 3 just fair, October 29 and 30 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Breakers ahead. Taurians! So take care. Avoid partings, changes and upsets of appointments on October 31 and November 1 and 2 (daylight). Delays and difficulties possible. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Just fair on October 31 and November 1 and 2 (to 3 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): It is now the turn of Cancerians to get some fun out of life. Forget your reserve and shyness, and make ambitious plans for changes, improvements, journeys, new ventures and favors. Work hard and long on November 3 (after lunch), 3 and 4. For best results. Live cautiously on October 29 and 30.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Put inhibition behind you, for you are sure to do the wrong thing now. Be especially noble (and cautious) on October 31 and November 1 and 2. Try to guard against losses, disputes, disappointment and upsets.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair for you on October 29 and 30.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): October 31, November 1 and 2 (to 3 p.m.) just fair.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Be your hard-working, shrewd and confident selves on November 3 (after 3 p.m.), 3 and 4. Changes, new enterprises, promotions and important decisions will have good reactions if started then. Go after the things you want, but avoid recklessness.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Just fair on November 3.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Hard work and much wisdom will produce good results on or after October 29 and 30 for most Capricornians.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Grow and you'll grow alone at this time. For the world will seem against you. Delays, difficulties, upsets, annoyances and worries are likely, but with care can be avoided. October 31 and November 1 and 2 just fair, but venturelessness not advised.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): You can achieve some of your ambitions only unless you are lazy or indifferent. Don't procrastinate on November 2 (after 3 p.m.), 3 and 4, for new ventures started then can result successfully. Ask favors, seek promotion, make changes, be confident and optimistic while the stars shine in your favor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

A Queen of Hearts at Seventeen must start at Seven to guard her Smile



Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound.

EVEN at seven they're a perfect combination—little Mary Ann and her bright, sunny smile. And her dentist and her teachers and little Mary Ann herself want to keep that combination. Though she's only seven, Mary Ann has already learned the importance of massage to firm, healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—and practises it, too!

To-day's soft and creamy foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. For soft foods do deny our gums the work and stimulation they need for perfect health. Robbed of this work, gums tend to grow flabby, weak—and sooner or later your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

"Pink" on your tooth brush means only one thing—see your dentist! You may not be faced with serious gum trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will pronounce it a simple warning of under-worked gums—gums that need more exercise—and he may also suggest, as so many dentists

often do, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage."

For with massage Ipana is especially designed to aid the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues—gums tend to become stronger, teeth have a brighter look.

Schedule yourself for this healthful dental routine. Let Ipana Tooth Paste with massage help you to a more attractive smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY**

EASY TO KEEP SMILES LOVELY WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



What Women Are Doing

Keen About Music, Skating and Welfare Work

MRS. KENNETH HADLEY, of Toorak, who always takes a keen interest in the annual ball in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, is again this year a member of the committee working for the success of the ball. It will be held as usual on Melbourne Cup eve at the Melbourne Town Hall.

Mrs. Hadley spends much of her spare time to skating, but her greatest interest is music. She has had some of her compositions published, including a song and two pianoforte solos.

Although always keen about music, it is only in the last few years that she has been composing, after making a study of harmony and counterpoint.



Mrs. Hadley
—Spencer Stiles.

CRICKET AND PHOTOGRAPHY

THE Duchess of Kent, whom she describes as divinely good looking, and George Bernard Shaw were among famous people photographed by Miss Pat Holmes, who has just returned from England.

Miss Holmes was a member of the Australian women's cricket team which toured England last year. She remained in London to continue her photographic studies and became assistant to one of London's best photographers, Harlip of Bond Street.

Formed Club to Work For Babies' Home

WITH the object of raising funds for the Berry Street Babies' Home, East Melbourne, Miss Rae Fischer, of Hawthorn, Melbourne, has been instrumental in forming a club of those interested in working for the home.



Miss Fischer
—Mendelsohn

She has been elected president, with Mrs. C. Hill as honorary secretary.

When the club has a sufficient funds and members it is intended to form a dramatic society in conjunction with it.

First Secretary of St. John Ambulance in N.S.W.

RECENTLY Mrs. F. Greenway Middows, of Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, was made a Commander of the St. John Ambulance Association. Behind this tribute to her work lies Mrs. Middows' unbroken record of fifty years' service with the association.

She arranged the first annual meeting of the movement in Sydney in 1887. It was held in the vestibule of the Town Hall, with Lady Jersey in the chair, and Mrs. Middows was asked to take the secretaryship of the New South Wales centre by the newly-formed committee. At that time she was the only woman secretary of a centre.

She is the second Commander (sister) to be appointed in Australia, the first being Sister A. B. Parry, organising secretary of the N.S.W. Centre.

Long Record of Service As Hospital Matron

MRS. A. W. KING, who has been appointed matron of Caulfield Repatriation Hospital in succession to Miss I. O'Dwyer, was previously on the staff of the hospital. She left 11 years ago to take up the position of matron of the Repatriation Sanatorium in Perth. Later she was made matron of the Repatriation General Hospital in Keswick, South Australia.

Two years ago she was again promoted, this time to matron of the Repatriation General Hospital at Rosemont, Brisbane.

Mrs. King served with the A.I.P. from early in 1915 until 1919.

Arranging Gas Mask Routine for Women

MISS JANET SIMPSON, well-known Adelaide girl, was recently appointed honorary secretary of the women's committee of the National Safety Council in South Australia. The Council is holding a Safety Week, beginning on November 18, and the women's committee is responsible for verse competitions and nursery rhymes, and for the distribution of Safety Slogan cards. Miss Simpson says there is also to be a "courteous drivers' contest."

Another branch of the work on which Miss Simpson is at present busy is helping to arrange gas-mask routine for women. Most women's organisations in South Australia are represented on the National Safety Council, and it is suggested that two persons from each be instructed in the routine.

Works Hard to Promote Interest in Swimming

MRS. K. D. MCKAY, of Brisbane, secretary of the Valley Ladies Swimming Club, Brisbane, for ten years, has on various occasions acted as chaperon to the team taking part in the Australian championships. In that capacity she has visited Sydney, Melbourne, and Hobart.



Mrs. McKay
—Norton Treatise

During the season the club holds competitions every week. As well, schools are visited with the idea of further advancing interest in swimming strokes and styles. Members take part in the interstate carnivals, and for many years the club has been represented at the Australian championships.

In the off-season Mrs. McKay assists with the running of picnics and benefit socials to raise money to buy trophies. Mrs. McKay was at one time a member of the committee of the Valley Rugby League, and also a member of the 18 footers' sailing club.

Nothing Monotonous About this Work

RUNNING a messenger service has its ups and downs, but it is never monotonous, according to Miss Phoebe Healy, of Brisbane, who has managed her own business for the last three and a half years. Miss Healy employs a number of messenger boys who cover the city and suburbs on bicycles, and she undertakes many commissions herself in her car.

She is an efficient mechanic, and does her own repairs, mending punctures, broken pedals, and so on.

One of the greatest attractions of the work, Miss Healy finds, is the novelty of some of the commissions. Once a woman telephoned asking her to choose material for a frock. One day she had to deliver a turtle to one of the suburbs. Next day a big Irish setter sat beside her in the car.

He proved a more docile "parcel" than the crabs entrusted to one of the boys for delivery, which indulged in acrobatics all over the bicycle en route.

Placed Wreath on Villers-Bretonneux Memorial

AMONG Australians at the unveiling of the Australian Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux was Mrs. Hugh Hunter, of Sydney, who has just returned to Australia after five months abroad.

Mrs. Hunter's son was killed at Villers-Bretonneux, and it was to place a wreath on the memorial that she went overseas.

"After the three official wreaths, mine inscribed by a soldier of the 15th Battalion, was the first to be placed on the memorial," she said.

It was made at the poppy factory at Richmond, England, founded by Earl Haig, but the green and gold ribbons, which tied it, Mrs. Hunter took with her from Australia.

Her First Novel

Accepted by London Firm

MRS. A. F. STRUDWICK, of Sydney, is jubilant at receiving news from London that her first novel, "Blue Ribbon," has been accepted by a well-known publishing firm, and she is looking forward to the arrival of advance copies.

She has already written a second novel, and is now at work on another. They all have Australian settings.

Mrs. Strudwick, who writes under the pen-name of Alice Holder, has had short stories, poems and songs published in Sydney papers, and one of her plays, a comedy entitled "Home For Husbands," was produced by an amateur company, Mrs. Strudwick playing one of the parts.

Preservation of Animals and Plants is Her Hobby

THE preservation of Australia's plant and animal life is the great interest of Miss Crammellin, of Mosman, Sydney. To further this cause she proposes to fence, at her own expense, a 2000 acre park at Woy Woy, New South Wales.

She will build a library to house her valuable books on Australian natural life, and will also erect cabins for visitors to the reserve.

Miss Crammellin says the site, which is between Pearl Beach and Potts, is unequalled in Australia for the purpose.

The Woy Woy Shire Council has decided to help Miss Crammellin by rescinding the notice declaring the area a public park.

Miss Crammellin was Woy Woy's first postmistress.

Has Won Many Competitions for Whistling

MISS DOROTHY RIDINGS, Victoria's champion woman whistler, has recently added to her already long list of successes. Just before sailing for a trip to Brisbane she carried off first prize in a competition at the Liberty Theatre, Brunswick, and tied for first place at the Empire Theatre competitions.

Miss Ridings has done a great deal of amateur and charitable work, and since taking up professional work two years ago has been heard over the air from various Melbourne stations, and with the Palace Orchestra.



Girl of 19 Accused of Bad Complexion

(Before Mr. Justice Kruschen)

JUDGE: Jane Smith, you have had a fair trial and you have been found guilty of the charge made against you.

PRISONER: Y-y-yes, my lord.

JUDGE: Very well, then. Your crime may not have been deliberate, but it was one of serious neglect. You admit that though you do not get enough time for adequate open-air exercise you have never troubled to take steps to prevent constipation. Your complexion inevitably suffered.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: My lord, I protest that there are other causes.

JUDGE: I said that constipation inevitably causes bad complexions; your client admits to the cause and plainly suffers from the effect.

PRISONER: It isn't my fault, my lord. I couldn't help it.

JUDGE: You could help it and you shall help it. This is the first time a charge has been made against you; let it be a lesson to you that young women may not neglect and spoil the good looks that Nature gave them. Your duty to your parents, to your friends, to your

future husband is to make the most you possibly can of yourself.

(Here the prisoner covered her face with her handkerchief and was handed a glass of water.)

JUDGE (continuing): You will be placed on probation for 3 months and I order that you drink one cup of tea or coffee, or a glass of water at breakfast every morning—

PRISONER: But I always do!

JUDGE (sternly): Don't interrupt! One cup of tea or coffee or a glass of water every morning into which you shall put as much Kruschen Salts as will lie on a saucer. You will get rid of constipation and when you do you will never again find yourself in your present predicament.

After consultation with counsel, the judge announced that costs to the extent of about a farthing a day should be borne by the defence. "I believe I am right in saying," said his lordship, "that a 2/9 bottle of Kruschen contains so many doses, that the cost is only about a farthing a day."

The prisoner left the court smiling.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

prevent constipation and rheumatism

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts which your body must get, in some way, to keep the blood pure, the inside clean, and the system generally toned up, but which you can't get in Nature's own way without



TASTELESS IN
TEA OR COFFEE

abundant exercise and fresh air. You should have those six salts every day; hence the importance of the "little daily dose." Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle. It's the little daily dose that counts.



PLAN NOW
for a fascinating Holiday
IN NEW ZEALAND

Come to New Zealand this holiday for a vacation which will always linger in your memory. Forget yourself and your cares in the permanently snow-capped grandeur of its mighty peaks—in the scenic wonder of its great glaciers—the weird mystery of its thermal springs, or the glamorous beauty of its lovely glow-worm caves.

Sport of all kinds awaits you—fishing . . . hunting . . . golfing . . . motoring . . . boating—everything you can wish for, in sylvan settings unrivalled for beauty anywhere in the world.

New Zealand
A WORLD IN MINIATURE

Ask your Travel Agent for free literature and full details and write, call or phone.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

14 Martin Place, Sydney. Phone: 87043. (Directly opposite C.P.O.). Colonial Mutual Buildings, 318-320 Collins Street, Melbourne. Phone: Cent. 1110. King House, 79 Queen Street, Brisbane. (And all Travel Agents).

OVERSTRAINED



Worried! Sleepless! Digestion disordered! Take Bengers' Food. It soothes and quickly restores because—Bengers' Food

—is highly nourishing and so easy to assimilate that it cannot over-tax the tired stomach,
—is always prepared with fresh new milk,
—partially digests both Food and milk during preparation.

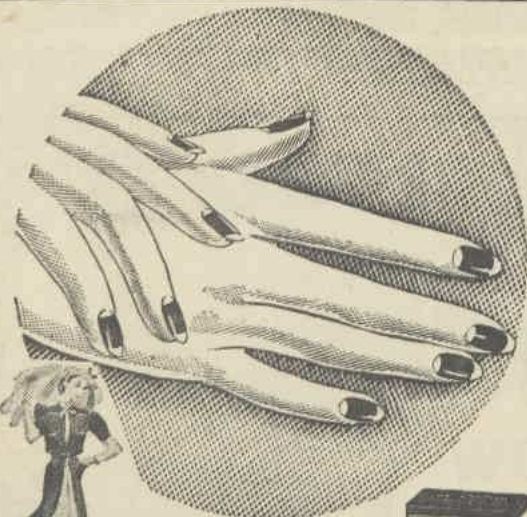
"Bengers' Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable."—British Medical Journal. Send postcard for Bengers' Booklet explaining why. Bengers' Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 200 George Street, Sydney.



Prices in City and Suburbs: No. 1 size—2/- No. 2 size—1/- Made in Cheshire, Eng.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Cries Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints, Acidity, or Burning passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Gylax. Gylax starts working in 3 hours. Must prove entirely satisfactory and he exactly the medicine you need or money back. Gylax costs only 2/- a dose. Ask your chemist for Gylax today. The guarantee protects you.



Lelong Sponsors
Cutex Laurel!

Lelong, the famous Paris designer, says:

"Wear Cutex Laurel with blue, rose, grey, green". The exciting new Cutex fingertip shades will add subtle dashes of colour to your favourite costume.

And there's a shade among them that will accent your own colouring too! Create character in your hands by selecting one of these new shades for your very own!

CUTEX
Nail Polish

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 6

the Storm Child and started to unload stores. Suddenly Dame Ellen sat up. "Where is Mr. Fanning?"

Everyone turned and looked at her. Doctor Mayhew passed a hand across his mouth. "He was not with us when we came from our cabins—I remember noticing that when we were in the passage—but things happened so quickly."

Dame Ellen said, "He must be aboard; he wasn't on deck with us. How could he sleep through—" Connie stood up. "He didn't sleep through it." She looked at Sherman. He shrugged. "He is dead," Connie said.

Mayhew leaned towards her on one arm. Ida just stared.

Dame Ellen said, "What do you mean, Constance? How do you know?"

Sherman said, "He killed himself yesterday some time before dinner. The captain didn't want you to know it."

"But we should know it," Dame Ellen told him. "How awful," Ida breathed. "He killed himself?" Mayhew sat back against the back of his chair. "How do you know?"

"We found that evidence," Sherman said.

"What evidence?" Connie asked. "The instrument he did it with."

"Sherman, you don't believe that?"

"I'm afraid I have to," he said quietly. "What else is there to believe?"

Dame Ellen looked up at Sherman. "I suppose we still have some rights. I think we'll have to know everything about this."

Sherman said, "Yes." He said, "Ida, what kind of a gun was that you bought in Honolulu?"

Ida looked startled. "I—I don't know. Why?"

"Have you got the licence handy—the one you got from the Honolulu police commissioner?"

"I don't know."

"That might tell what kind of a gun it was."

Ida looked quickly at Dame Ellen. Dame Ellen said, "I didn't take your licence, Ida."

"I know that," Ida reached for her handbag and fumbled to open it.

"He shot himself?" Doctor Mayhew said. "Why didn't we hear the shot?"

"I didn't say he shot himself. Doctor Mayhew."

"Here it is," Ida held out a yellow card, thought better of it and looked at it herself. "It was a .38-calibre police revolver," she said.

"We've found it then—it was in Fanning's cabin," Sherman told her. "So that's off our minds."

"What else has to be off our minds?" Dame Ellen asked him.

"I don't know," Sherman said. "Oh, yes. Don't get me wrong, Ida, but was your nerve medicine pink?"

She said, "What's that got to do with it?"

"Probably nothing. Was it?"

"Yes... Wasn't it, Doctor Mayhew? You got it for me in Honolulu."

"Most nerve medicine is pink, Mrs. Sefton," Doctor Mayhew smiled. "Yours was no exception."

"You were going to lend it to Bo Fanning last night at dinner," Sherman said. "But he already had it in his wash kit when he was killed an hour before dinner."

Ida stood up. "What are you trying to do to me?" Her face was white.

"For heaven's sake," Sherman waved a hand—"don't get that way, Ida. You must have loaned it to him before."

"I did," she said. "I loaned him the half-empty bottle the morning after he threw Doctor Mayhew's cigarette case overboard."

"Of course," Sherman said, "that's all there is to it."

"It is not!" Ida cried. "When I spoke at dinner about it, I simply meant that I'd donate my other bottle. If the inquiry is over—"

"Come, come," Dame Ellen said. "There's no need for this."

"There isn't?" Ida stormed. "Well, if you think I'm going to sit quietly and be called a murderer—"

"Nobody's been called a murderer," Connie told her.

"You took that gun from me," Ida pointed her finger at Dame Ellen. "You took it from my cabin."

"I know that," Dame Ellen nodded. "And I've explained it. The only thing I can't explain is who stole it from me."

Doctor Mayhew said, "Please calm yourself, Mrs. Sefton. Mr. Fanning wasn't killed with a revolver, Mr. Drumm tells us."

the Storm Child and started to unload stores.

Suddenly Dame Ellen sat up.

"Where is Mr. Fanning?"

Everyone turned and looked at her.

Doctor Mayhew passed a hand across his mouth.

"He was not with us when we came from our cabins—I remember noticing that when we were in the passage—but things happened so quickly."

Dame Ellen said, "He must be aboard; he wasn't on deck with us.

How could he sleep through—"

Connie stood up. "He didn't sleep through it."

She looked at Sherman. He shrugged.

"He is dead," Connie said.

Mayhew leaned towards her on one arm.

Ida just stared.

Dame Ellen said, "What do you mean, Constance? How do you know?"

Sherman said, "He killed himself yesterday some time before dinner.

The captain didn't want you to know it."

"But we should know it," Dame Ellen told him.

"How awful," Ida breathed.

"He killed himself?" Mayhew sat back against the back of his chair.

"How do you know?"

"We found that evidence," Sherman said.

"What evidence?" Connie asked.

"The instrument he did it with."

"Sherman, you don't believe that?"

"I'm afraid I have to," he said quietly.

"What else is there to believe?"

Dame Ellen looked up at Sherman.

"I suppose we still have some rights.

I think we'll have to know everything about this."

Sherman said, "Yes." He said, "Ida, what kind of a gun was that you bought in Honolulu?"

Ida looked startled. "I—I don't know. Why?"

"Have you got the licence handy—the one you got from the Honolulu police commissioner?"

"I don't know."

"That might tell what kind of a gun it was."

Ida looked quickly at Dame Ellen.

Dame Ellen said, "I didn't take your licence, Ida."

"I know that," Ida reached for her handbag and fumbled to open it.

"He shot himself?" Doctor Mayhew said.

"Why didn't we hear the shot?"

"I didn't say he shot himself. Doctor Mayhew."

"Here it is," Ida held out a yellow card, thought better of it and looked at it herself.

"It was a .38-calibre police revolver," she said.

"We've found it then—it was in Fanning's cabin," Sherman told her.

"So that's off our minds."

"What else has to be off our minds?" Dame Ellen asked him.

"I don't know," Sherman said.

"Oh, yes. Don't get me wrong, Ida, but was your nerve medicine pink?"

She said, "What's that got to do with it?"

"Probably nothing. Was it?"

"Yes... Wasn't it, Doctor Mayhew? You got it for me in Honolulu."

"Most nerve medicine is pink, Mrs. Sefton," Doctor Mayhew smiled.

"Yours was no exception."

"You were going to lend it to Bo Fanning last night at dinner," Sherman said.

"But he already had it in his wash kit when he was killed an hour before dinner."

Ida stood up. "What are you trying to do to me?" Her face was white.

"For heaven's sake," Sherman waved a hand—"don't get that way, Ida. You must have loaned it to him before."

"I did," she said. "I loaned him the half-empty bottle the morning after he threw Doctor Mayhew's cigarette case overboard."

"Of course," Sherman said, "that's all there is to it."

"It is not!" Ida cried.

"When I spoke at dinner about it, I simply meant that I'd donate my other bottle. If the inquiry is over—"

"Come, come," Dame Ellen said. "There's no need for this."

"There isn't?" Ida stormed. "Well, if you think I'm going to sit quietly and be called a murderer—"

"Nobody's been called a murderer," Connie told her.

"You took that gun from me," Ida pointed her finger at Dame Ellen.

"You took it from my cabin."

"I know that," Dame Ellen nodded. "And I've explained it. The only thing I can't explain is who stole it from me."

Doctor Mayhew said, "Please calm yourself, Mrs. Sefton. Mr. Fanning wasn't killed with a revolver, Mr. Drumm tells us."



Are You Sure YOU ARE FREE FROM UNDERARM ODOUR?

There is only one way to be sure of your freshness. Prevent underarm perspiration before it starts... Keep the underarm dry! A deodorant that merely takes the odour out of perspiration without checking it—doesn't protect your clothing from ugly stains and that stale, lingering odour. Odo-ro-no gently checks underarm perspiration—a habit practiced and recommended by doctors.

ODO-RO-NO



2 KINDS: Odo-ro-no Regular Instant Odo-ro-no

Prices: 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

Her Skin Was Unsightly

COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BOILS

"A number of blemishes, pimples and boils appeared on my face and disfigured my complexion," states Miss E.S. of Gympie, Queensland. "At the time I was studying a great deal, and became anemic and run down. I was very worried, and reading that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the blood, decided to try them. To my great relief, after taking a short course of these pills, my skin is now as clear as ever and I'm feeling perfectly fit and well."

One of the excellent results of taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their splendid effect in clearing the complexion of blemishes. These pills help to enrich and increase the blood, and this good new blood banishes pimples and boils and gives rosy colour to the cheeks and lips.

Every young girl and young woman who suffers anemia, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, and pimply skin, should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not delay; see how quickly the blemishes disappear after a short course, and how clear and attractive the skin becomes. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams"—and take no other.

VIOLENT PAINS IN STOMACH

WARN OF ACIDITY AND ULCERATION. By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Sudden pains in your stomach are sure signs of excess gastric acid. These signs of indigestion should never be neglected, for as time goes on this acidity may lead to gastritis or dangerous stomach ulceration. I've found that quick relief can be obtained by taking a little "Blurred" Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the excess stomach acid and soothes and heals the inflamed stomach lining, thus promoting normal, painless digestion and guarding against future trouble. For many years we doctors have used and prescribed "Blurred" Magnesia for the speedy and sure relief of indigestion and allied stomach troubles.

Note: "Blurred" Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark, "Blurred".

Please turn to Page 45

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 44

THE man didn't answer him, didn't even look at him. At noon Melville went up to the awning to cook luncheon for the women. The men ate on the fly, to avoid against the returning tide. Cold jellied chicken from cans and limp pilot biscuits. But they got a lot off the Storm Child before the tide came in. More than half of her stores, her generator and her searchlight, all her crockery and bed clothing and most of her canvas. Books, the chronometer, her radio and batteries, all her tools.

Joe Lount, the mate, was cutting sticks down the beach about four hundred yards from the shelter at the niggerhead when he found out where they were. He was cutting sticks to drape the wet canvas and blankets over, so that they would dry on both sides, with the sun topside and the air underneath, when he found it out.

MacVey was on the beach not thirty feet from him, taking a noon sight with his sextant, when Joe Lount shouted. Sherman and Mayhew were between them. He shouted once and backed quickly out of the junc clearing in the jungle edge that his axe had made, and he stood there rigid, looking down at something, the axe held out stiffly behind him at an angle.

There was pale blue cloth in that little clearing—pale blue silk, weathered body, but still holding together in spots, a pair of felt-soled Chinese slippers and a little round black silk cap with a faded red knot on its top. It lay in the general outline of humanity, but there was so little else left it was quite impersonal. But the mate was stiff with his discovery. He looked at Sherman with frightened eyes.

"Chang Tien," he said. He said it slowly, with infinite conviction. "King Bradley's island!"

MACVEY came up behind them at that moment. He took one look and went back to the box he had left his sextant on and worked out his position. The others followed him.

Two hundred and eighty miles, roughly, west of Wilder Shoals," he said. "Latitude six degrees, ten minutes and twelve seconds north. Longitude one hundred seventy-one degrees, eleven minutes, twenty-one seconds west. About ten eighty miles south-west by west a half-west of Makapou. . . . Doctor Mayhew, I hit your island on the nose for you."

"Then the Albatross is here," Mayhew said quietly, but there was a sudden high light in his eyes. "It must be, if that is Chang Tien's body."

"Unless Bradley jettisoned him too and went on," Sherman said.

"We'll find out," MacVey stood up. "You and Mayhew, Drumm, start east. Lount and I will start east. This island isn't charted, so it's got to be a boy. When we meet on the other side, one party will have seen the Albatross if she's here."

"How?"

Sherman looked at the gun MacVey had strapped on his belt the last trip off the wreck before the tide started to come in again.

"You'll take axes," MacVey said. "I have the breechlocks of all three rifles, and I have you—gun, Doctor Mayhew. I took the liberty of putting it from your locker drawer. I'll handle all the firearms."

Come on, Lount—and he started off along the beach towards the shelter Sherman looked at Mayhew.

Mayhew said, "If we find the Albatross here, Mr. Drumm, it means a fortune—a fortune!" His eyes were all high with the light in them. "Come on, quickly, please!"

A cool whip of wind raced across the water and danced up the beach as they started off in the opposite direction, from that which MacVey had taken, but the going was slow in the sand and their clothes were plastered to them again before they had gone three hundred yards. Five hundred yards and the curve of the beach put them out of sight of the setting and of the wreck of the Storm Child.

In much less than a mile, the beach ended abruptly against a rock shoulder of the island that crawled down out of the vegetation and doct the beach into its hollow. It docted casually down into the ocean and lay out in a long black arm between the ends of the north and the south reefs. They went towards the shore end of the shoulder and started to climb up its jumbled rock surface.

Mayhew, surprised enough, climbed well for all his shortness and stockiness and his breath was easy in his lungs.

"What do you really think about finding Mr. Drumm?"

"I don't know. It's almost conclu-

sive, from what I saw, that he killed himself."

"But you don't believe that."

"I haven't any reason not to, but I think you ought to see him before we bury him." Sherman looked at him sharply.

"I'd be glad to," Mayhew said.

They were on top of the shoulder now and they stood there for a moment. The other side of the island stretched out before them.

"How small it is," Mayhew said.

Below them, the shoulder sloped down gradually into a long thin arm that curved to the eastward slightly and ran out to sea, enclosing, with the opposite shoulder over which MacVey and Lount must clamber shortly, a small lagoon. The sea mouth of it was quite narrow, but the lagoon itself widened abruptly between the two high wooded headlands and cut deeply into the back of the island, running in to a small beach which jutted out at the base of the highest point of land—a low peak between the two shoulders that was behind the place on the northern beach where they had made the shelter.

There was nothing in the lagoon; no boat on the far-flung horizon of the ocean; no sign of life on the island but themselves. They saw MacVey and Lount top the rise. For a moment they stood there, outlined against the sky, then MacVey waved his arms to them—nothing—and waved to them again to indicate that he and Lount were going back the way they had come. Melville had worked most of the late afternoon on the camp, hanging canvas curtains under the awning for the women's quarters, arranging the mattresses and making up beds on them, until the place was fairly snug. During supper MacVey told them where they were.

"You may go where you please from now on," he said. "The only restriction will be that for a certain part of each day there will be some work outlined for everybody to do. Is that agreed?"

No one answered MacVey. He waited a moment. Then he said, "I'll be quite frank with you. We are better than a thousand miles from Honolulu, and we are not in the steamship lanes. We may be here a day, or we may always be here."

SILENCE came down on them again heavily, and everyone gave up trying to break it. They sat there beside the fire, staring across the water, watching the shadow of the island reach out to the diamond spray of the reef and squeeze the bright life from it. A purple haze was over the waters, and the sky blue for a few minutes with the reflected wounds of the sunset.

The heat of the five coals was warm against Dame Ellen's side and a drowsiness was on her with a gentle touch. Her body melted into it, but her mind was still quite clear.

"This is to be the end of everything that has gone before. After all, something has to be. Vienna always fades into the mists—the Court at Potsdam—St. Petersburg. They are chimeras of extreme youth and they have no permanence in the mind, once the routines of life settle down. If you continue to chase the romance of them, you become aged and tired and haunted. Dishonesty becomes a habit and you are old eternally in a circle of polite youth that waits to point the finger of derision at you as soon as your back is turned."

The reef was all gold and ermine now, with its high fine spray throwing a rainbow tiera above it in the last smile of the sun. A golden stain spread across to them from it and the light went dull. Then above the world—far above it—silkens gossamers streamed over the sky, lacing it with rose and purple and the green of pale jade until the whole far glory of it was too fine to look at.

"You ought to play that," MacVey said, "on a church organ. That's all you can do to that. You can't paint that or write it; they'd call you a liar. It's music."

Connie had known all day what it was that she was going to say to him when he spoke—she had known it from the moment his fist struck into Sherman's mouth—but for a moment his words surprised all the coldness out of her. His voice was low, pitched for her ears alone, and there was so much wistfulness in it, it was so gentle with his thought, that she couldn't speak.

She saw him there on the top of the island with a great organ thrusting up from it, built up and buttressed on it, its pipes reaching for the skies above. She saw the strong symmetry of him swaying on the bench, his hands leaping to stop-

and keys, his feet treading mightily, his hair in the wind, neck cords taut under his sunburned flesh, taut and drawn up from his open blue shirt to the upthrust line of his chin.

When he looked at her, he saw something in her eyes that the picture brought to them. He looked at her steadily for a moment, and when he spoke again it was with the visible effort of a man who has to speak, but who dreads what he has to say. The earnestness in the man frightened her.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked her, almost as if he felt the quick flash of fear that was in her in that moment.

"No," she said.

"But you should be."

"Why?"

"BECAUSE," he said softly, "I am desperately in love with you."

"Why should that frighten me?"

"Because it is something that you don't understand; that you will never understand unless you understand it from me. Something that has never happened to you before, and that never will again." He spoke softly, with the deep conviction of truth in his words. He was not talking of himself or of her, but of something that existed for all men to know and to see, and he spoke of it as a priest speaks of things godly.

"This is all of me that you have in your hands. I don't want it to be, but I can't help myself. People compare vital things in their lives to life itself, but this is so much more important than life, or anything that I could possibly think of to compare it to, that it must come to you alone, without comparison."

Please turn to Page 46

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califfa' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2s times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califfa' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.

No more hard rubbing and scrubbing and long boiling on washing day!

AMAZINGLY EASY NEW METHODS GET WHOLE WEEKLY WASH FINISHED HOURS SOONER



←DON'T DO THAT→

DO THIS!

Don't spend 20 to 30 minutes over a steamy copper... stirring till your back aches... wasting precious time and fuel!

Do use the RINSO 2-Minute Boil and save time and fuel. You'll be amazed at the ease of this new, swift method!



...and you'll be thrilled with your Sparkling Whites!



SAVE TIME! SAVE WORK!
SAVE 1/2-HOUR'S FUEL! USE

Rinso

Hours more leisure for you! The end of all back-breaking rubbing and scrubbing! A real saving in fuel and money! How? By the wonderful new Rinso 2-Minute Boil Method that cuts down boiling time from 30 minutes to just 2 minutes! Isn't that good news? Think of the saving in time—your wash will be done and on the line hours sooner! Think of the saving in fuel—and money! And think of how much easier washing-days are going to be with the Rinso 2-Minute Boil! And

as for your clothes, you'll be amazed at their brilliant whiteness—and so proud of them!

Protect SILKS, COLOURS and WOOLLENS with RINSO

Give them a few minutes' gentle run through, without rubbing, in lukewarm Rinso suds—to keep them lovely and new-looking always.



4.273.15

A LEVER PRODUCT

HE was quiet for a moment, and in that moment she said, "Captain MacVey, you are as cruel as anyone I have ever heard about or read about. There is a cold inhumanity in you that revolts me. Don't go on talking."

"I wanted to tell you that I was cruel on the boat—before you saw it—but you wouldn't let me."

She said, "Your eyes were a beast's eyes when you struck Mr. Drumm this morning—a beast's!"

He didn't move or look at her. He said quietly, "I am speaking to you now of a whole manner of living. The goal of some men's endeavors is money, of others it is power. Some men work for the love of work itself, some work for glory. I never had any choice given me. For nineteen years of my life I grew strong and hardheaded and wise in the ways of the waterfront; and when I had done that a girl stepped into my picture and directed all the rest of my life."

He said it simply, as a man would speak of a fact that had happened beyond his power to stop it. As he said it, he rubbed his fingers along the inside of his arm. "She sent me into a way of living that I knew nothing about. Her way, perhaps, I don't know. But I learned that way of living and it collapsed under me and sent me back to my own way. You mustn't think that I have spent sixteen years in hopeless brooding. For I haven't. I have spent them with a concept and a premonition that I have never even thought about in all that time until the night I sat below your lanai in Honolulu. It all came back then so clearly and so finely-cut that there was no doubting any of it."

He looked up at her and met her eyes. It wasn't that he had been unable to meet them before while he talked. It was that the things that

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 45

he said were such simple things that they needed no quick light from his eyes to prove their sincerity to her. When he looked now, it was to see her and to smile at her.

"It was there inside of me, that you were that other girl. You felt it, too. It was as much a part of us as the beatings of our hearts."

Connie's voice was cold. "Aren't you cheating us both? You don't give either one of us a chance to be ourselves if you mix us together."

He said, "You are not really making fun of me, are you? You are embarrassed—that is why you say that." He smiled again. "If this were New York, I suppose you would have sent me to Bellevue for observation. I don't blame you. But, unfortunately, on this island there is nothing you can do about it."

"ISN'T there? Watch me." She stood up quickly.

MacVey didn't move. He was staring out across the waters, eyes focused on distance. The strength seemed to run out of him and make him smaller. He was limp with its going.

"Somehow," MacVey said, "love has always seemed to me the part of weakness—of weakness that must have something strong and invincible to attach itself to, for its own saving. Isn't that awful?"

She had been furious at him, but that left her abruptly because there was something so pathetic in the way he said that, that she wanted to give him back his strength before the world and hold the secret of his simplicity deep inside her, so that no one would ever know that it was there—so that there would never be any danger of having it hurt. That was the whole life of this man—the simplicity of him, the honesty, if you will, that he had held out to her like a pale blue cornflower, for her to see and know. But by the very honesty that let him expose it to her, it was damaged already, so that it would never be quite fresh and crisp again.

"You must have been a very decent person at one time," she said—"a very decent person. But you have lost your decency."

"I never was decent. I am a very cruel person." He jerked his head slightly in that way he had. "It is just as you told me. A very cruel person. I have no idea who my father was, or my mother. And I have never cared about them, or about anyone else in this world." Again his voice was impersonal. What he said to her was a statement of fact as he saw it. There was nothing else in his words. He said, "I have been knifed and fought for my life. I have sunk a hammer into a man's head. I have shot people. I took the Charles Haydon Lewis Prize in mathematics, and I once spent a week-end at Southampton—at a classmate's home. I think he invited me as a curiosity to entertain his mother's guests. Those are the things that have gone into my mind, not sentiment. So we will forget all about love—all about everything except that you are a woman and I am a man, and that I want you. Am I clear in my meaning?"

SHE looked into his eyes. They were quite calm.

"You are a disgusting brute," she said coldly. "Don't speak to me again."

"No," he said. "I shan't. Remember that—that I shan't," he said.

He got up himself and looked at her for a moment, then he called to Joe Lount and to Melville, and they followed him down the beach.

Night had roared down on them as they talked. Wind was in the air with a sudden restlessness.

Dame Ellen and Ida Sefton had already gone to bed. Doctor Mayhew was not under the awning now. He was down the beach with Captain MacVey, Joe Lount and Melville, probably, and she knew instinctively what they had gone to do—to dig graves for the Kanaka sailor and for Bo Fanning against the time when the retreating tide would let them go out to the wreck again to get their bodies.

All of King Bradley's island was alight with moonlight. It danced through the treetops, silvering the green of them into pale ice points. There was no kindness in it, no gentleness. It was cold light, brilliant and cruel and unbelievable, like a beautifully-dressed murderer with manicured nails and polished eyeglasses.

GIRLIGAGS



"UP TO NOW we have seen ups and downs on everything with the exception of garage doors."

Sherman was coming up the beach towards her.

"Can't sleep with this moon," he said. "Let's talk."

"No."

"Let's walk then. Let's walk up the stream behind the niggerhead. See where it goes. Maybe we'll see a light from the top of the island. Good Lord! I've just had the awful feeling that we may stay here the rest of our lives."

He took her arm and they walked up towards the niggerhead. The stream bubbled clear in the moonlight, and the bed of it was a silver pathway up through the overhanging foliage. They started up beside it, picking their way as easily as they could have done in broad daylight. Sherman, slightly ahead, the girl following him mechanically, for in her mind there was nothing else to do. They climbed on up endlessly, stopping now and then to breathe, tripping over the underbrush, but laughing presently. And that was good—their laughter. They kept on, with Sherman giving her a hand over the rougher places. There was noise ahead—a gossamer trembling of the air. They went on towards it slowly, from tree to tree along the bank, their breathing sucked in tightly behind their lips. The noise became louder and fuller, but there was no hardness in it. It had a liquid element that softened the edges and brought it to their ears more gently than when they had first heard it. They went on towards it, letting it widen around them and close them in to its bosom until it held them in its rhythm. Then Sherman stepped through the foliage into the full bright sweep of the tiny falls. They were pouring over a high rim of black rock above him with the smoothness of glass, and they dropped almost without a ripple in their smoothness to the pool at his feet, where they broke into torn whiteness that struck through its own smoke into the churned waters of the pool. And the noise of their striking killed the possibility of all other sound.

Beyond the falls, the stream narrowed suddenly from the pool and branched into two streams. To the right of them, the green of the foliage thinned out more than it did to the left and the going was easier underfoot. So they left the water and went towards the thinness and the higher ground. Almost too abruptly, the foliage broke around an upthrust shoulder of black rock that was perfectly bare to the moon-whiteness of the sky. They stepped up upon it and saw all that there was to see, for that is the highest point on the island.

Please turn to Page Six, Homemaker Section



So Much Lovelier

PERFECT BACK CONTOUR • FLAT IN FRONT • SLIMMER WAIST AND HIPS

Three-point figure control—that's what a Front-lacing Berlei gives you. One—perfect back contour, because these Berleis have no lacing at back to interrupt the smoothness of your figure. Two—a beautifully flat front line, because of the firmly boned panel beneath the adjustable front lacing. Three—slimmer waist and hips, because the gentle massage action of the corset can actually reduce your measurement by as much as three inches.



There's a Front-lacing Berlei for practically every type of figure. 7132, in the photograph, is for Average types. Sizes 24-31. 7134, front view at left, gives streamlined beauty to Sway Back types. Sizes 21-28. 7248, shown next, makes Hip types look positively sleek. Sizes 23-30. Any of the better shops will fit you with a Front-lacing Berlei. And prices, you'll be pleased to discover, are very much within reason.

Berlei

FRONT-LACING FOUNDATIONS

16,988

THE SOCIAL WOMAN'S STAND BY



Chamberlain's
TABLETS

WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

October 29, 1938

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

SIMPLE Edwardian COIFFURES

You want to try the new, upward hair style, of course . . . Well—here are easy ways of dressing your hair for day or evening. They are styles which you can manage yourself at home.

By Janette

TO be—or not to be—Edwardian as to one's coiffure is quite a problem these days.

All very well to have your curls—if you have such things—piled on top of your head, but after many years of long or short hair-cuts many women find the short, bristly hairs that grow on the back of the neck difficult to train in the upward Edwardian style.

That's only one bothersome problem. There's another—that of flat hair and curls on top—they don't go together so well.

forget the tag about "uneasy lies the head," for these combs are quite comfortable.

For high hairdressing and keeping the hair up there is nothing like them. Some are also excellent for keeping the short hairs on the back of the neck in place.

There are all sorts of hairdressing news just now, with different styles blossoming



RIGHT: Edwardian coiffure in which the hair is brushed up at the back and held in place with an ornament. A topknot of false curls is added afterwards. LEFT: For daywear the hair at the back is left long.



TWO VIEWS of a coiffure in upward style worn by Joan Fontaine, R.K.O. actress. A mass of curls is deftly arranged on top of the head with a few wispy bangs in front, and a spray of white flowers at centre top.



But don't worry—there is a way out of every trouble.

Next time someone asks you if you like the Chi-Chi, don't imagine that it is a new form of dance. It is the newest form of hair-style.

Moreover, it solves one main problem I've already mentioned—that of having your hair dressed in frothy curls on the top of your head and of trying to wear a flat-crowned hat comfortably upon it.

Matched Exactly

THIS new style means that a set of curls is matched exactly to the tone of the hair and then fixed with an attachment which is very light and absolutely safe.

In fact, you cannot undo it unless you know the trick, so there is no fear of the curls falling off at an inconvenient moment. The hat "stays put," too.

Gold combs are effective for evening wear, and are being made in a number of attractive designs. But

up as thick as flowers in summer.

A year or two ago if you looked round the stalls of a theatre, all the heads looked as alike as so many peas in a pod. Now you can be as glamorous as you like in your own way, and be certain of looking distinctive.

One famous hair-stylist says that clever hairdressing is really optical illusion. Which means that it subtly alters the look of the features so that the eye is deceived into thinking them other than they are.

You may be worried, for instance, because your jaw is too heavy and too square. In which case the page-boy bob is still the best plan.

For this, the hair should be brought well forward on to the face, so that part of the jaw is hidden.

There is a good idea, too, for a receding forehead. A lovely loose "bang" which, softly waved and frayed out, conceals all evidence of this drawback, and might for all

the onlooker know, be covering a proud and lovely brow.

Here is another new idea. Hollywood lights.

These put you definitely in the limelight, and all by means of a synthetic lotion which gives the hair the look of having been in the sun.

What really happens is this. Supposing there are a million hairs, the lotion lights up about a thousand of them. These, intermingling with the others, give a shining effect as if caught by the light.

So if your hair is on the nondescript side, this is a simple way of putting it into the distinctive class.

The lotion is not a bleach, but a rinse which supplies the highlights.

You use it when shampooing your hair and you can obtain it in the various shades of blonde, brunette and auburn. Leading hairdressers and department stores stock it.

The pictures on this page will give you some ideas for Edwardian coiffures.

The New KAY-MIST... The Mode of the Moment SHEER LINGERIE

KAYSER again leads the field in the creation of SHEER Lingerie . . . Dainty . . . free and light as air . . . made in an exclusive patterned weave.



In finely tailored BRIEFS, PANTIES, BLOOMERS, daintily trimmed SCANTEES and VESTS, so sleek, so modern and slim fitting.

2/11
Each Garment

created by
KAYSER

PURE SILK HOSIERY . LINGERIE . GLOVES

WHAT MY Patients ASK ME

Treatment of Skin Blemishes

By A DOCTOR



FOR the sake of her complexion Ann Miller, R.K.O. dancer, drinks several glasses of water a day, and fruit juice twice daily.

PATIENT: Can the skin complaint, acne, be cured?

ACNE is often referred to as the bane of youth.

It certainly is an annoying and distressing affliction of the skin, causing great personal embarrassment.

Since acne attacks young boys and girls at the period they are most sensitive, it has an unpleasant influence on the future of the young sufferer.

Contrary to common belief, acne is not an incurable affliction. In fact, early attention means prompt cure.

It is only when it is neglected that relief is more difficult.

In acne there is a greasy and unhealthy appearance of the skin. It appears dirty, and, in many instances, I am sorry to say, it is dirty.

Any portion of the body may be involved, but, as a rule, the face, neck and back are the regions covered with unsightly pimples and blackheads.

If the condition is neglected and the skin is not cared for as it should be, small pustules, which are collections of pus, may appear.

If these pustules are scratched or constantly irritated by being picked at, permanent disfiguring scars may result.

The disturbance may spread to other portions of the body.

Although the actual cause of acne is not known, undoubtedly it is associated with some glandular change in the body.

That change may accompany poor

hygienic habits, lack of exercise, lack of body cleanliness, as well as faulty diet and constipation. No one of these factors should be overlooked.

To have a good skin there should be daily evacuation. To this end it is wise to avoid fried and greasy foods, excessive quantities of salt, peppers, spices and pickles.

Confectionery, sugars, pastries and rich desserts should not be included in the diet.

The sufferer from acne should be encouraged to drink copious amounts of water, at least six to eight glasses of water daily. The diet should contain adequate amounts of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Exposure to the sunlight is beneficial in many forms of acne.

The ultra-violet ray has a soothing and beneficial action in removing the tendency to these unsightly pimples.

But it is hopeless to depend on sunlight treatments without first correcting the underlying causes I have outlined.

Cleanliness of the skin, actually scrubbing it with soap and water, will do wonders.

As I have said, the condition may be associated with some glandular disturbance so likely to be present in the growing and developing young person.

This is especially so in young women. Sometimes the doctor may consider it advisable that certain glandular extracts be given.

Of course, this medication can only be given under medical supervision.



ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS is essential for keeping the complexion flawless. In addition to soap and water, Patricia Ellis, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, uses cleansing cream lavishly and removes it with clean tissues.

Now! Try Pond's Two Creams with the active "Skin-Vitamin"

Helps skin in more ways than ever!

FOUR years ago, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections quicker and better—the "skin-vitamin".

This "skin-vitamin" aids in keeping your skin beautiful.

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put into Pond's creams.

And to-day you can have its benefits for your skin in Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream and Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream! POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "skin-vitamin", cleanses, softens and smooths. It invigorates the skin and

lights off blackheads and blemishes. It smooths out lines and makes pores less noticeable. POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places. Now, with the active "skin-vitamin", it makes the skin smoother, softer, and gives a livelier glowing look. It's a wonderful powder base, too.

And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

LADY MILLICENT TIARKS
"So effective and so easy to use."

FREE!

Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rashel), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural), Naturelle (Light Natural), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Suntan).

POND'S DEPT. 2-16, Box 1131 J. G.P.O. Melbourne.

Name
Address

Now with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"



Listen to "Your Cavalier," 10H Tuesday, 11 a.m.; 1KY, Thursday, 2.30 p.m.; 1DB-LR, Tuesday, 1.30 p.m.; 1AW, Thursday, 3 p.m.; 4BK-AK, Tuesday, 10.15 a.m.; 5AD-MU-PL, Monday, 10.10 a.m.; 6ML-WB, Monday, 11.30 a.m.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Non-Milk Foods in Baby's Menu

By MARY TRUBY KING

MOTHERS are often anxious to know when they may begin giving something extra to their babies, over and above the breast milk or milk-mixture which they have in their early months.

Baby's sixth month is the earliest at which starches, such as barley, oatmeal, or wheatmeal jelly, should be commenced.

It is best to commence with barley jelly made with a patent barley. Give one teaspoonful only of barley jelly at first, increasing to one tablespoonful. It should be given at the 10 a.m. feed. Put a very little into baby's mouth at first, as he will find it strange after the fluid food he has been used to. Be patient with him, and do not frighten him by accidentally hurting his mouth with the spoon. A bone spoon is not so likely to hurt his gums.

TO MAKE BARLEY JELLY

Mix 2 level tablespoons of patent barley to a smooth paste with about one ounce of cold water. Add 9 ounces of boiling water, and boil in a double boiler for about an hour. Add a pinch of salt when cooked.

When baby is used to the barley jelly and taking it well, oatmeal or wheatmeal jelly may be alternated with the barley jelly.

TO MAKE OATMEAL JELLY

Make in the same way as barley jelly, using patent groats.

TO MAKE WHEATMEAL JELLY

Three-quarters of a cup of whole wheatmeal (coarse) 3 to 4 cups boiling water, pinch of salt. Bring wheatmeal and water to the boil, and simmer in a double saucepan for three hours. Strain porridge through a fine wire coffee strainer kept for the purpose. Add a pinch of salt, but no sugar.

Between the sixth and seventh month, baby may have a little strained vegetable juice daily. This may replace an equal proportion of water in the baby's milk-mixture, if artificially fed, being given at one feeding (i.e., not mixed into the day's total quantity of milk-mixture).

This vegetable juice should not be given till baby is used to taking and

digesting the cereal jelly. It is best to introduce only one new food at a time. Give one teaspoonful of strained vegetable juice at the 2 p.m. feeding. Gradually increase this amount to two teaspoons.

The vegetable juice is IN ADDITION to the orange juice—three teaspoons of which should be given daily at this period.

The best and simplest way to extract juice from vegetables is to purchase a vegetable juice extractor which clamps on to the table, and is used by turning a handle, in the same way as a mincer is operated.

Such a machine entirely removes the inedible and indigestible cellulose or fibre, freeing the pure juice which contains the vitamin and mineral content of whatever vegetable is run through the machine.

The vegetables recommended for baby are spinach, silver beet, cabbage, carrot, or any green leafy vegetable.

Wash the vegetables thoroughly in running water, using a vegetable brush to scrub the carrots before putting them through the juice extractor.

The orange for baby's orange juice may be fed through the juice extractor. Wash the orange. Cut it into four pieces and feed these through the extractor, rind, pulp, and all! The unwanted pulp comes out on one side of the extractor and the pure juice the other.

Thus one obtains from both fruit and vegetables the valuable nutritive elements which lie just beneath the skin.

In addition to cereal jelly, orange juice and vegetable juice, the baby of six months may have a bone to chew ten minutes before one of his meals. Give a smooth chicken bone or chop bone from which all the meat has been removed. Boil the bone before offering it to baby. Munching at a bone helps to bring a good supply of blood to the teeth, which are to be cut shortly.

From the seventh to the eighth month continue giving the cereal jelly at the 10 a.m. feed, pouring over it (not mixing into it) a few teaspoons of baby's milk-mixture, if artificially fed. One may now begin to give vegetable broth at the 2 p.m. meal, giving the vegetable juice at one of the other meals of the day. Begin with one teaspoon of this, and increase to one tablespoon.

This Summer — Give your Children these Coloured, Flavoured JUNKETS!



No need now to coax your children to drink their milk. They take it with smiles instead of frowns, this intriguing, new, flavoured-junket way. In a few minutes you can transform milk into bright, tempting, coloured junkets. Just make junket in the usual way, from Hansen's Junket Tablets, adding one of these flavourings ready to hand in every pantry — Vanilla, Coffee, Chocolate, or Raspberry. Serve in individual dishes . . . use your ingenuity to decorate them with whipped cream and fruit, nuts, jelly, etc., and watch the effect on your family and your guests.

Better for Children than milk alone

Your doctor will tell you that the precious rennet enzyme in Hansen's Junket Tablets makes milk more easily digested. Make milk your children's favourite food this coloured, flavoured way. Serve junkets often as a dessert for the whole family.

Order Hansen's Junket Tablets from your grocer to-day. Hansen's Junket Tablets are the world's best—Strength and Purity Guaranteed 100%.

Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence: Hansen's also make a Fruit Junket Essence, which sets, colours, flavours—all in one. Ask your grocer.



HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND"

MAKE ICE CREAM AT HOME...Half Price

IT'S F-R-E-S-H, and you
know just what goes into it!

Just mix one package of Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream, as directed on the package — then freeze in your automatic refrigerator or hand-churn. (No stirring is required while freezing!) Hansen's Ice Cream Mix is in three flavours—Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate. Let your imagination work and picture the dozens of fancy ice creams you can make with these foundations. When you have discovered how easy it is always to have plenty of ice cream, at half the cost, you will make it every day.



**HANSEN'S
ICE CREAM MIX**
STRAWBERRY • CHOCOLATE • VANILLA





VELLUM CHEST with ivory lacquer base and real ivory knobs. Vellum is the newest and smartest medium for furniture and is being used in Paris and London.



BEAUTIFUL occasional table in vellum with frame and legs finished in ivory lacquer and gold toes. Notice the ornamental figure of a gazelle on the table. The screen at the back is of blue quilted satin.

CHANGE in HOME SCENE

THE new Edwardian and late Victorian styles call for new interior decoration. English designers achieve necessary effects with richness of materials and clean-cut lines.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Representative in London

LONDON, October 12.

THE new fashions—the luxurious Edwardian and late Victorian styles which women the world over are adopting with such charmingly feminine and flattering results—are responsible for a change in interior decoration.

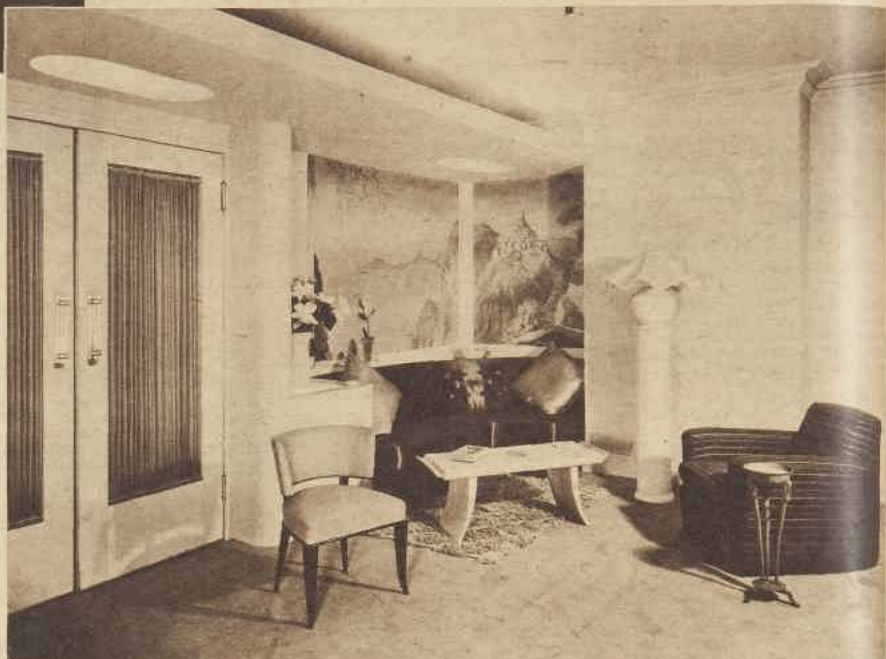
It is obvious that the conventional style of decoration we have been familiar with recently lacks a certain elegance that seems necessary as a

background for period fashions, while the style of decoration itself is quite out of harmony with the new fashions.

At the same time, the so-called ultra-modern style of decoration which has also been so popular is rather too austere for the soft graciousness of Edwardian or Victorian fashions.

So interior decoration takes on a distinct change of character.

The return of the rich coloring and luxurious materials of the late Victorian and early Edwardian periods calls for definite simplicity in the color and design of household



CORNER of a room specially decorated as a background for the new Edwardian fashions. Vellum, bleached sycamore and ivory are used for the furniture, with color scheme in rich brown, beige, off-whites, and peach.

interiors to offset the elaborate trend of the fashion houses.

Even the smallest apartment should be as perfect a background for the new fashions as the most stately rooms and halls.

To achieve this dignity and spaciousness Janet Kaines, the clever American wife of an Australian architect, has designed practical furniture on simple classical lines.

Vellum, bleached sycamore and ivory are used for the furniture, rich brown tailored satin for the upholstery, and, to give an illusion of space, murals instead of pictures for the walls.

For a neutral shade, that is at the same time rich and warm, no more beautiful material could be used for the piece de resistance of the small apartment than vellum.

Pictured on this page is one corner of a room, small in dimensions, yet with an effect of space and grandeur that Janet Kaines had obtained purely by the use of line and material.

Vellum and Ivory

ADAPTED from Louis XV period she uses a chest of vellum, bow-fronted and with ivory knobs and gold embossing. A vellum table with legs of ivory lacquered finish and gold feet repeats the note, while a third occasional table made entirely of vellum is used in the corner of the living-room.

This ivory and vellum note is repeated in coloring of walls and ceiling.

Indirect lighting through thermolux glass is used, the canopy effect of a double ceiling throwing the light up and out over the room, as well as downward through the oval panes.

The corner of the small apartment shown admirably demonstrates Janet Kaines' employment of murals to give an effect of spaciousness.

The well-known Dutch artist, Tom Van Oss, represents a view of the Cote d'Azur so that the illusion received on entering the room is of looking out through a window over an expanse of the blue Mediterranean.

All the other colorings are chosen so as to throw the richness of the

vellum into relief. From off-white in the pillared lampstand to dark brown in the easy chair and corner lounge none of the shades obtrudes over the mellow tones of the vellum furniture.

The carpet is in light mushroom beige, the rug in two deeper shades

and the ninon door curtains in a slightly deeper tone bordering on to peach.

There is practically no ornamentation; the scheme of the apartment depending almost entirely on good line and the richness of the materials used for its smart sophistication.

1000 and 1 IDEAS to make your home more lovely! **QUICKLY, CHEAPLY, EASILY!**

FREE

Packed with interest! "Before and After" illustrations of all rooms in full colour!

Anne Stewart's
2nd Book on Home Decoration
"THE COLORFUL HOME"

CLIP and SEND this COUPON

Anne Stewart, Director, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.—Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

A 51.

MUDGUARD SHOES by Bedgood

We are proud to introduce the very latest for Spring and Summer wear . . . smartly styled, yet eminently practical. The white is guarded by the contrasting colour . . . making them also easier to clean. If you have difficulty in obtaining the models you require write to Bedgoods, Agnes Street, East Melbourne or Grace Building, Sydney, who will advise where they can be obtained.



JUDY (at left). A dressy high-heeled Mudguard model in combination of Navy and White . . . also Persian Tan and White.

MAYTIME (at right). A gillie tie, cunning mud-guard design, available in Navy and White . . . also Tan and White.

Bedgood

Bedgood
"GOOD COMPANY" 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999.

WATERING THE Garden IN SUMMER

SPRINKLING your flowers and plants lightly or at the wrong time of day will do more harm than good. There is a correct time to water and a way to do it.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

SPRING has passed, and with it our spring display. But it has been a wonderful spring—the gardens everywhere have been a blaze of color.

Beds have been deeply dug and freshly manured.

Summer plants have been placed in their permanent position, so that in a very short while we will have a glorious show of color with all summer flowering plants.

During the summer months quite a lot of thought is required to keep the garden in perfect condition throughout those long hot days, and the main thing after you have applied manure and fertilizers, etc., is the watering.

Key to Success

THIS is a problem which is often a puzzle to amateur gardeners.

And I might tell you that it is a problem worth consideration, for the watering of a garden systematically during the summer months is the key to success in summer gardens.

During the hot summer days of last year, a friend of mine told me he watered his garden every morning for a few minutes before he left for the city, and again when he returned in the evening, but couldn't understand why the plants did not seem to respond to the treatment. There was a very good reason. Watering under these conditions is absolutely useless.

A garden, no matter how large or small, must be thoroughly soaked right down to the subsoil, because the deeper down the roots of the plants go in search of moisture the stronger and more robust the plants become.

The daily sprinkle is death to all plant life.

Soil with a very hard surface, if seen through a microscope, is full of tiny holes. These holes are

really the outlets of tubes in the soil which we call capillaries.

In a very light watering or, as we may call it, the daily sprinkle, these capillaries are filled with water but the water goes no further.

You probably know that when you pump water from a well it is absolutely necessary to at first prime the pump with water. Having done this you can go on and pump the well dry.

The same applies to watering a garden. If you give it only that daily sprinkle, you immediately prime these little glass-like tubes which are known as capillaries.

When the sun rises and makes its way across the sky, these capillaries, being already primed by that hurried morning sprinkle, allow the sun to pump from the soil thousands of tons of moisture—not only that which has been already watered onto the soil, but thousands of tons of moisture which is already there.

There is a proper method of watering. If your garden is a large one, mark it off into sections and thoroughly soak each section by doing one portion each day. As each portion is watered, fork the surface a few inches to break up that capillary action and so stop the rapid evaporation of moisture already in your garden.

This is quite a simple matter. We have seven days in the week, so mark your garden off into seven sections and each morning soak thoroughly the next section. By the end of the week the whole garden will have been saturated. The following week begin all over again, but remember after each soaking to thoroughly work the soil.

Pack on Mulch

HERE is another good tip if you have not the time to constantly work those few surface inches of soil—pack on the mulch.

The mulching of the garden to break up that capillary action is absolutely necessary if you have not the time to make a mulch with the soil by constant cultivation.

Take, for instance, heavy soils. After being worked and broken down to a fine tilth, the drills made and the seeds put in or the plants planted and watered, you will notice, after a few days, the surface becomes hard and cracked.

If this soil is not continually worked the plants, when transplanted, will not respond to ordinary care. This soil has to be continually worked and broken up or otherwise failure with most of the plants will be the result.

Constant cultivation aerates the soil, which means that the air, oxygen and light can pass through it and so give the necessary assistance to plant life.

But if, after planting or the sowing of seed, a mulch of well-rotted animal manure, old grass well rotted, leaves, or any of that light material is placed over the soil both plants and seed have no difficulty in making progress, because the mulching with the material mentioned prevents rapid evaporation.

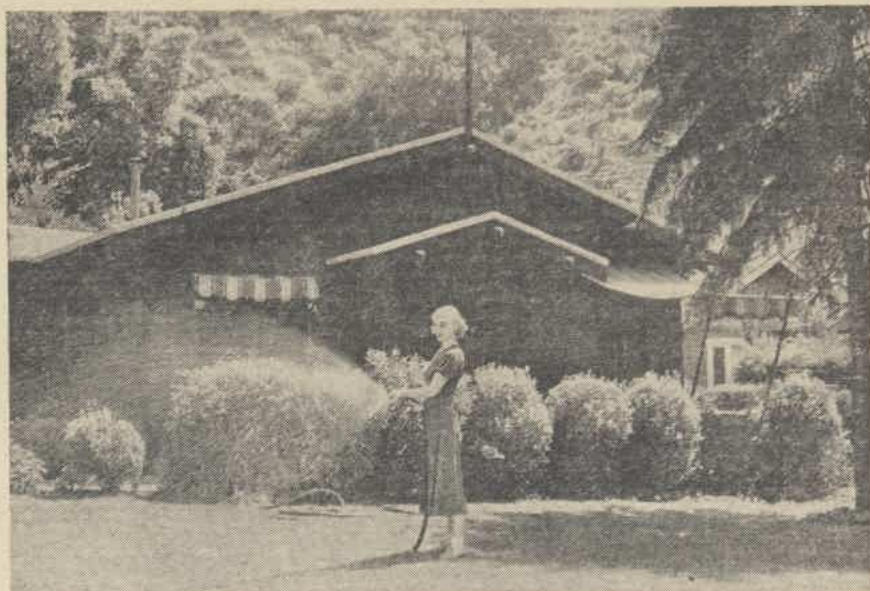
In the Morning

THE best time to water the garden is in the morning between 7 and 9 o'clock, after the cool night and the heavy dew which is experienced in most of the districts of Australia.

Watering early in the morning is absolutely necessary because the plants are able to stand up to the heat of the day which is to follow. Even if they are not watered during the evening no harm will come to the plants because they have the cool night to follow. The most important factor to remember is that all plant life must be well cared for and be prepared to face the hot days ahead.

Some gardeners consider that the morning watering is useless. In fact, I have heard gardeners say it is more beneficial to commence work a little later in the morning and not water until the afternoon or evening.

This is a fallacy, for the watering of a garden between seven and nine



WATER YOUR GARDEN in the early morning for success with summer gardens. Do it section by section and give the ground a thorough soaking with an efficient hose, as shown here.

before the hot rays of the sun is the most beneficial time.

The middle of the day is a very bad time to water, because it is not the water that does the damage, but the drops of water left on the

leaves of the plants. The sun shining through these water drops acts as a magnifying-glass and causes burning of the foliage.

So water your garden early in the morning for preference rather than

late in the evening. The cool night and the heavy dew will help your garden onward during the night, and the early watering in the morning will make the garden progress during the day.

"CONSTIPATION was a real nightmare until I tried ALL-BRAN"

says Mr. A. B. of Ashburner Street, Manly, Sydney



"Towards the end of last year I had a very bad spell. I was nervy, sluggish and always on edge. I saw my doctor and he traced my trouble to constipation. I told him I had tried all sorts of laxatives and medicines but they left me worse than before. He started me on Kellogg's All-Bran. Now I'm more regular than I've been for some years, and all my sluggishness is gone. Kellogg's All-Bran is my standby now—I don't have to force myself any longer."

Constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk." White bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk, potatoes, butter, contain little or no "bulk." And Nature relies on "bulk" to start the movements of elimination!

Bran Supplies the "Bulk" Your System Needs

Scientists have proved that Bran supplies the best possible type of "bulk." Acting upon this research, Kellogg's have produced All-Bran—a nut-sweet breakfast cereal which gives you the most effective type of "bulk" in a concentrated form. As All-Bran passes through the system, it forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently cleans the alimentary tract. The peristaltic action of the bowels is resumed in a natural manner. Order some Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Fight your constipation the safe, natural way.



This X-Ray photograph shows you where Kellogg's All-Bran works—stimulating, cleaning, starting regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran takes up moisture, holds it in the intestines and so makes the intestinal mass more elastic. It strengthens peristalsis and increases the rhythmic waves of contraction and relaxation so vital to regular elimination. It's the natural way to relieve constipation.

I have examined these testimonials with the original letter, and declare the testimonial to be genuine in every particular.

John A. B. of Manly



"Now as regular as the day dawns," says Mrs. L. M. Daly of 73 Regent Street, Regent, Victoria.

"For many years I suffered from constipation and had to take purgatives. I tried everything but could not leave a day without having to take medicine. One day I was speaking to a friend of mine (a nurse) about six months ago, and mentioned my plight to her. She advised me to try All-Bran. Well, since I tried All-Bran six months ago, I have not had to use a purgative of any kind. In fact, I'm as regular as the day dawns."



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
Relieves Constipation
the Natural Way

Listen to Kellogg's new program, **BOWIE WING**, a Song of Aviation, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.45 p.m., from 20X, 27M, 3LM, 3UB-LK, 3BR, 3TN, 3AD-MU-PI-SE, and 6IX-WB. From 2PM at 8.30 p.m. and 4PM-AX-IP at 7.30 p.m. Also 3KO every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

FIRST AID for SCALDS

Rexona OINTMENT

OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. Now also extra large tins, three times the quantity, for 3/-

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP—9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

Scalds happen unexpectedly and they require immediate treatment, otherwise the pain is much intensified and eventual healing delayed. Keep a tin of Rexona Ointment handy. Its rare medications take out instantly the stinging heat, soothe the raw and tender skin, and restore the damaged tissue.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the scald. Smear the ointment on the injured part and bandage lightly. Renew the bandage frequently to prevent sticking to the injured skin.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

See how little so clumsy corns, pain and itchy feet. A new liquid called **MOX-A-COR** soaks pain in 48 hours. Dries up corns and calluses, foot and toe. Contains pure castor oil, corn-essence and water. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/4 bottle saves much misery. The chemist who won't give you **MOX-A-COR** brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.



HEADACHES GO IN A FLASH!

Hed-oids MEDICAL A.P.C. powders, for headaches with amazing speed. Hed-oids are a synthetic compound containing related therapeutic substances which increase in effectiveness by being combined. They have been 17 times tested for purity. Each powder is SEALED, and comes to you packed 12 in a hygienic, handy packet for 1/6. Single powders 5d. Hed-oids tablets are available in time for 5d; emergency packet 7d. After all others have failed, Hed-oids will bring you quick relief. Chemists and stores everywhere.

Hed-oids
MEDICAL A.P.C. POWDERS
FOR HEADACHES

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BUILDING,
ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY

since when
have YOU been
using
GIBBS?



"HOLE-IN-ONE" — the triumph of the golf links is a tragedy when it happens to your teeth. Don't wait for trouble—start with Gibbs NOW. Gibbs Dentifrice helps to get rid of the causes of tooth decay, and cleans and polishes your teeth to gleaming whiteness. Its fragrant, antiseptic foam neutralises acids, makes your gums firm, your whole mouth feel delightfully toned up and refreshed. Do as Dentists advise—use Gibbs Dentifrice twice daily. Don't deny yourself its benefits a moment longer—

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES . . .
DEFEND THEM WITH

CHANGE
TO GIBBS
TO-DAY



Gibbs Dentifrice

Write your
name on your
own tin!

AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES
Small Tins . . 1/-
Large Tins . . 1/6
Large Refills . 1/3

37/34/35

BEHIND on the north beach lay the Storm Child, canted pitifully over on her side like a toy boat. There was no one near it, no movement, but the receding tide was playing with it again, throwing its lace under her counter, touching her dead keel gently, teasing a good boat in its agony.

There was nothing else but the spreading cone of the island widening below them to its white ring of beach, to the two great reefs beyond, to the endless reach of the ocean that swept on outward into the sky and roared up through it to the moon above.

There was peace in Connie suddenly. All of her young life was a pathway behind her, like the stream below, winding up to this pinnacle, to this moment. The finality of feeling that was a gentle thing in her heart as she stood there with Sherman Drumm beside her, looking down at the island and the wreck of the Storm Child. But there was finality to it suddenly and completely. Everything that had gone before—her schools and her dances and her living, and Dame Ellen's coming over to America to see her mother and opening the doors to a new enchanting world of newspaper interviews, travel and fine living by taking Connie with her—ended here on a barren rock peak in the South Pacific. Strangely enough, it brought no hopelessness to her, but an infinite sense of freedom instead; and suddenly she knew that she didn't want that freedom, had never wanted it.

The thought that she had wanted

it always, the instinctive fear of surrender, had turned her from Sherman consciously; had made her reach out for the pathos, for the brokenness of MacVey. She knew that in that moment, just as she knew that she would never speak to MacVey again. The wall between them now was a strong thing that neither one of them would pass through.

Her heart held no fear of the man. It was closed against him forever—if it had ever been open. She knew that so surely that it frightened her to think how nearly she had closed it against Sherman—how nearly he had closed his heart against her. Perhaps he had closed it after he forced her into her cabin when he spoke to her that last night in the saloon, this morning when he had said "Thanks" on the beach and turned from her. The fear of that must have been in her eyes, for she knew that this freedom she felt was for Sherman Drumm. Knew it deeply and consciously and so fully that it was a part of her being.

And in that moment she knew that Sherman and she were the only two people on King Bradley's island—that they were alone in a world that had no part in anything that had ever gone before, and never would have.

HE saw her eyes and took her in his arms. It was not in his heart then that he would be grateful always that it had happened this way—that the gods had given him this boon with a wild Pacific moon high above him, with the breath of the sea in his lungs, and the lush knowledge of wild orchids behind him, for his heart was too full. They clung to each other there on the pinnacle, knowing nothing in that moment but each other and the fine ecstasy of that knowing.

Then suddenly Sherman stiffened. There was a boat in the lagoon below them, a boat with a funnel. It was long and slender and white, and it lay quietly over on one side—the port side. The funnel was oval-shaped, longer than it was wide, and it had a long row of dark ports in the white of its hull and a long low superstructure.

There was a tiny bridge forward with a flying wheel and a pelorus. It reminded him of the Lahams' boat at Watch Hill, except that it had no anchor light—no lights of any kind. Then he knew why it had no lights—knew why they had not seen it that afternoon. It was sunk in the lagoon. The clean lines of it writhed in the restlessness of the waters. A catpaw blurred the whole picture and rubbed it out for a second.

It had been there all the time, that boat, under the water; but when the sun struck full upon the surface of the lagoon there was no seeing it, for the reflection of sunlight killed all refraction. When the sun was gone, however, it lay there in the moonlight as serenely as if it swung alive on its anchor chains on the surface. But it didn't; it was dead. As dead as the Storm Child on the other side of the island. As they stood there looking at it, a cloud across the moon took the deadness of it to its bosom and drew a black pall up from the far ocean, covering it gently, covering the lagoon and the beach and the jungle, until there was nothing free of it except their faces above the rock with the wind on them, in vague restlessness that whispered to their minds.

They went down to the camp without speaking once, for there was nothing now for them to talk about. Later there would be—all the dear little things that people must know. The plain things of living, the simple things of all their pasts when they were not together. But for now it was enough to be there together quietly, with the knowledge in their hearts that for all that life held in ambush for them they had both their strength and both their laughter and both their tears.

Just before they got to the shelter Connie tugged at his arm.

"MacVey," she said.
"What about MacVey?"
"I don't know."
"Tell me."

"Only that I am afraid for you—desperately afraid. You will be careful of him?"

"Oh, yes. I've learned that," He smiled and touched his mouth.

"When he knows about us—"

she said.

He patted her arm.

"Don't be foolish, Sherman."

"All right. I promise."

When they came up to the shelter MacVey was sitting before the fire, his pipe clenched tightly in his teeth.

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 46

Melville and Joe Lount were asleep on mattresses.

"I have been waiting for you to come back," MacVey said. "Go to bed, Miss Yates."

"When I'm ready to go to bed," He said, "I said go to bed."

"She heard you, I think," Sherman told him. "Why were you waiting for us?"

"To tell you that you are not to go off together again. That's all."

Sherman stood easily in front of him, smiling. "You're slipping, MacVey. I warned you not to, this morning."

MacVey said, "You have both heard what I have just said."

"And we have both passed lightly over the remark," Sherman said. "Good night, Connie."

"The tide is out far enough to go aboard," MacVey stood up and knocked out his pipe. He prodded Melville with his foot and he prodded Lount. "We'll get on with the burial party, Mr. Drumm. Come along, please."

He strode on ahead. Half-way down the beach Sherman caught up with him. Melville and Lount were stumbling sleepily along the sands behind. Before Sherman could speak, MacVey turned his head.

"I shall hate to pass you on, Mr. Drumm, but I expect that I'll have to do it—and I can do it with impunity, for the greater good of the greater number. I shall snatch the first opportunity that offers itself, for I don't like you. Be careful."

"If you hadn't said that, I'd be afraid of you, I think."

"Be afraid of me, Mr. Drumm; it will help you to tread paths of caution. Be afraid of me, for you can't leave this place alive." He looked back at his mate and his steward and waited for them to catch up with him. "We'll take the Kanaka off first."

They lowered the canvas-shrouded body of the sailor over the Storm Child's rail and carried it up to the jungle edge to the graves they had dug, and came back for Bo Fanning.

ALL four of them climbed aboard, with Melville trailing behind. MacVey had a flashlight. The saloon was a soggy mess and with the ports still closed it steamed from the day's heat like the hot room of a Turkish bath.

The water that sloshed in through the broken hull with each returning tide was drained out of the saloon, but the sand of it and the litter of unloading the boat was thick underfoot. MacVey, with the flashlight, went straight to Fanning's own stateroom. Sherman followed him up the narrow passage, but Joe Lount and Melville waited in the saloon.

MacVey's voice was sudden. "This door has been broken open." He threw his flash on the splintered panels beside the lock. He opened the door wide and flashed his light into Fanning's cabin. The water had not touched it, for it was on the high side, but something else had for the whole place was in complete disorder. Fanning's bags, which they had left open on the locker the night before, were dumped and empty. The stuff that had been in them was half on the floor and half in the striped bunk—rumped shirts, underwear, a wad of ten books and letters, two cartons of cigarettes, shoes, whites, a tweed suit and, ridiculously enough, a pair of black patent-leather evening pumps, with socks thrust into their toes. His wash kit, which he had left in the chair, and which they had not touched, was in the berth completely dumped, with the things he had left in it jumbled back in the chair seat. His soap box and his shaving brush, his safety razor with the rusty blade still in it, a tube of shaving soap and a tube of toothpaste, his hairbrushes and the bottle of pink medicine that bore Ida Sefton's name, and Doctor Maybrow's. The cork had come out of that and the medicine had soaked the chair cushion. The .38 police revolver that had been on the shelf above the berth was gone.

Please turn to Page Seven
Homemaker Section

BACKACHE

KIDNEY TROUBLE
IS THE CAUSE —



ONLY A SPECIAL KIDNEY REMEDY CAN HELP YOU

The cruel pain you call backache is Nature's warning of something wrong with your kidneys. Those stabbing pains in the back, that dragging weakness, those agonising pains when stooping reveal the fact that you are a victim of kidney trouble, and only a genuine kidney remedy can help you.

You will never end your painful backache until you get a medicine that will go right to the cause of your trouble—weak, sluggish kidneys. It must cleanse the kidneys of impurities that impede their natural health-maintaining task. It must wake them to action so that they can perform their vital work, that is, ridding the system of excess uric acid and impurities that cause your pain.

RESULTS IN 24 HOURS

The quickest, surest way of doing this is to start taking DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills at once. They stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you see and know they are acting directly on

weak kidneys to cleanse and strengthen them. Take DeWitt's Pills to-night; they help you while you sleep.

Here are just two reports showing how quickly and surely DeWitt's Pills start to end kidney trouble.

Mrs. E. Fairbrother, of 36, Second Avenue, South Perth, writes:—"For quite a long time I was a sufferer from symptoms of kidney trouble, very languid, no energy, and much pain in the lower portion of the back. I tried many prescriptions without benefit. My father used to take DeWitt's Pills so I decided to give them a trial and soon I feel perfect. I am very thankful for DeWitt's Pills."

Mrs. E. Whitehead, of 10, Lawson Street, Elwood, Victoria, writes:—"I suffered lots of pain with kidney trouble, bad pains in the back and in the legs. I got some DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and half a bottle gave me relief. I can now enjoy life in good health, thanks to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills."

The wonderful benefits these people experienced is what DeWitt's Pills will give you. Hesitate no longer. Go to your chemist to-day, ask for and see that you get the genuine—

DEWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/6.

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page Six,
Homemaker Section

MACVEY turned around on Sherman and flashed his light back at Melville and Joe Lount in the saloon. They were standing short, just at the end of the passage. Their faces with the light on them were stiff with fright.

"Who broke this cabin open?"

"Dear to Heaven, sarri!" Melville breathed.

Joe Lount shook his head.

MacVey said: "I locked it last night. I've still got the keys. Only the four of us have been aboard since." He looked around.

"Where's Doctor Mayhew?"

"He not come with us," Lount said. "He sleep."

MacVey cried Sherman's door—the door behind which Bo Panning still lay rigid now. That realization struck Sherman under the heart. He would always be that way now, for all they could do—frozen into a statue position. That way they would lug him out through the narrow door, through the saloon and up the starting companion steps. Shivering stiffly between them, he would go up to the beach to his grave, in a solemn travesty of life.

MacVey said: "This door is still locked."

Melville gasped. "Mebbe, captain, Mr. Panning gone!"

"Shut up," MacVey told him. He flashed the light into the galley. "We were waiting," MacVey said, "but his things back in his bags."

Sherman went into Bo's cabin and bent down to the job. He picked up everything on the floor in his arms and stuffed them into the bag. He swept everything in the bunk into the suitcase and turned to the things in the chair while MacVey held the light behind him. As he turned to the chair, MacVey bent down and picked up his safety razor and the two large packages of blades, and put them away in his pocket.

"What are you going to do with that?"

MacVey said: "I plan to shave with them. Why?"

Sherman stared at him. "What do you mean, you plan to shave with them? Where's your own razor?"

"It happens to be in your cabin, Mr. Drum, between Panning's bed. I don't think I want to use it again."

Sherman couldn't move. He stayed there, half bent over the chair, looking up at MacVey, his breath tight in his throat. MacVey, behind his flashlight, eyed him steadily.

"I'll put those things in the bag. It may be cooler waiting on deck for Doctor Mayhew." Mechanically, Sherman's hands moved, but there was no feeling in them. MacVey closed the bags and turned to Melville. "Carry them up, steward," he said, and he went through the door to the companion.

MELVILLE took the bags and, to get out of his way and out of that place, Sherman followed MacVey to the deck. He was standing on the high side, looking out to sea. His whole attitude was alert and alert.

The reef flashed raggedly in the waning moonlight, racing along with pennants flying, and the far roar of it came to them faintly down the night. Beyond it there was a thin light that was a tiny pin-point for a moment.

Sherman stood very still. There the light out there, and you know there is no light out there. What do you mean by seeing green lights? There are no green lights to be seen? And as he looked again, there was no green light. But in his mind there was still the conviction that he had seen one. He framed the sides of his face with his flat-handled hands, using them for blinders and focusing carefully along the reef from left to right. If it was a green light, it was the starboard light of a boat, a boat sailing parallel to the reef.

But then he saw the green light

again, and this time there was no mistake about it. It was far out beyond the line of the reef. There is a boat out there—and the light was gone again, washed out completely by the reef face.

MacVey said: "See it?"

"Yes."

"My guess is that it's that following schooner. What's yours?"

"It might be any other boat in the Pacific."

"No," MacVey said. "They knew we were headed for King Bradley's island—anyone could figure that out—that's why they followed us."

"Well, they've found us."

"How fooled they'll be," MacVey snorted.

Behind them, Sherman saw Joe Lount's tall figure striding down the beach with Doctor Mayhew, short and stout, beside him. "Maybe not," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"The Albatross is sunk in the lagoon on the other side of the island. Miss Yates and I saw it to-night."

MacVey grabbed his arm. "Are you lying to me?"

"No."

THERE was the same high light in his eyes Sherman had seen in Mayhew's that afternoon when they started out to look for the Albatross after Lount found Chang Tien's body.

"Why should I lie? It's there for you to see."

MacVey couldn't answer him; he just stood there, his fingers sunk in Sherman's biceps, his breath heavy and his eyes on fire with greed.

"My Heaven," he said, "million!"

Doctor Mayhew and Joe Lount came under the Storm Child's low side and climbed aboard by the swimming ladder that had been hung over her rail that morning.

"You wanted me?" Mayhew said.

MacVey said, "There is a boat off the island, beyond the reefs."

"There's her light again!" Sherman pointed.

"The black schooner," Lount breathed softly. Everybody turned and looked at him. Mayhew brought his hands together across his stomach and clasped them tightly.

"You know who's on that boat?"

MacVey asked him. His voice was sharp.

"Oh, yes," Mayhew nodded.

"There's no question in my mind. It's Linehardt and his crowd."

"King Bradley's captain?"

"Yes," Mayhew said.

"Then he had the position of this island, too?"

For a moment Mayhew was silent.

"Perhaps," he said, "but I'm more inclined to believe that the gods were kind to him."

"What do you mean?"

Mayhew said, "I think Linehardt had a bracketed position, possibly, but not the exact one. I think it's his chance that he's found this island."

"Why?"

"Why else would he have left Honolulu when we did? Why would he have followed us so carefully for three days; lost us and made it a point to find us again?"

"How do you know it is Linehardt?"

"If it's the black schooner," Mayhew said, "it is Linehardt. I saw him on her deck, with the glasses, when we left Honolulu. I know him."

"Then he knew somebody on this boat had the position; that we were going after Bradley's island?"

"Oh, yes. He was so sure that he hired Panning to steal it from me."

MacVey looked at the man.

"Doctor Mayhew," he said, "the Albatross is sunk in the lagoon on the other side of the island."

Mayhew's head jerked up. "How do you know?"

Sherman said, "I've seen it."

Mayhew held out his hands to them suddenly. "But don't you see what this means? We must get aboard her at once! We must be

the first people on her! Gentlemen, I beseech you! Let's not waste a moment of time!"

"Steady," MacVey said. "No boat will dare come through the reefs at night or put a dingy through." He looked at his watch. "We still have five hours before daylight."

"But with daylight, Linehardt will be ashore."

"Why not?" MacVey said. "He has the right to come ashore."

"But he has no right to the wreck of the Albatross!" Mayhew grabbed MacVey's arm. "We must be the first people on her," he said, "for salvage rights."

"They're rather vague," Sherman said, "when a boat is under water."

Mayhew said, "Captain MacVey, I beg of you; let us get your diving gear on the other side of the island at once."

"What do you know about my diving gear?"

"I know exactly what you carry; I found out before I left Honolulu. Do you think I'm fool?" Mayhew's voice was rising. "You carry three chest-plate helmets and a scaphander suit and two pumps."

MacVey said, "When we went below a while ago, we found Panning's cabin broken open. Have you been in there?"

Mayhew stepped back from him suddenly. "I?" he said. "No."

Continued Next Week

"SOME BODY broke in for something. The place was ransacked, Doctor Mayhew, I want you to look at Panning before we bury him."

"Yes," Mayhew nodded. He was licking his lips. "Mr. Drum suggested that this afternoon. That's why I'm here."

"You're here," MacVey said, "because I sent for you."

"Am I?" Mayhew looked slightly startled.

"Go below, please. . . . You, Mr. Drum, too." He flashed the light for them and they went down again.

MacVey after them. In the saloon, MacVey passed them and thrust his key noisily into Sherman's door. The door was stuck, as were all the other doors in the boat, with warping. It screamed as MacVey opened it—a sharp, piercing scream that rang through the boat. Mayhew jumped.

MacVey handed him the flashlight. For a moment Mayhew stood there with the light in his hand, looking up at MacVey, a short little figure, quite harmless.

"I suppose you want a cause of death, captain?"

"The original idea," Sherman said, "was that I was to write out a statement to supplement the log entry. That was while we were still at sea."

"Yes," Mayhew said. He stepped into Sherman's cabin. Sherman stood back in the passage, not looking in. For a moment, there was no sound, then Mayhew's voice from inside said, "Captain MacVey, look at this, please?"

Continued Next Week

STOPS HEADACHE ALMOST MAGICALLY



Amazingly Quick Effect of This Safe Aspirin.

There seems to be no quicker way to end headache than to take two Bayer's Aspirin tablets.

You've heard doctors say how safe Bayer's Aspirin is. If you've tried it, you know how quick and effective it is. You could take these tablets every day in the year, plenty of people do, without any ill effects. And every time you take them you get the same quick, complete relief. Headaches, neuralgia, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, the distressing pains that make a woman helpless while they last; all promptly fly before the soothing power of Bayer's Aspirin. No depressing of the heart, no disturbance of the digestion, no ill effects whatsoever.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/- Bayer means Better.

• IF YOU GET A CORRECT ANSWER YOU MUST WIN A PRIZE !

Add Them Up!

Get to work now! Little did Mr. S. Sparrow, of East Crescent St., McMahon's Point, Sydney, realise when he picked up his pen to work out our last Figure Skill Competition that he would win £150, but he tried, and won. YOU CAN DO THE SAME. It's the Competition you like! There is no catch. There is no guesswork. There are Special Cash Prizes for young and old. Eleven other people have already won £100 each in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are noted for fairness in judging and promptness in paying prizes.



Mr. S. Sparrow, winner of First Prize, £150, in our last Figure Skill Competition.



Here are just some of the names and addresses of competitors who have each won £100 CASH in recent Figure Skill Competitions.

Mr. G. GREAVES,
27 St. George St.,
TOOWONG,
BRISBANE Q. £100

Mr. G. CARLSON,
4 Berriman Rd.,
MOUNT ALBERT,
VIC. £100

Mr. M. WILSON,
50 Hagart St.,
MELBURN,
V.S.W. £100

A. B. MACGREGOR,
24 Bond St.,
SYDNEY,
N.S.W. £100

1st PRIZE, £150

2nd PRIZE, £25

10 at £1 each, 50 at 10/-

And a special prize for EVERY correct entry received.

*SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

£10/10- BEST ENTRY (Over 60).

* £5 BEST BOYS' ENTRY (Under 16).

* £5 BEST GIRLS' ENTRY (Under 16).

* Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age please state age on coupon.

CLOSING DATE	RESULTS	EXTRA COPIES FREE
8 p.m. THURSDAY, NOV. 17.	Posted to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.	Write in the address on coupon for additional copies and enclose stamped addressed envelope.
Main prize-winner notified by wire, Nov. 19.		

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- Print by hand or write by hand all figures shown in the above drawing, but do not include the 6 and 9 values in that example. All figures are single; e.g., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones.
- Add up the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the addition (so we can check them), along with the coupon containing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 18th November, by the Directors of The Weston Company Pty. Ltd. and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Women's Weekly," in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £150 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general goodness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
- School teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prizewinners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. Send all entries in the same envelope.

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4128/W., G.P.O., Sydney.

* Age The total of all figures in the above drawing is

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my paper showing the above numbers added up, together with a STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work and I am able to complete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

NAME

STREET

TOWN

STATE

Please write plainly and state whether Mr. Mrs. or Miss.

BUY A REMINGTON!
The world's best Typewriter—ONLY 8d. per day



REMINGTON NO. 10 FROM £7/10/-, DEPOSIT ONLY 20/-
REMINGTON NOISELESS FROM £10, DEPOSIT ONLY 20/-
REMINGTON NO. 12 FROM ONLY £13, DEPOSIT ONLY 30/-
Free Home Typing Course given with every machine. Clip and post this advertisement with your name and address and receive free illustrated literature telling you all about these amazing typewriter values. REMINGTON—made in the British Empire . . .

CHARTRES LTD.
Remington House, Liverpool and 21thale Street, Sydney. Phone M 6401 (11 lines). Also at Bolton Street, Newcastle.

DELICIOUS WAYS with VEGETABLES

RECIPES win first prize in our Weekly Best Recipe Competition. You must try them—they are appetising and nourishing and your family will love them.

NOW it's your turn to send in your pet recipe. Remember that, in addition to a first prize of £1 awarded every week for the best recipe, consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every other recipe published.

Various ways of serving vegetables:

STUFFED CHOKOS

Wash and halve chokos. Steam for 10 minutes, drain and scoop out centres. Fill with a seasoning made with 1 tablespoon lightly-fried onion, 2 slices chopped bacon, and sufficient breadcrumbs to make into a slightly moist mixture. Fill centres, butter outside a little, and place in greased baking dish with 1 tablespoon water. Bake in moderate oven till chokos are cooked and crumbs browned. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

CREAMED CARROTS

Scrape carrots, leaving whole. Boil slowly till tender in salted water. Drain and slice thinly. Make 1 cup white sauce, add salt and pinch

cayenne, then carrots. Reheat and serve sprinkled with parsley.

PARSNIP FRITTERS

Scrape parsnips and cut into three. Cook in salted water till tender, then drain. Dip parsnips in egg and breadcrumbs, fry till golden brown and serve hot with parsley sprigs.

JUGGED PEAS

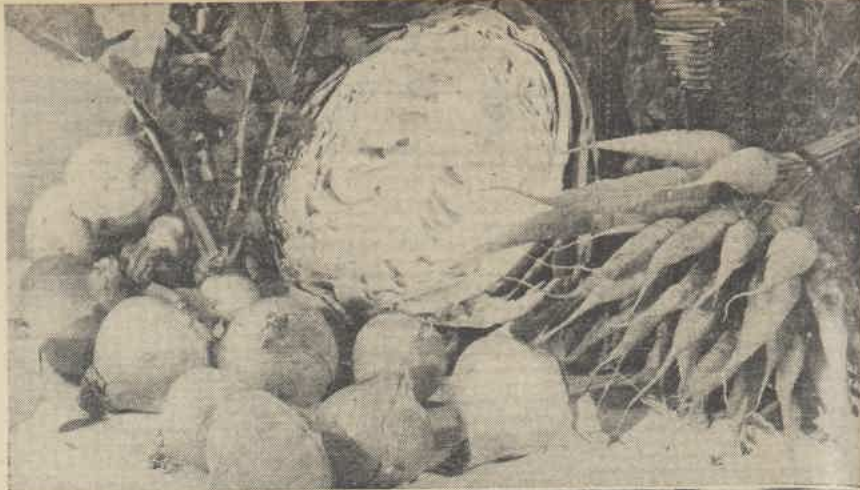
Put shelled peas into jar (with lid), adding 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon each of sugar and salt, few mint leaves and a dash of pepper. Boil in a saucepan of water for half-hour.

BAKED ASPARAGUS

Cut 5 hard-boiled eggs in halves lengthwise, place in baking dish and cover with asparagus tips cut into small pieces. Pour 1½ cups white sauce over, dot with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

DEVILLED BEETROOT

Heat together 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and a good pinch of pepper.



FRESH vegetables are so good for you, but if you don't like them cooked plain try some of the vegetable recipes given on this page.

Add 2 cups of boiled beetroot, cut into cubes. Heat 10 minutes.

CELERY AND TOMATOES

Boil 2 sticks celery, drain, then fry for a few minutes in 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 cup stock, 2 large tomatoes, sliced, pepper and salt. Boil, stirring often. Put celery on hot dish, pour sauce over it, and serve bordered with boiled rice.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hegarty, Canning Street, Warwick, Qld.

COFFEE MARZIPAN

One pound loaf sugar, 1 gill water, pinch cream of tartar, 2 egg-whites, coloring and flavoring to taste.

Boil sugar and water in a saucepan, add cream of tartar and boil mixture to 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove pan from the fire, and add 2 egg-whites (not whisked). Place in pan again on the fire, and cook for 4 minutes, stirring gently meantime.

Turn paste on to a slab or dish, and work with a wooden spoon until cool enough to handle. Place paste in a bowl and pound it well, using a little icing sugar if sticky, or knead paste with the hands on a pastry board sprinkled with icing sugar. Color and flavor. Roll small pieces into balls and press into various shaped moulds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Knockroe, North Isis, Qld.

TOMATO JAM

Six pounds tomatoes, 3lb. sugar, 1 pineapple, 1oz citric acid.

Skin tomatoes and cut up pineapple. Put pineapple in separate dish, and tomatoes in a pan, and let stand for a few hours. Then drain all water off, and put all together, pineapple and tomatoes, and let simmer. Add sugar gradually, boil until it turns a nice red color. Be careful not to burn. Add citric acid last just before taking off.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. White, Browne Street, Subiaco, Perth.



BAKED asparagus is delicious. Try it in a large dish or in individual dishes as shown here. Cover with white sauce and breadcrumbs.

OTHELLOS

Cake Mixture: 2 eggs, 3oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. castor sugar.

Filling: 1oz. plain chocolate, 2 gill cream, vanilla essence.

Icing: 1lb. icing sugar, 1oz. plain chocolate, 2 dessertspoons strong coffee, 3 dessertspoons water, vanilla flavoring, cochineal.

For these little cakes, one or two trays of very shallow cake tins, with circular base, are needed. Grease sparingly.

Break eggs, add sugar, and whisk till thick and creamy. Sift flour onto paper, then sift again by degrees on top of whisked eggs, folding in lightly. Drop small teaspoonful into each tin and bake slowly about 8 to 10 minutes. Mixture should make about 24 small cakes.

For the filling, whisk cream, add finely-grated chocolate, flavor with vanilla. Spread flat sides of cakes and put them together in pairs, moulding them to circular shapes.

Icing: Divide icing sugar into equal portions and put in separate basins.

Grate chocolate and put in small pan, add coffee, and stir till dis-

solved, cool slightly, and add to one portion of sugar only. Mix in smooth, thick coating consistency, adding more coffee if necessary. Coat half of cakes carefully.

To other portion of sugar stir in 2 or 3 dessertspoons hot water, flavor with vanilla, and color pale shade with cochineal. Coat other half of cakes with pink icing.

When set, decorate chocolate cakes with trails of pink icing, and vice versa. For the trails beat up left-over icing, put into icing bag and force through piping tube.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. F. Snellgrove, 49 Kenmare St., Bor-hill North, Melbourne.

GLOWING HEALTH RETURNS TO ANAEMIC TIRED WOMEN

For years Mrs. Withers had been gradually feeling less and less equal to keeping the big house going. Every day the children seemed to cause more work and worry. She was continually snapping at them, but how tired and irritable she felt!

Mr. Withers was getting alarmed too. Was his wife getting old? "Yes," he said to his friend at the club, "she's five years younger than I am, perhaps she really should see a doctor." "Well," replied his friend, "my wife was feeling just the same until a friend put her on to Wincarnis, and now she's feeling ten years younger and just the same as ever before."

It is simply amazing how quickly Wincarnis brings back health and vitality to anaemic, tired people. Wincarnis is made from rich matured wine, prime beef extract and vitamin salt. Wincarnis builds up the whole system, creating rich red corpuscles and restoring energy and happiness.

Start a regular Wincarnis course to-day. But—make sure you get Wincarnis. No cheap, inferior tonic wine has the power to bring back glowing health. It stands to reason that such quality ingredients as used for Wincarnis cost money. Wincarnis can't be sold for less. But think how much more important it is to get the best and only the best in tonic wines. Wincarnis is the road to that priceless asset—health!

LEMON BEER

Place one heaped-teaspoon of water on stove, slice 4 lemons (lemons preferred), add to water and boil. When lemon slices sink to bottom add 6 cups of sugar. Remove from stove and when lukewarm add 2 stone bottles of ginger beer. When cold, bottle, and tie corks. It is ready to drink in three days. This beer requires no straining.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

SUMMER DRINKS

FRUIT CUP

One cup white grapes, 1 cup orange sections, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup pineapple syrup, sugar, a few grains salt.

Remove skins and seeds from white grapes and membrane from orange sections. Mix fruit, orange juice, and pineapple syrup, salt, and sugar in sweetener. Put in a freezer, pack in ice and salt, and stir occasionally until juice begins to freeze. Makes eight small or six large servings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Vera Bannister, Box 300, Red Cliffs, Vic.

ORANGE AND LEMON CUP

Two oranges, 2 lemons, 5 cups sugar, 5 cups boiling water, 1oz. tartaric acid, 1½ packet Kipson salts.

Put sugar, grated orange and lemon rinds and juice into a bowl with the salts and acid. Pour over boiling water and stir till all is dissolved. Bottle when cool. One tablespoon in a glass of water makes a delicious drink.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Shenton, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

FLAVORED LEMONADE

Three lemons, ¼ to ½ cup sugar, 3 pints boiling water.

Wash lemons in cold water and dry. Peel off rind very thinly, taking care not to remove any white pith, which will make drink bitter. Put rind into a large jug with the sugar and strained lemon juice. Pour on boiling water, cover, and leave till cold, then strain.



The Happiest,
Healthiest Babies
are Breast-Fed

Every Nursing Mother should
therefore drink delicious

'OVALTINE'

and so make sure that
she can feed baby herself

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of 'Ovaltine,' sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

Prices: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-: all Chemists and Stores.

A. WANDER LTD., 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

036-18-28.



TRY THIS: Place in dish several circular slices of pre-cooked ham. Cover each piece of ham with slice of pineapple and two sausages. Sprinkle brown sugar over; add pineapple juice. Bake in oven eight minutes.

DRESSING UP Our OLD FAVORITES

Surprise dishes with sausages... New ways of dishing up this homely fare which the housewife will find invaluable for giving a zest to the family meals—and economical, too!

BY
MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



CRUMBED SAUSAGES are delightful for breakfast or tea. They are quick and economical to prepare, too. The recipe for making is given on this page.



GIVE A clever housewife a try—maple and some sausages and she will turn out an appetizing surprise dish.

THERE'S more than one housewife who is thankful that her family has a liking for sausages.

Always appetising, they often simplify the preparing of a meal, because they can be cooked so quickly and with little trouble.

Still, there's no need for the housewife who does rely on sausages at least once a week for an easily-prepared meal to simply shut them up fried or grilled every time.

Sausages can be cooked in many different and most appetising ways. Some people enjoy them for breakfast; others relish sausages for any meal. But try some of these new recipes and see if your family won't find this homely method more interesting than ever.

BAKED APPLES WITH SAUSAGES

Scop out the centre of 6 good-sized tart apples, leaving a thick wall. Chop up the removed part, and mix with 1 cupful of skinned minced cooked sausages. Fill the cavity with this. Place on greased broiler flat dish. Bake in moderate oven till apples are tender. Serve as luncheon or supper dish.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

Two pound sausages, 1 pint Yorkshire batter, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons fat.

Break sausages by placing in boiling water for a few minutes. Skin them and put into a baking dish and pour in the melted fat, adding salt and pepper. Cover with the batter and bake in a hot oven from 30 to 35 minutes. When done, drain off the fat and cut into squares. Serve at once.

SAUSAGE ROLLS

Half-pound flaky pastry, 1 teaspoon plain flour, salt, cayenne, 1 lb sausages, 1 lb chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon water.

Roll sausages and place them with parsley, flour, salt, and cayenne in a bowl. Add the water, and cook over the fire till it changes color. Turn out on a plate to cool. Make the pastry; roll out in an oblong and cut a thin strip off all round. Divide into ten equal parts. Place a portion of the meat on each piece of pastry, fold one side on to the meat.

half-overlap the other side. Mark with the back of a knife. Glaze with egg. Place on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve on a paper doily garnished with sprigs of parsley.

SMOTHERED SAUSAGES

One cup cooked sausages, 1 cup cooked chopped celery, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 3 cups well-mashed potato, salt, cayenne, and little beaten egg.

Mix the skinned sausages and celery well; moisten with the sauce. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Add 1 beaten egg to the potato, flatten out on floured board. Place sausage mixture in centre. Roll potato all round. Lay in greased baking dish. Brush with egg. Bake about 30 minutes till browned. Serve on hot dish with tomato or brown sauce.

SAUSAGE DOGS

Boil 1 lb sausages for 5 minutes. Drain. Remove the skin carefully. When cold, coat each sausage with well-mashed potato, using flour on the hands to mould evenly. Dip in egg-glazing. Toast in crumbs. Wet-fry till a golden brown in boiling fat. Drain. Serve at once, garnished with rolls of bacon and parsley.

GRILLED SAUSAGES

Wipe the sausages with damp cloth. Brush with melted butter. Place under grill and grill slowly till done, turning often and brushing with butter to prevent drying on the outside. Serve on mound of mashed potato with rolls of grilled bacon.

CRUMBED SAUSAGES

Dip the required number of sausages in plain flour, then in well-beaten egg. Toss in dry crumbs, firming on well with broad knife. Place in hot fat and cook slowly, turning frequently till evenly browned. Lift out and drain on white paper.

Serve on hot dish garnished with fried parsley with brown or tomato sauce.

SAUSAGE SCRAMBLE

Four sausages, 6 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, salt, cayenne, buttered toast.

Boil the sausages for 8 minutes. When cold remove the skin and cut into slices. Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, cayenne, and sausages. Melt butter in frying pan. Pour in the mixture, and when it begins to set stir till all evenly cooked. Place spoonfuls on squares of buttered toast. Serve at once.

INDIVIDUAL SAUSAGE PIES

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening (butter, dripping or lard, or a mixture) two-thirds cup milk, 1 lb sausage meat, 4 tomatoes.

Sift together dry ingredients, add shortening and cut in thoroughly. Add liquid to make a stiff dough. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Roll out 1-8 inch thick and cut into eight

four-inch squares. Divide sausage meat into 8 flat cakes, and put one on each square of dough, folding edges of dough round edges of sausage cakes. Put half tomato (peeled) on top of sausage, season with salt and pepper, and shake of sugar. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes. Delicious for breakfast or luncheon.

SAUSAGE SAVORY

Toast, butter, cooked sausages, tomato sauce, thin rashers of bacon.

Remove skin from sausages and cut into slices. Add just enough tomato sauce to bind well together. Cut toast into squares, butter it and place in flat fireproof dish. Place sausage mixture on each square of toast. Lay a slice of bacon over the top and place in hot oven till fat of bacon is clear. Serve at once.

SAUSAGE LOAF

One pound sausage meat, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon minced onion, bacon rashers.

Mix the sausage meat in a basin with the onion and beaten egg. If necessary, add a little salt and pepper to taste. Pack into a greased loaf tin. Remove rind from bacon and cover loaf with rashers, laid side by side. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Serve hot with mashed or scalloped potatoes and buttered greens.

SAUSAGE EGGS

Six hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 lb pork sausage meat, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, egg and crumbs.

Pit shell eggs. Dip each in flour seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, then wrap each carefully in sausage meat. Dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep smoking hot fat till crisp and brown.

Note.—Serve hot with tomato sauce or cold with salad.

TOMATOES AND SAUSAGES

Parboil sausages for 8 minutes. Remove skins and roll in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry a nice brown. Cut tomatoes in thick slices, season with pepper and salt, fry in butter until soft. Lay the slices on lightly-buttered toast and place a sausage on top of each. Serve hot.

SAUSAGE SALAD

Boil the sausage. When cold, remove the skin and cut into slices. To mayonnaise or thick salad dressing add chopped gherkins, olives, and pimientos. Put some slices of sausage into lettuce cups, cover with mayonnaise mixture, then more sausage. Garnish with gherkins and pimientos. Place on glass plate and serve very cold.

SAUSAGE SALAD

Remove the skin from cold boiled sausages. Split in halves, lengthwise. Spread with pickle, chutney, sauce or mayonnaise. Join again. Place on glass plate star shape, decorating between the sausages with shredded lettuce, hard-boiled egg, tomato, gherkin, olives, chilli. Serve very cold.



"Tommy's been a cry-baby again," says Margaret. "I know why! I know why! He wouldn't eat his breakfast for his Mummy."



"You know, Mrs. Rogers," says Tommy's teacher to his Mother, "we never force the children to do anything here at the Kindergarten. The idea is to let Tommy think that there's something interesting about eating his breakfast. Now, have you heard about Snap! Crackle! and Pop?"



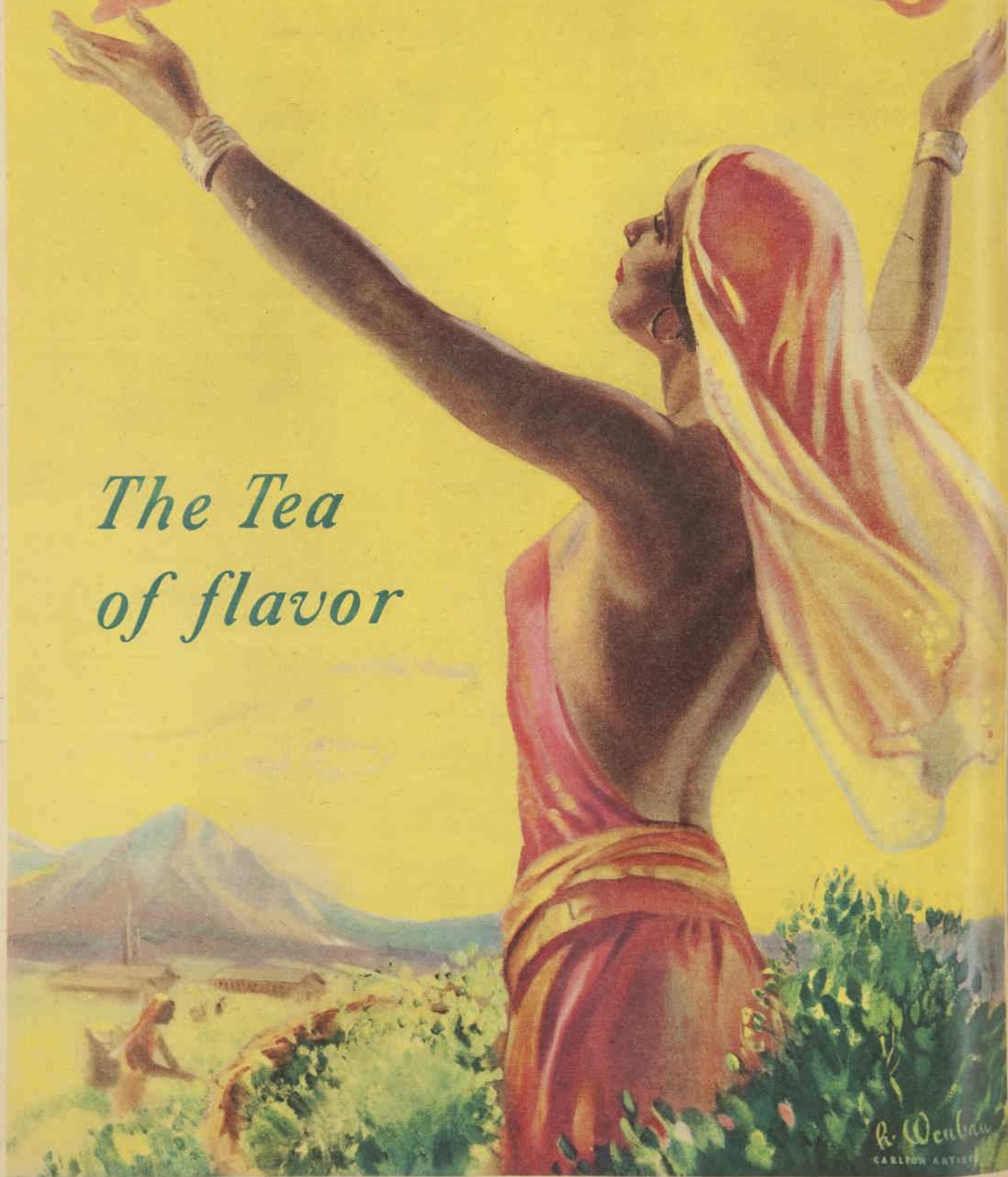
Tommy's Mother took his teacher's advice. She gave Tommy a plateful of Rice Bubbles for breakfast next day. No more trouble with Tommy at breakfast time, now! He loves to eat up those delicious, nourishing Rice Bubbles that greet him with a thrilling "Snap, crackle and Pop!" when he comes to breakfast!



* Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL live-down from Hollywood! by cable, presented by Reliance's ever a national relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—2CH, 3GG, 3RO, 3TM, 3WG, 3BR, 3R, 3DB, 3R, and 3AD, MU-FI-SE.

Bushells

*The Tea
of flavor*



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
30 JUL 1928
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Three Goats on a Bender

A Complete
Book-Length Novel



By WINIFRED BIRKETT

Three Goats on a Bender

By WINIFRED BIRKETT



THE only thing of any ornamental value in the hotel sitting-room was Marjorie, and she knew it. To make the most of herself she sat in front of a framed mirror and tried on alternately two hats, one red, one green. It was an agreeable occupation, but it was just beginning to pall when a sudden, heavy knock came to interrupt it.

The knock startled Marjorie. It was not at all the sort of knock she had been hearing on hotel sitting-room doors for the past two years. It startled her so much that she jumped up with the green hat on back to front at its most amusing angle. As she opened the door she was just in time to hear Auntie Pat's agitated voice exclaim, "Don't leave me!" and the equally surprising answer in a strange, genial man's voice: "No fear!"

What on earth— She opened the door wide, and there stood Auntie Pat in her Paris costume and her Bond Street furs, with her pleasant round face like a hurt and half-consolated baby's; she was quite literally clinging to a large and handsome young policeman.

"The lady has met with a little accident," the constable explained, at once reassuring and sympathetic. "I'm afraid she has sprained her ankle." And most efficiently he propelled her past Marjorie and deposited her on the linen-covered settee.

"It was getting out of the tram," Auntie Pat explained mournfully. "I shouldn't ride in trams alone. I'm always nervous in them. And you know how unsteady I am. And the man started before he should have. They always do. I'd forgotten what trams were like."

She pushed off the small high-heeled shoe that had really caused all the trouble. Auntie Pat would wear such high-heeled shoes; she said she was obliged to with her inadequate height, forgetting her more than adequate weight.

"You poor darling," Marjorie sympathised. She tossed aside her own eccentric headgear and deftly removed Auntie Pat's small hat. "You must not go in a tram any more."

"But that's just it! I'll have to always, always ride in trams now!" Auntie Pat wailed, almost forgetting the pain of her foot in the apprehension of a worse calamity. "Mr. Jacobsen says all my money's lost. Most of the company investments are quite worthless now. Nothing's paying any dividends. It's dreadful. He's going to explain it all to-morrow."

"I think a strong cup of tea for your aunt might help her," suggested the constable tactfully to Marjorie, "and some attention for the ankle."

Marjorie said "Thank you," and rang the bell with a suddenly trembling finger. But

as the constable turned to go, Aunt Pat, true to her caste even in such mental turmoil, opened the bag she had bought in New York and produced a ten-shilling note.

"Thank you so much for your kindness," she said. "It's like being in London again to find such nice policemen."

The young constable, not at all embarrassed at taking the ten shillings, politely accepted his dismissal and the note; while Marjorie, so suddenly torn from agreeable contemplation of French hats to grapple with this amazing agitation of Auntie Pat's sprained ankle and broken fortunes, for the moment felt like clinging to the solid young constable as Auntie Pat had done, and crying, "Don't leave me!" too. But kinder fortune brought Connie, following the maid with the tea.

Connie was one of those people who, though of very doubtful stability themselves, yet seem to support the balance of others. "The Customs man was very nice," she said, puffing a little with the exertion of having been shot up seven stories in the hotel lift. She looked rather overheated in her furs, and somehow uncomfortably overburdened with a very small parcel, a posy of violets, and a red crocodile hand-bag. "Why, what's the matter?" she added, suddenly noticing that something was wrong.

"Auntie Pat's been naughty," Marjorie told her with the lightness of relief. "She went out by herself to see Mr. Jacobsen and had to be brought home by a policeman."

"It's nothing to joke about," Auntie Pat said, much hurt. "I've sprained my ankle quite badly, and Mr. Jacobsen's lost all my money and I'll have to get the old-age pension."

Even to Connie this did not sound a joke; an exaggeration, perhaps, but not a joke. As the nurse summoned through the office by telephone expertly bandaged Auntie Pat's foot, Connie wondered soberly just how much of an exaggeration it might be.

Eighteen months before, while Mrs. Newbigging was abroad, the original trustee of her estate had handed his responsibility over to Mr. Jacobsen and departed this life. Mrs. Newbigging giving her consent by cable to the former proceeding but not being consulted about the latter. She had never seen Mr. Jacobsen till now, the day after her return to Australia, and neither of the girls had seen him at all; so that it was hard on Mr. Jacobsen to have to tell his client at their first meeting that, under his care, her worldly assets had practically all vanished. Even if he could show that it was not entirely his fault and that her earlier return home might in part at least have averted the disaster, he was at a disadvantage: Mr. Jacobsen remained a despoiler of widows and orphans, something infinitely worse than a highway robber.

By the following morning both Marjorie and Connie were so incensed after a night

mostly spent in judgment on Mr. Jacobsen, that Auntie Pat sent them out before he arrived, as the thought of what they might say to him frightened her more than anything he might say to her. Poor Auntie Pat hated argument and quarrelling more than anything on earth, and if Mr. Jacobsen had been a highway robber in very truth, she would have handed her valuables over without protest; present disagreeableness was always so much harder to face than potential disaster.

When Connie got back to the hotel Mr. Jacobsen had gone and Auntie Pat knew the worst. She was sitting forlornly beside the radiator, eating forbidden chocolates and filling a little notebook with futile figures.

"Well, darling," said Connie, "how do we stand?"

Auntie Pat absently inspected another chocolate and put it back in the box. For the minute, it seemed, she did not know what to say.

"From what I've heard this morning," Connie went on cheerfully, "the less we have left the better off we'll be; Government rations and no taxes. And thanks to your passion for collecting furs, you'll never be cold while you can keep the moths off."

Auntie Pat's little powdered nose wrinkled in a sniff. "Oh, Connie, you don't realise how serious this is. We haven't any income at all at present."

"Mr. Jacobsen says some of the shares might recover in the course of time if I hang on to them—I'll have to, anyhow, because they won't sell—but in the meantime there's nothing at all. I wish I had more property now, but there's only the house at Woodford."

"Good! We'll go and live in it and—and take boarders!" exclaimed Connie, conscious that in less than five minutes she would realise just how awful that would be.

"But that's the only bright spot," Auntie Pat said eagerly. "It's let for three pounds a week, and that's all the money we'll have. We can't lose that three pounds."

Connie was relieved.

"It's let to friends of Mr. Jacobsen. They send him the rent and they pay the taxes, too. We can't let that go."

"Hum!" commented Connie. With the name of Mr. Jacobsen suspicion entered this seemingly satisfactory arrangement.

Marjorie came in at this moment. She did not look at all like the victim of financial disaster; the green hat was on her head at its most piquant angle; her grey suit said "Guineas," quietly but firmly; there were carved jade buckles on her grey shoes. But all this elegance was not in keeping with her behaviour; she waved a badly folded newspaper at Auntie Pat and Connie and took a dropkick at a cushion she grabbed off a chair near the door as she passed. The cushion landed neatly in Connie's lap, from whence Marjorie retrieved

it; then she dropped it again upon the door and sat on it.

"Read that, my angel!" she cried, slapping the paper on to Connie's knee.

A gently flattered likeness of Auntie Pat was on the page. "Mrs. Newbigging, who has just returned from an extended tour abroad," read Connie. "Well, what's that?" she said, as one grown careless of newspaper photographs.

"Not that, stupid! The bottom of the page. Here, give it to me." And Marjorie grabbed the paper back and read with impressive slowness: "It has been disclosed that the late Miss Minnie Jackson, who died recently, left her interesting old home, Newbigging House, in the Camden district, to be kept as a museum of early Australiana. (Good word that!) Newbigging House was built in the earliest and most interesting period of Australian settlement, by the Honorable Claude Newbigging, ninth son of the fifth Earl of Brackenfern. After his death it passed through many vicissitudes until it was rescued from decay by the late Miss Jackson's father, an enthusiastic member of the Historical Society. This gentleman made it his hobby, restoring the building and furnishing it with many interesting specimens of its original period. In the late Miss Jackson's will she expressed a wish that some living descendant of the builder would consent to become caretaker of the property, administer the small fund left for its upkeep, and allow the general public access to what should be the most unique collection of antiques in the southern continent. We understand that the only members of the family now living are the Misses Constance and Marjorie Newbigging, daughters of the late Dr. Francis Newbigging."

"Auntie Pat, collect all your dinky little shoes and tailor-mades; we are going to live in an Early Australian museum."

"Gosh!" said Connie, otherwise speechless.

Sheer astonishment took every scrap of expression from Auntie Pat's face.

Connie looked at Mr. Peacock across a tiny patch of lawn where dust played in the sunlight, and she decided that she did not like Mr. Peacock. He was a long man with a long face, his coat-pocket sagged and his boots turned up at the toes.

"You understand that as Miss Jackson's trustee I have a great deal of responsibility," he was saying; "particularly as my co-executor, Mr. Parsons, is in Brisbane and desires that I act without him as far as I am able."

"We might live to be glad if you went to Brisbane, too," thought Connie; and her last inspection of the executive boots completed, she raised her eyes to the level of a pair of sharp and threadbare knees.

"But don't you find such a responsibility thrilling?" asked Marjorie. "It's so—I mean—"

"I inspected Newbigging House yesterday," continued Mr. Peacock, ignoring her remarks. "You will find everything in an excellent state of repair. It is of course expected that you keep it so. As in all such houses the rooms are most nobly proportioned. The ballroom—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Marjorie incautiously, recovering at the word ballroom. "Can we have dances?"

Dowagers on liners and in London hotels had sometimes tried to look at Marjorie as Mr. Peacock did then, but none of them had ever succeeded like he did. "Certainly not!" he said.

"Yes?" Connie hastily interposed again. "You were saying—"

"The ballroom floor is much eaten by white ants," continued Mr. Peacock, "so that it is extremely inadvisable for anyone to enter it. It will be kept locked until such time as the floor may be renewed."

"Yes," agreed Connie, a trifle wearily. She had long left the contemplation of Mr. Peacock's tweed-covered knee-caps, and was puzzling out the back to front inscription on the window: "J. W. T. Peacock, Solicitor and Attorney. Income Taxes Adjusted."

"Of course," said Connie.

Marjorie made another quick recovery. "Can we go out to Newbigging House on Saturday?" she asked.

"Saturday? The day after to-morrow? I think not. No; I certainly think not. Not till Monday."

"Why Monday?" persisted Marjorie before Connie could interpose again.

"Why not?" said Mr. Peacock, like the Door mouse. "Why not? Monday's the beginning of the week."

"It's not the beginning of the week at our hotel," Marjorie argued; but at this point Mr. Peacock saw fit to close the interview.

"Newbigging House will be open to you at any time on Monday," he said, and the girls found themselves reading "J. W. T. Peacock, etc." from the right side of the window.

They left for Camden on the Monday, going all the way in a hired car, out of consideration for Auntie Pat's ankle.

"We ought to be travelling in a what-do-you-call-it," Marjorie said, "you know—a barouche—sort of a family carriage with the springs made of leather." She settled herself in the middle seat with her feet in a cluster of golf clubs and small parcels.

"Thank goodness we're not," returned Auntie Pat feelingly.

"Now you know you're going to enjoy this, Auntie Pat. You never imagined you'd be having an adventure like this a month ago."

Auntie Pat only sighed; complain she would not, but it was impossible to pretend to any enjoyment in the adventure.

Connie was watching the suburbs give way to open land where the sunlight bathed grass and trees, but she took her eyes from the window and turned her attention to cheering Auntie Pat.

"Look at the pretty view we're coming to," she said hastily. "There's a cow. Do we wish on the first cow we see?"

"I knew there'd be cows," mourned Auntie Pat. "Oh, I do hope there's a good fence all round the house!"

"The Honorable Claude kept goats," Marjorie informed them. She seemed to possess an unsuspected fund of information about this gentleman whose memory had been so suddenly revived. "His father gave him some money to invest in the sheep industry, but he said everybody else in the colony was going in for sheep, so he imported a lot of Angora goats. Did you ever hear of such an example of snobbery?"

"It wasn't snobbery," defended Connie unexpectedly. "It was just a mark of individualism. I think he was to be admired."

"Well, I'd have admired him more if he'd gone in for sheep like a sensible business man and not lost all his money in wild-cat schemes. If the Honorable Claude hadn't gone in for goats we might have owned Newbigging House now instead of being custodians at nothing a year and Mr. Peacock thrown in."

There was not a good fence around Newbigging House, and it seemed from

the road below that cows grazed perilously near; but the situation of the house was charming. It lay stretched upon the hillside, its pinkish brick and grey stone looking as if they had absorbed a full hundred years of sun. An old garden of flowering trees and shrubs twisted below it down to a small orchard, where orange-trees showed deep green among the grey lace of deciduous boughs.

The tiny grey lodge had fallen into decay under a green wrap of convolvulus, and they had to open the gates themselves. But the garden was cared for, and here and there patches of cinerarias glowed through a tracery of bare trees like stained glass windows.

Rather absently they paid and dismissed the driver of the car, and found themselves beside a forlorn little heap of luggage, on the broad, stone-floored verandah. The westerly sun had fallen away from them, and a man digging in the garden went on with his work as though the three women had been ghosts and he incapable of seeing them. The shutters of the house seemed to stare past them, blank and uninviting.

Auntie Pat, without a word, sat down on a suitcase and dolefully rubbed her bandaged ankle.

"They were welcomed at the door by a comfortable housekeeper in black silk, and were soon sitting beside a cosy fire with a cheerfully laden tea-table drawn up beside them," Marjorie quoted from any number of old-fashioned novels. "Something seems to be missing from our ancestral home. We should have left you behind, Auntie Pat, till we made things more comfortable here."

"Nonsense!" said Auntie Pat gamely. "It's only my ankle. I'll be all right when I get a cup of tea."

"Here goes, then," Connie said, and produced a collection of keys, dropping them in turn.

The door she opened was of English oak, splendidly carved. It admitted them to a dim-tiled hall with a fireplace at the far end shadowed by a heavy carving in some dark wood. An inner door, broad and low, led into a corridor at right angles; and at the end of the corridor an unshuttered window lit the stairs. It was worth coming a long way to Newbigging House to see only the infinite grace of its staircase. The slim rail with its delicate balusters rose in an exquisite curve that was to be a fresh delight to the girls every time they came upon it, but for the moment now they gave it little more than a glance.

"Let's find the kitchen," Connie said; and, dropping more keys, she opened a door into a paved court upon which the kitchen was found to open.

Another dim room, broad, brick-floored, the windows screened by old trees; an open fireplace gaped beside the old-fashioned stove; a row of large bells nodded above the door they had entered; a long, roughly-made dresser was against one wall and the centre of the floor was empty. It all breathed that peculiar cheerless atmosphere of a room with empty stove and bare windows.

By sheer instinct Auntie Pat had found a chair. "There's tea in the square case," she said, and Marjorie went back to the verandah for it. When she returned Auntie Pat produced magically not only tea, but the little spirit-lamp, kettle, and cups they had often used on their travels, milk, sugar,

biscuits, chocolates, and a comforting assortment of provisions in tins.

The tea-drinking was commenced with undivided attention. It was so quiet that when the wind went through a loquat tree outside, its twigs made a faint scratching noise along the top of the wall. But before the cups were emptied the quietness was suddenly broken by the sound of footsteps and the grating of a lock.

"Hal!" said a voice the girls knew, and there advanced upon them through the outer gate a tall figure carried on boots that turned up at the toes: Mr. Peacock. And not Mr. Peacock alone; he was followed by a small girl.

Never had Auntie Pat received a visitor at such a disadvantage.

"Hal!" said Mr. Peacock almost genially. "Tea. Very nice. Alfresco. Very nice indeed. We are just in time. This is my granddaughter. Come along, Baby."

Baby came along and regarded her hostesses with a composed curiosity extremely hard to bear. She was about eleven years old, and except for a pair of small, keen grey eyes, gave one the impression of being all hair, legs, and teeth.

"How do you do?" she said. "I don't take any sugar, thank you; neither does grandfather."

The girls looked at each other: they had only one odd cup and a small blue bowl Marjorie had found in the courtyard.

"I'll just make sure my horse is securely tied," Mr. Peacock said, and melted through the gate again.

Baby stood where she was and critically inspected the scene like a stage-manager making sure nothing had been left out of a set.

"Are those chocolates hard ones?" she inquired at last; and when Auntie Pat, half in ingrained hospitality, half in relief, handed her the tin, she proceeded to investigate the contents with an eye that could plainly penetrate tin-foil.

At that moment the combined Newbigging feelings were those of desert-island castaways receiving their first visit from neighboring savages.

"Oh, Mr. Peacock, do you mind drinking out of a bowl instead of a cup?" Marjorie cried to their returning guest, and not heeding a flurried protest from Auntie Pat, she rinsed the bowl under the tap. It appeared nominally clean already and had apparently been lately set down beside the door and forgotten.

"You can imagine we have gone back to the old days when they did drink tea out of bowls," she said, passing it to the uninvited guest.

Baby accepted her cup in silence, having shrewdly watched Connie pour it out.

"I don't believe in afternoon-tea as a general rule," pronounced Mr. Peacock, making inroads on the biscuits. "There's far too much time wasted by you women over having unnecessary meals at all hours. You seem to have arrived ahead of your luggage: bad management. I came over this afternoon to look into one or two small matters and see if you had arrived."

"Thank you," said Connie. Mr. Peacock always made her feel hopelessly stupid. "You said something about an inventory before, but you didn't give it to us."

"No," said Mr. Peacock. "No; I didn't give it to you; that is right. Quite a nice cup of tea, if one can call it a cup—ha-ha!"

Baby, a half-eaten wafer in her hand, seemed to be gazing with interest at the closed hall-door, and Marjorie followed her eyes. A small white cat had slipped in from somewhere and was nosing about the cor-

ners. Something it expected to find there was evidently missing. It sniffed about the niche beside the door, looked at the company and mewed.

"Oh, what a sweet cat!" Connie cried; but Marjorie stared at the animal with a wild surmise, and the perspicacious Baby turned a malevolent grin upon her grandparent.

"That was the cat's saucer you drank your tea out of," she said. And for the edification of the Newbiggings she added with relish, "and he simply loathes cats!"

Marjorie was a sensitive girl, and at this point it seemed that the tea-party might get along better without her. She departed by the gate through which their visitor had entered, taking the cat with her, and the apologies she left behind her seemed to float in the air of the courtyard as though they were not weighted with enough sincerity to make them settle anywhere.

Through the trees at some distance she caught sight of a man who had been digging near the house earlier in the afternoon, and she decided to go and interview him.

He proved to be an elderly man in blue overalls, stooped but still plainly vigorous.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good evening," returned the man with the hoe, industriously chipping.

Marjorie was relieved; at least he would condescend to speak when spoken to, and he could not be less human than Mr. Peacock.

"Does this cat belong here?" she inquired, finding it harder than usual to open a conversation.

"It does," was the surprising answer, "but not with my consent."

"Oh," Marjorie said, rather taken aback. "Don't you like cats?"

"Being a gardener, I don't," said the man, as though answering an obviously foolish question.

For a moment the man's grey eyes seemed to deepen queerly. "I've been forty-one years planting the trees and shrubs round this place," he said. "Not all of them, of course, but a great many. Some were set with the house."

"I suppose you know the house well," Marjorie said eagerly. Now she might hear quite a lot of useful and interesting things.

"I've hardly set foot in it," said the gardener with disappointing finality, and resumed his chipping so close to her feet that she had to step back from the hoe.

"Was somebody feeding the cat before we came?" she inquired. "Perhaps if he has plenty to eat he won't want birds."

"There's a blue bowl outside the back door," said the man inevitably. "I been putting some porridge in it every morning and a drop of milk in the evening." He might disapprove of cats, but he was a humane man.

Marjorie bubbled over. "I just gave Mr. Peacock tea in that bowl," she told him.

"You ought to be more particular," rejoined the gardener, without any intentional humor. "Cats like their things kept to themselves."

As Marjorie turned to go, the gardener paused in his work again and said casually, "What about the goat?"

"The goat?" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"What goat?"

"Didn't you know there was a goat belonging here?"

"No, I certainly didn't."

"Well, there's a goat. I been milking it since there was no one else."

Marjorie bubbled over again. So there was still a goat at Newbigging House! It might be a survival of the Honorable Claude's once famed flock. What a joke! Well, Connie had approved of the Honorable Claude's fancy.

"You'd better see my sister about that," she told the man with the hoe. "She knows all about goats." And, having started this trouble for Connie, she retired to the house.

Here she found Connie starting out to explore the rooms upstairs; she was standing at the foot of the stairs, craning her neck upwards when Marjorie came in, and she seemed to have been fixed in that uncomfortable attitude for some time.

"If I knew the man who designed these stairs, I'd put flowers on his grave," she said without changing her attitude.

"I think he'd be better pleased if you put furniture-polish on his balusters," Marjorie retorted, and rubbed a small patch experimentally with her handkerchief. "Let us go up, anyway. It'll be dark soon, and we only have candies unless Auntie Pat has an electric-iron plant somewhere in a suitcase. Come on."

They went up, one behind the other, two incongruously modern figures in that Georgian setting.

Great four-poster beds of mahogany gloomed in the big square bedrooms, and in one a bed without posts, older and more graceful, that instantly caught the girls' eyes, for they knew the value of it. Dim pictures seemed to stare down on them as they prodded the counterpane mattresses with tentative fingers.

"How," demanded Marjorie, suddenly pointing to a dark glazed portrait of a woman in brown, and returning it stare for stare, "can a picture so out of drawing look so alive? Do you notice the way she's looking at us, too!"

She waved a mocking hand to the lady in brown and went downstairs again to tell Auntie Pat about the gardener.

It seemed that his maintenance came out of the estate, as well as that of a cleaning woman, one Mrs. Birch, who appeared mysteriously on the second day, evidently under orders from Mr. Peacock. He had given them no information at all about her, and very little about anything else. Auntie Pat wondered indeed what he had come for, his visit had been so unsatisfactory, particularly after the tea episode. There had been so much she had wanted to ask him, but somehow he seemed to have a thoroughly blighting effect on even the most justifiable curiosity. They were relieved to see Mrs. Birch, however.

Willing as Mrs. Birch was to answer questions though, the girls soon found to their disappointment that she knew little or nothing about Newbigging House.

The following day, in the full light of the morning, the girls explored the lower floor of the house thoroughly, leaving Auntie Pat to the company of the white cat in the courtyard, and taking Mrs. Birch with them.

"It will be just as well to get Mrs. Birch used to the place," Marjorie said. "She might have to take visitors over sometimes."

"But how can we explain things to Mrs. Birch or visitors either, when we don't know a thing about anything ourselves?" Connie complained.

"Oh, we'll find out as we go along," Marjorie declared confidently. "Mr. Peacock's going to give us a sort of history of everything when the spirit moves him, but in the meantime we need never be at a loss." And Connie knew, with amused dismay, that Marjorie never would be at a loss.

"The hall!" she announced now, throwing open the door. "Open the shutters, Mrs. Birch."

Rectangles of sunlight fell from the long windows.

"The floor is of inlaid marble and tile, brought from Italy. Two Italian workmen were brought out to lay it." This was possibly true, but whether Marjorie knew it for a fact, or whether she had only guessed it from seeing such floors in Italy, Connie would never know.

"Portrait of the Honorable Claude Percival Temple Newbigging. Nice eyes; weak chin."

"He hasn't a weak chin," protested Connie, who seemed to have appointed herself that long-dead gentleman's champion.

"Portrait of the Countess of Brackenfern wearing enamel earrings presented to her by Queen Charlotte."

"Dear me!" commented Mrs. Birch.

"Pair of duelling pistols forcibly taken from our ancestor by Governor King."

"Oh, Marjorie, I say!" Connie protested again; and Mrs. Birch, following some line of reasoning of her own, said, "Fancy; you wouldn't think he'd have had such things."

"They weren't his, to begin with," Marjorie further disclosed. "He'd only borrowed them. We pass on to a cavalry sabre, used by the Marquis of Antimacassar at the battle of Trafalgar."

This astounding assertion seemed to impress her hearers in different ways, but they both took it in silence, and Marjorie proceeded.

"Racing trophies won by the Honorable Claude Newbigging in Grand Prix Derby goat races, held at Parramatta between the years 1816 and 1894." She passed from the glass case containing these maligned treasures, and pointed out a large, battered water-bask. "This has quite a romantic history," she said. "It is the flask always carried by the Honorable Claude Newbigging as a protection against snake-bite. It was a parting gift full of French brandy from Lord Frederick Woods when he left England."

Connie choked.

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Birch, plainly affected by this story.

"That's a funny sort of overmantel," Mrs. Birch suggested next, gazing with interest at the heavy carving over the white marble mantelpiece.

"It's not an overmantel; it's a hatchment," Marjorie began quite truthfully. "They put it up over the door when you die."

"I see," said Mrs. Birch, who was hardly to be blamed for not seeing at all.

She inspected the carving as carefully as if she might be expected to copy it some day. "What's the carving on the top meant to be?" She indicated the emblem of a battered visor that surmounted the design.

"Broken coal-scuttle," declared Marjorie readily. "The founder of the family was Groom of the Royal Coal-cellar and Hereditary Coal-bearer to the King."

"Oh," said Mrs. Birch.

"The space left in the middle is for the coat-of-arms," went on Marjorie, dropping another fact into her extravagant sauce of fiction.

"And what would that be?" inquired Mrs. Birch.

"The Newbigging coat-of-arms," explained the incorrigible Marjorie, adding to her sauce with a lavish hand, "is a sable shield quartered with bars sinister and three Angora goats on a bend d'or."

Mrs. Birch, however, had now reached a point where this heraldic atrocity did not

impress her nearly as much as it might have done; and here, fortunately, they proceeded to the drawing-room, where Marjorie continued to act as guide with increasing disrespect to all her ancestors, their friends and connections.

The drawing-room wore a somewhat bleak and undressed aspect. Most of the furniture was heavy and not conspicuously beautiful, and the great pictures hung on the walls with strange disregard for position and spacing.

She went across to the great double doors that closed the way into the forbidden ballroom, and rattled the lock in vain.

"We'll get in some day," she promised.

"And here's another portrait of the Honorable Claude with the original family goat."

There indeed stood the bullock of the house, a quaint but somehow attractive figure, and the animal beside him was undoubtedly an aristocrat of goats, pure white with a black patch on top of its head.

"How sweet and romantic!" exclaimed Marjorie. "Our ancestor and Belinda's ancestor!"

"Who's Belinda?" Connie demanded.

"The last of the Angoras, darling; a treat in store for you."

"I WONDER," said Auntie Pat hopefully, "if there are any nice young men in this neighborhood."

She was sitting in the little courtyard, hemming tea towels not very expertly while Connie shelled peas and dropped them all over the floor. They were settling down into a rather unpractised domesticity under difficulties.

"Don't talk to me about men," Connie said with scorn, making a dive after a pea and upsetting a handful. "Mr. Peacock and Mr. Jacobsen are all the men I ever want to know." She clumped the basin onto the mint-tub. Mr. Peacock's behaviour lately had not been endearing, and Mr. Jacobsen was an ever-present thorn.

"I wouldn't think so hardly of poor Mr. Jacobsen," Auntie Pat said, still weakly defending her faithless trustee. "I had quite a nice letter from him this morning. But I was just thinking—I don't see what opportunities you girls will have in a place like this. I almost wish I'd let you marry that nice count in Florence now."

"He wouldn't have been a nice count long, once I'd married him," Connie returned cynically. And she had once been aggrieved for a week over Auntie Pat's hard-hearted attitude towards this fascinating foreigner!

"Don't lose your faith in human nature so young, my child," came Marjorie's mocking voice from the door. "What will you be like when you're thirty? Look what I've found! The Honorable Claude's Sunday-best goat-whip!"

She came down the steps into the court, a gay figure in red, waving a blackened whip, heavily mounted in tarnished gold.

"Riding-whip," said Connie, laughing.

"Too long."

"It is a long one. Let me look at it."

"I know; it's the whip he used for beating his convicts."

"Oh, you horrid girl!"

"Well, you know he had assigned servants, and you can see for yourself this place was convict-built; there's a broad arrow on the wall there, staring you in the face."

"I wish it wasn't," sensitive Auntie Pat said.

"And I suppose I will get used to it. But

I was wondering if there were any nice people living about the neighborhood."

"Young men," amended Connie, smiling.

"We can soon find out," Mrs. Birch. Come here a moment. We want to know if there are any young men in the neighborhood."

"Marjorie!" protested Auntie Pat automatically.

Mrs. Birch appeared forthwith at the kitchen door, with the pleasant prospect of enjoying herself thoroughly for the next few minutes.

"There's young Charlie Fortescue," she began without preamble: "he's a real nice young feller. He's engaged, but that's nothing. Then there's Mr. King-Bolton up at Beulah Park that's away in England. And them Fosters down on the creek; they say some of the people about turn their noses up at them, but they have the money just the same, and I always say you can do without a lot of things but you can't do without money. I had a cousin once—at least her mother's second husband was —"

Mrs. Birch's family reminiscences were often entertaining, but the girls were not interested in them just now.

"Who else is there about?" Marjorie interrupted.

"Oh, there's Mr. Tom Brooks has that nice place on the back road; he's married, but he's divorced. And Mr. Bagot, the new one that's just had old Mr. Aldershot's place left him."

Marjorie's interest quickened. "Mr. Bagot?" she exclaimed. "What is his first name? Do you know?"

"Mr. Clement Bagot I believe it is. But I don't know that he'd be much of a —"

But Marjorie interrupted her again. "What luck! What superlative luck! Connie, do you hear? It's Clement Bagot!"

"If you're reduced to such a longing for human society that you get all worked up over the thought of meeting Clement Bagot again, after all the things you used to say about him—" Connie began laughing.

"Idiot! It's the girls. If he's about somewhere, Nina and Angela will be there, too. They were perfectly gorgeous fun in Switzerland; you know they were. I've often been sorry since that we lost track of them."

"Well, you know, Connie, that young man —" Auntie Pat said thoughtfully, her plump little fingers still making slow, neat stitches in the tea-towel. "That young Mr. Bagot —"

"Pardon me," interrupted a masculine voice from the house-door. "We found no one in attendance at the front, so we came straight through. I hope that was all right —"

On the top of the steps stood a tall, masculine figure, very stiff and correct, with two very pretty and amused feminine faces trying to look past his shoulder into the court.

As Marjorie went over to them, Auntie Pat turned to Connie to murmur plaintively. "There you are! I'll never get used to this! It's dreadful the way they walk in on one! I can't take a bath here without fear and trembling!"

But Connie was not listening, and Marjorie was saying to the visitors, "How do you do, Mr. Bagot? What are you doing in this part of the world? Nina, is that you?"

One of the girls slipped under the surprised young man's elbow and ran down to catch Marjorie by the arm and give her a little shake. "It's you! Why, of all the — we never thought you Newbiggings might be these Newbiggings — oh, you know what I mean! What —"

"Nina!" protested her brother.

Auntie Pat had dropped the tea-towel in the mint-tub and risen to the occasion. "How nice!" she said. "How very nice! Of course I remember you quite well."

Marjorie had never so enjoyed taking anyone over the house, and the new issue of legends she invented for the occasion could not have been more warmly appreciated; but still Angela Bagot was not satisfied.

"You want a ghost," she complained. "It's mouldy without a ghost. You need one to keep the place alive."

"That's right," Marjorie agreed. "This house really ought to be full of ghosts. I'll look into it."

"Have one here before we come again, then," Angela ordered. "A good, authentic ghost. Come back into the drawing-room and I'll show you where I want to see it."

Back in the drawing-room, she surveyed the gallery from different angles. "It's ideal," she pronounced. "The audience can sit about where we are now, and the ghost can walk along the gallery and down those stairs at the end." She held her head on one side and stepped back, considering. "Yes; that would be best."

"Don't take any notice of her," said Nina. "She has a mannequin parade complex."

Marjorie suggested that they inspect all the portraits in the house again and decide which one should provide the apparition.

"Who are these?" Angela asked presently, pausing before a great picture of three comely young women in white satin with the conventional background of dark trees.

"The three beautiful daughters of the Honorable Claude," Marjorie answered quite truthfully. "They all went to England to be presented at Court, but their father sent them on different ships, so that if one ship was lost they would not all be drowned together."

"And that's the man you said had a weak chin!" Connie cried.

"What happened to them?" Angela wanted to know.

"One ran away with the captain of the ship she sailed in; one caught a chill at a ball and died; and one married a duke; and none of them came back any more."

"Why, they'll simply have to be my ghosts! The three of them, in their Court dresses."

"I told you it was a mannequin parade she wanted," Nina teased.

"Well," Auntie Pat said when they had gone, "I'm glad we'll have them near. They are quite jolly girls; I always liked them. And I liked Mr. Bagot, too. I was talking to him while you were looking at the pictures. I think it would take some time to really get to know him, though. His personality doesn't seem very warm at first."

"Warm!" exclaimed Connie. "It's about as warm as the facade of a bank!"

Never was there a man so attentive to a trust as Mr. Peacock. At all hours of the day and in all weathers he was likely to turn up at Newbigging House on some small errand of interference or no errand at all.

On a windy September morning Connie suddenly appeared from the verandah. "Good heavens! Here he is again! That's three times in a week. Which of us is he in love with?"

"Me!" returned Marjorie complacently. "He's not coming in this time, though. He's dropped someone at the gate and he's driving on. We're going to have a visit from Baby; cheer up!"

Sure enough, Baby's long legs were carrying her swiftly and purposefully up the drive.

She was hatless, and her long curls were tangled in the wind.

"Well," she announced at the steps, "here I am. Grandfather's calling back for me some time this evening. I say, what's an enfant terrible?"

"You," said Marjorie promptly.

"Uncomplimentary. I thought so," Baby had no illusions. "Mr. Bagot said it. We met him on the road. He said it to his sister. Some people seem to think you haven't got any hearing till you're grown up. Is your gardener deaf and dumb?"

"Sometimes."

"This must be one of the times, then."

She sat down on the edge of the verandah, dangling her legs, and fished anxiously in the pockets of her school blazer. "We have to write an essay for school," she said. "I'm writing mine about this house, so I thought I'd bring the first bit along to show you. When I've had another look round to-day I'll be able to finish it. Do you think this is a good beginning?" She produced a neat piece of paper and handed it to Connie.

The "essay" began: "Newbigging House is of genuine historic interest and not furnished with bedroom sweets and loungers like most modern homes. It has leg-irons, family portraits and swards and a number of other interesting relics of past grandure and the convict days. There are a great many rooms including a ballroom which is kept locked with white ants in the floor and a picture of a lady with no clothes on almost."

Connie had to smother her laughter. "Have you been in the ballroom?" she asked. It seemed hard that Baby should know more of this than they did themselves.

"Yes," said Baby calmly. "Grandfather brought me up here one day and I sneaked a look. I know where the key is; would you like me to lend it to you one day without telling grandfather?"

"Certainly not!" said Connie, and found the conspiratorial eyes of Baby turned meaningfully upon her.

"No?" that young lady answered with blatant hypocrisy, and Connie retired to the house almost discomfited. Mr. Peacock might be exasperating, but his granddaughter was positively demoralizing.

"I'm going to get into that ballroom before I'm much older," Marjorie said afterwards. "If I have to ask the old crocodile for the key point blank. Perhaps it's just as well it wasn't open to Angela though."

Angela was still demanding her ghost.

"It would add such distinction to the place," Angela argued.

"We're quite satisfied with what distinction we have," Auntie Pat said, "and I wish you wouldn't talk about such things in the evening. It would be all right in the morning, or if we had electric light—"

The girls laughed. They had been playing golf all the afternoon on a makeshift course at the back of the house, and now they were waiting for Clement, who had driven over to a neighbor's on an errand, to call back for them.

"Let's talk about clothes then," Angela suggested.

"Her only other interest!" Nina jibed; but they all settled themselves in Connie's room and embarked on the discussion with enthusiasm.

"What's that noise in the court-yard?" Auntie Pat asked presently.

"It's Belinda," said Nina, looking out of the window into the eaz moonlight. "She's trying to eat your tub-plants; I can see her."

"Oh, Marjorie, do go down and tie her up," Auntie Pat begged. "She'll spoil all my begonias."

Marjorie took a leisurely way down, to find that Belinda had discreetly retired, and she did not bother to look for her. Coming back she remembered an old cedar chest in the hall that contained two or three silk dresses of some forgotten great-grandmother. Connie and Auntie Pat had only seen them casually and the Bagot girls would be interested; here would be something to enliven their talk.

She dragged out a stiff grey moire and slipped it on. Its Empire lines fitted easily over her own straight little sleeveless frock; the square-cut neck came no lower than her own, and the small puffed sleeves slipped up her bare arms. Connie had dropped a green scarf on the floor near by, and with a few dexterous twists this became a turban to be fastened with a yellow rose from the buttonhole of Clement Bagot's coat which was hanging in the hall. Marjorie herself had given him the rose, so she felt no compunction about taking it back again. Now she was quaintly recostumed and rather pleased with what she could see of the effect in the dim mirror downstairs.

As she turned to go up, however, a noise came from the drawing-room, and she opened the door to discover the goat Belinda. Someone had neglected to close the double doors at the other end of the room, and Belinda had advanced till she was under the gallery and close to the door where Marjorie stood.

"Come out of that?" Marjorie hissed, and the unaccountable Belinda grew suddenly circumspect. She surveyed Marjorie almost sorrowfully, as though both her costume and her deportment were equally deplorable; and then she started from her shelter under the gallery and moved sedately off down the room towards the door by which she had entered.

Marjorie escorted her down the room and out of the glass door on to the verandah. She must tie her up now before she went back upstairs. But Belinda, out in the open, ceased to be demure and became again as capricious as any goat with ordinary ancestors.

When Marjorie returned to the house she had discarded the grey moire dress as being too hampering in a goat-chase, and thrown it in through one of the windows for safety; the green scarf was hanging somewhere on a bush, and Clement Bagot's rose had possibly been eaten by Belinda. Dishevelled and in her own character, she met the others at the door.

"That darn goat—" she began, but found herself confronting four agitated women who did not want to hear, only to be heard. They talked breathlessly against each other, like characters in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera; and, understanding a bit here and a bit there, Marjorie had it borne in upon her that Auntie Pat, Connie and the Bagot girls had seen a ghost. Two ghosts. There had been a rattling sound in the drawing-room and they had all gone on to the gallery to investigate it. The drawing-room had been quite bright with moonlight, and they had distinctly seen a woman's figure in a shimmering grey gown leading a goat just like the one in the picture out through the door at the end of the room. The woman had been about as tall as Marjorie herself but broader, and the goat had been considerably smaller than Belinda and with a black head. It was certainly not the procession of ghosts Angela had wanted but it was even more exciting on account of the goat.

"There you are! That's what you get

talking so much about ghosts," Marjorie said.

"We weren't! We'd forgotten all about them. We were talking about bathing-suits when we heard the noise," Nina declared, and Marjorie shrieked with laughter. Then she looked from Auntie Pat to the thrilled and trembling girls. How could she spoil it? It might be long before they saw another ghost.

"I'm glad I saw it," said Auntie Pat, and added rather illogically, "although I don't believe in ghosts. But I'm glad it was such a nice one."

"I was absolutely frozen to the spot," Angela confessed. "Whether you believe in ghosts or not, you seem to be just as surprised when you do see one. And I do believe in them. I read a book of Conan Doyle—"

"I thought that was all rot," Nina interposed; but the others were not so interested in ghosts in general just now; they returned to the woman in the grey Empire gown.

"It must have been Emily," said Marjorie, suddenly and shamelessly inspired with a new and scandalous and utterly untruthful story.

"Emily? Who was she?" Connie asked for them all.

"She was the Honorable Claude's niece, and she fell in love with a married man and nursed him after he was wounded at the battle of Waterloo. They sent her out here to get her away from him and he followed her out. There was a dreadful scandal about it."

"Here's Clement," said Nina suddenly, as footsteps sounded on the verandah, and the two of them flew twittering out.

It was Clement, as they had only half expected; and they were not quite so voluble over telling their story a second time. Marjorie kept perfectly silent and he looked at her with a quizzical smile. She might have been expected to have said so much.

"Why didn't you follow them and see where they went?" he asked as she had done.

This time Angela found some sort of an answer. "What would have been the use?" she said. "They'd have just faded away."

Again he smiled, this time at them all in turn. "I wonder," he said. It was plain to see how little he believed any of it.

The two girls gave him the story of Emily on the way home, but his only comment was, "I'd keep quiet about it if I were you."

This, of course, was equally beyond either of them. The Newbigging House ghost was established.

The following week two enterprising reporters descended upon the place and found Auntie Pat and Connie innocently willing to recount their amazing experience; but the bright young man who thought of getting perhaps an older story from the gardener, was disappointed; he discovered the man to be deaf and dumb.

Marjorie had not counted on the reporters. It was all the funnier, of course, but it made her a trifle uneasy. She was surprised that no one yet had thought of hunting up Emily's grave in the local church-yard.

Meanwhile the grey moire dress was hidden conveniently away.

Baby's essay started a regular invasion of schoolchildren. Several parties were brought by teachers who had much the same effect on Connie that Mr. Pencock had, but they did not upset Marjorie in the slightest. She would rush them gaily through the rooms, talking so fast that

they could never afterwards recollect a tenth of what she said, which might have been just as well; and they would go away afterwards with a vivid memory of the younger Miss Newbigging's personal charm, and a confused idea of having been galloped through some queer mix-up of Jose's "History of Australia," Georgian English squiredom, and an antique furniture exhibition.

Then the story of the ghost brought an embarrassing number of visitors, who went poking about into obscure corners and turning up suddenly in odd places till poor Auntie Pat was nearly distracted. The gardener was now a chronic deaf-mute.

One particularly heavy afternoon Mrs. Birch had to be called in as a cicerone; and presently Connie, having watched her own party depart with some thankfulness, paused at the hall-door to see how she was progressing.

Self-importance shone like a highlight on every angle of Mrs. Birch. She had armed herself with an ebony walking-stick belonging to Auntie Pat, and was using it as a pointer; and her audience, an elderly woman with a little boy and a young man in English tweeds, might have been representatives of some society of world-wide importance.

The hatchment claimed her attention as Connie watched. Up came the pointer, and with appalling clearness Mrs. Birch informed her audience: "This is what is called a hatchment. It's all carved out of one piece of wood. The place in the middle is for the coat-of-arms. The Newbigging coat-of-arms is three goats on a bender."

At this devastating announcement the woman and the little boy kept an uncomprehending gravity, but the young man seemed to struggle with some convulsive emotion. "What!" he exclaimed in a strangled voice.

"Three goats on a bender," repeated Mrs. Birch with pride, almost with defiance.

The stricken Connie leant against the doorpost and her choking laughter mingled with the young man's almost hysterical outburst.

Mrs. Birch, surprised and affronted, stared at them for a moment; then she evidently decided that it must be a private joke, having nothing to do with herself, and she moved off with the astonished elderly woman. The little boy, casting a whitful look at the two who seemed to have found some inexplicable amusement in a very boring place, followed slowly. Connie and the young man had it all to themselves.

He was an attractive young man, and when he finally got his features under control he vaguely reminded Connie of someone she had seen before. He tried to apologise.

"No; no," Connie said, her voice still unsteady. "It's we who should apologise for trusting you to such a guide."

"But she's invaluable!" he cried.

At last Marjorie came upon them still convulsed and demanded the reason.

"What did you tell that poor woman?" Connie asked her, knowing that Marjorie must have been originally responsible, though the final perfection of it was no doubt Mrs. Birch's. But Marjorie's memory here failed completely. She could only give their laughter a fresh start.

It was growing late, and with the exception of the young man in tweeds, the visitors had now departed.

"I say," he said, "would you mind if I came again to-morrow? I would like to see the place properly."

"Certainly," Connie responded. "There's no restriction on the number of times visitors come. The house is only supposed to be open in the afternoon, but if you are keen we might strain a point and show you

round to-morrow morning, when there will be nobody else. We really owe you something."

"That's awfully good of you," he said, but disclaimed the debt, laughing. Then he asked, as though he wanted to make sure of it, "You are Miss Newbigging, of course, aren't you?" And Connie having admitted this, he surprisingly shook hands with them and left smartly.

When he came back next morning, however, he was very interested, very courteous, and very nice to Auntie Pat. Connie presently began to suspect him of being an artist, he paid such an unusual amount of attention to the pictures, but Marjorie suggested that he was looking for a portrait of Emily.

"Have you a Lely, by any chance?" he asked once.

Connie shook her head and Marjorie said, "You will be wanting a Van Dyck next." But he seemed gravely disappointed.

"I had hoped there would be a Lely," he said. "In fact, I really believed there was a Lely. You're quite sure?"

"Positive. You are expecting too much," Connie told him.

"I should think so! Lelys indeed!" Marjorie thought. "What do you think this is? The National Portrait Gallery?" she inquired impudently.

He laughed and started to tell them stories of Peter Lely and the great ladies he had painted. A Chelsea vase was excused for more stories, and the girls were still being entertained when Auntie Pat came in and suggested that he stay to luncheon as it was already one o'clock.

It had taken Auntie Pat and the girls some time to find a room in all the rambling acreage of Newbigging House where they might breakfast comfortably, waiting upon themselves, till Connie had realised the possibilities of the old butler's pantry. It was cosy and conveniently situated, and surely no tourists would want to penetrate there.

Connie bought orange curtain-chints on which purple birds not far removed from the archæopteryx guarded fabulous yellow fruit on some prehistoric cactus; a small black oak refectory table and two benches, and a black porcelain bowl to fill with marmalade and nasturtiums completed the furnishing. The late Miss Jackson, viewing the breakfast alcove that resulted, would have flown for her smelling-salts; but Marjorie claimed that the stimulus of such surroundings, combined with the support of a substantial breakfast, was a necessary beginning to the day at Newbigging House.

Here, on a bright October morning, Auntie Pat was engaged in the unwonted exercise of putting her foot down. It was a very small and ineffectual foot, but she was putting it down as firmly as she could.

"Drink your coffee, darling; it's getting cold," Marjorie admonished her, quite untouched by the exhibition.

"I won't drink my coffee. I'm very much annoyed with you," Auntie Pat persisted. "And I really mean it. I won't have you running after a man the way you have been running after Clement Bagot lately. It's really dreadful. You'll have to stop it, Marjorie. I mean it."

"I've never once asked him here that he has not come," Marjorie protested.

"And he's never been here without being specially asked," Auntie Pat countered.

"But I've heard you make nasty remarks about young men who come without being asked, darling."

"That's different. He must know you ask him every time."

"Naturally: that's why he comes," Auntie Pat, a little confused, took a sip of the cooling coffee.

"And anyway," Marjorie pursued, "I'm doing it for Connie's sake. Didn't I tell you I was going to get Connie off this year?"

"Don't tell me you've been pursuing him on that account ever since," Connie laughed.

Here Auntie Pat, having finished her cold coffee, laughed, too. "Well, you leave it entirely to your subconscious mind in future," she enjoined. "And don't ask Clement Bagot here any more till he has come some time without being coerced."

Marjorie turned the argument suddenly and unexpectedly off at a tangent. "I think you're quite right, Auntie Pat," she said. "I don't see why I should have all the responsibility of getting Connie married. She might do something for herself. I seem to be expected to do everything for this family." And as though to give her strength for the imposed task, she helped herself to more toast and liberal marmalade.

Connie spluttered and dropped a knife. "He's coming this morning to fix the primus," Marjorie finished. "Have it ready, and don't keep him waiting."

Auntie Pat and Connie rose together and left her to the marmalade; angels could do no more.

It had always been a wonder to the girls that the conservative Clement should drive a rakish looking roadster in bright scarlet and black. They had come to the conclusion that Nina had bought it, and now Marjorie had a sudden impulse to settle the question.

"What possessed you, Clement Bagot, to buy a car like that?" she demanded flaily, as he drove up that morning.

"Don't you like it?" he asked gravely; and instantly it seemed to her that the shape, colour, and make of the Bagot car became a very serious matter.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, laughing.

Clement stood beside the questionable car and took stock of it with blue-grey eyes that expressed nothing.

"It's not like you," she said. "It doesn't seem to suit you. Too unconventional."

"Oh; am I conventional?"

"Do you think that car suits you?"

"I liked it."

It looked as if this brilliant conversation had suddenly flickered out. She was glad to see Connie come across the verandah. "Man to mend the primus, Con," she called.

But Connie, after greeting him cheerfully, took him round to the court-yard without loss of time, introduced him, with apologies, to the primus-stove, and there left him in spite of her grimaces of protest.

At least Connie had the grace to thank him when the job was finished; and Auntie Pat came out and they all had morning tea in the court-yard together, and recounted the gleeful story of Mr. Peacock and the cat's saucer. But hardly had the final laugh over this subsided when the gate opened without warning, as it had on that previous occasion, and Baby came upon them again, this time unaccompanied. Where she came from they did not bother to inquire, and in spite of Marjorie's efforts, as far as Connie and Clement Bagot were concerned, she broke up the party.

Marjorie was left to see him off. She

picked up his hat from the mint-tub and her eye fell on a dark blue leather wallet which must have fallen out of the pocket of his coat when he laid it there. With her hand outstretched toward it she smiled suddenly to herself and turned away. If Auntie Pat was so decided about his coming next time on an excuse of his own, let him come for the wallet and make sure.

"Here's your hat," she said sweetly. "That was all; wasn't it?"

With the tail of her eye she could see a blue leather corner among the mint. She hoped he might not miss it till the next day at least. So pleased was she over this childish piece of deceit that she walked about the garden with him for twenty minutes, talking guilelessly about roses, before she led him back to the rakish red car.

There he paused with his hand on the door and turned towards her. "There's a dinner being given to Colonel Evenett and his wife shortly. I don't know the exact date yet, but the girls will be in town at the time probably, and I was wondering if Connie might—"

A shrill voice cut him short, and Baby came flying down upon them with a swoop like a plover's. "Oh Mr. Bagot! Here's your wallet! You left it in the mint-tub and it's full of money! A burglar might have got it or the goat might have eaten it or something! And Mr. Bagot, could you give me a ride in your car as far as Foster's? Grandfather's there."

Marjorie was not quite as put out as she might have been. She retired to the house very satisfied with what must undoubtedly mean an invitation for Connie.

From babyhood, it seemed, the life of Marjorie Newbigging had been always active and frequently troubled; and the fact that most of her activities had been self-imposed, and her trouble invariably brought on by herself, did not make them any the easier.

Now there was the ghost business. She would hardly admit to herself that it had become an embarrassment, but it certainly occupied her thoughts a great deal.

There was no question at all about the ghost walking again. Marjorie felt that Emily now had a "public" to which she owed something, and, like most actresses who have achieved sudden recognition, she had a rather exaggerated idea of Emily's importance in the public eye. Emily simply must appear again shortly: it was expected of her. And Emily should appear.

The question remained then, on what occasion might Emily walk again, and who should have the privilege of seeing her? Marjorie was still debating this when, some weeks after the ghost's first appearance, Mr. Peacock arrived late one afternoon, and in his own delightful way elected to stay for dinner.

It was Mr. Peacock himself who introduced the subject of the Newbigging House ghost. For a man who refused to believe in ghosts, consigning all who did to the ranks of the mentally deficient, Mr. Peacock seemed to be unduly exercised over the affair. He made remarks which implied that nothing so unseemly as an apparition would have dared to show its nose within those sacred walls had the guardians of the house been all they should be. He made further remarks implying that no decent and circumspect women, having seen an apparition, would speak of it at all, and

least of all to newspaper reporters; and he concluded that there were no such things as ghosts in general, that there had never been a ghost at Newbigging House in particular, and that Auntie Pat, Connie, and the Bagot girls had never seen a ghost in their lives, nor were they ever likely to see one.

At this Auntie Pat and Connie smiled politely and unsmilingly, but Marjorie left the room quietly and went upstairs. By candle-light, with the moon shining in at the window, she donned again the dress of Emily, in front of the long glass in the room that might have been Emily's in that hazy period when she might have lived. Quickly and deftly she twisted the green crepe about her head again and fastened it with another yellow rose; then she smoothed down the stiff, grey, watermarked folds of the skirt and stood demurely in the soft radiance of the two lights, the moon behind her and the candles in front. Now she saw Emily herself for the first time.

Out in the dark hall she had to feel her way along with fingers touching the wall to the turn above the stairs where the landing window let in a pale effulgence of light; then softly and slowly she stepped down the lovely stairs, a slim, silver figure. It was not a picture quite wasted; Marjorie herself knew, and appreciated, just how she appeared.

The house was perfectly quiet; no voices. Each slow step completed was a long and interesting journey, but she was not too absorbed to be cautious; as she stole down she was ready to take alarm at the least sound and turn her head from the least suspicion of observation. She had almost forgotten now that Emily was to be seen at all, or that Mr. Peacock was to receive the fright of his life—if not of his death! She slipped unseen past the door of the occupied library, head carefully averted, and entered the drawing-room again under the gallery. No Belinda awaited her.

Half-way down the room she stood hesitant. The grandfather clock outside the door struck eight, musical and wheezy; and a sound, faint, but unmistakable, came from the other side of her. There could be nobody there who had not passed her in crossing the room; the only door on that side was that of the locked and unused ball-room. It could only be a rat, a mouse, or—Belinda!

Marjorie turned swiftly, and her eyes rose in astonishment to meet eyes no less startled, eyes bewilderingly familiar as those of the nameless young man in tweeds whom she and Connie had laughingly called "Mr. X" the week before; eyes strangely more familiar, it seemed, than his. For a sickening instant that familiarity was with her. Still staring, she went through an unpleasant struggle with some abortive memory and came out of it again.

It seemed in the dim light that a flicker of keen annoyance passed over his face. He backed against the ballroom door as though he might hope to back through it, and waited for her to speak.

It did not even occur to Marjorie that she might try to sustain the character of the ghost before him. "H—how did you get in?" she demanded, not too loudly.

Mr. X, without moving, seemed to recover himself suddenly and completely.

"I gather that this is one of the occasions when the Newbigging House ghost finds it expedient," he remarked pleasantly.

It was a tactless remark. Marjorie became furious.

"Oh!" she began, not knowing herself how she was to go on.

Mr. X was smiling gently; his mind had been quicker than her own. And so they stood there, gazing at each other.

Marjorie was in a quandary. Mr. X was silent, offering no excuse for his presence plainly because he had none. He was probably busy fabricating one while she hesitated.

Mr. X was finding his excuse at last. "I don't know what you must think of me," he began, "it almost seems as if I had broken in. Will you believe me if I tell you my intentions were quite honest? I really didn't think of coming to the house at all to-night, when I started out. A couple of days ago, when I was talking to your gardener down on the road, I promised to give him a book I had, and I just brought it along, not intending to go any farther. But when I passed the house I noticed the door open, and it suddenly occurred to me that the ghost would probably be abroad to-night, so I slipped in without stopping to think that after all Newbigging House wasn't open to the general public at all hours. I feel like a burglar. I do hope you'll forgive me."

He was an attractive young man, and he did remind Marjorie of someone else. A lingering preoccupation over this helped to cool her anger. She began to think more clearly.

"You don't expect that ghost you mention to be on view every night?" she suggested.

"Rather not. But this is the sort of night it was advertised to walk, you know. One of the papers gave quite a definite programme, in fact. And you see, I was right." He finished with the smile a little plainer, and under its influence Marjorie almost smiled in response.

"Our ghost does not walk merely as advertised," she said. "No ghost does. You ought to know that if you have taken any interest in ghosts at all."

"Oh, I see. You're just deprecating."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was trying to give Mr. Peacock a fright," Marjorie confessed.

This disclosure seemed to be neither very necessary nor very discreet under the circumstances, but the idea appeared to please Mr. X. His smile broadened. "I met the old gentleman once," he said, as though this were quite a relevant answer.

"So there you have it," Marjorie said finally. They seemed to be both getting out of this very well.

"And I hope you have every success," Mr. X returned sportingly. Then he added with some significance, "I promise not to disturb the old gentleman, particularly as I am not likely to be brought into contact with him again."

"Oh," Marjorie said, looking at him across the moonlight.

"Good night," he finished. "Thank you for being so nice about this trespass. Some day I hope to see your ghost—in the spirit, shall we say?"

He had the temerity to offer his hand and she found herself taking it. As their fingers met there was the sound of a door opening close by, and Marjorie fled inconspicuously down the room and out into the verandah, still holding his hand and dragging him, more than willing, with her.

"Good-night," he said when they had recovered their breath. "And thank you. And good luck if you meet Mr. P." He raised his hand in a little gesture of farewell and melted into the shadows.

She decided now that she had had enough for one night. Mr. Peacock might be allowed to depart in peace as far as she was

concerned. In fact, the fear of being seen was still upon her. She was standing in an angle of the house formed by part of the side wall of the drawing-room and the front wall of the ballroom. By going round the ballroom towards the back of the house she would come to the gate into the courtyard, and it would be easy enough to get safe access into the house and upstairs that way. The adventure was not ending so badly.

She slipped round the corner of the ballroom and went slowly down the brick path, looking up at the aggravating shuttered windows above her head. Impossible to get even a glimpse into the room through one of them. On the ground-level she passed two small windows of opaque cobwebby green glass barred with heavy iron; these belonged to the inner portion of the wine-cellar, built under the ballroom and locked off from the main part. The girls had never had any curiosity concerning this uninviting dungeon, or any desire to penetrate beyond the first half of the cellar, which was musty-smelling and full of spiders, innocent of wine for many a long day. "When our fortunes recover, we'll shock it again, just for the honor of the house," Connie had said.

Now the outer door, half-open, gloomed in the wall, and Marjorie picked up her skirts and ran past it with a little imaginary shudder over she knew not what. She found the courtyard door locked against her, which was rather disquieting. It meant that she must either make a complete circuit of the house or return by the way she had come and find an entrance again by the drawing-room door.

Marjorie was not at all times imperturbable. There had been no diverting sense of fun in this evening's employment. Her heart began to beat much faster at the discovery of the locked door, and in sudden trepidation she drew back past the cellar and sped along the dark path beneath the ballroom windows. Something creaked harshly above her head as she passed, and, arrested in her flight, she glanced up fearfully and saw a shutter, barred on the inside ever since their advent, swing slowly open and partly close again. There was no mistaking the movement, close above her head as it was, even on that shadowed side of the house; yet there had been no storm lately to shake the shutter from its fastenings, and not so long ago, in a fit of ungovernable curiosity, she had climbed up on a ladder and unsuccessfully tried to open it herself.

It was altogether incomprehensible; the night seemed full of queer happenings. Certainly she would tell Connie about this; it had nothing to do with Mr. X, at any rate. Or had it? Still speculating, she gained the front of the house, which lay partly in the moonlight and partly in darkness.

As people on occasion run heedlessly under tram, she took several steps past the verandah and might have continued until she ran right into discovery. Connie was standing at the bottom of the steps; her head was turned away and her attention fortunately directed up the drive toward the gate. She had an electric torch in her hand, and when Marjorie was only a few feet from her she carelessly turned it on so that the light glared straight into Marjorie's eyes. It was this that saved her from betraying herself. Shocked and momentarily half-blinded, she spun round and fled in panic among the black shadows of the camellias.

The grey dress brushed the stiff foliage

of the trees as she ran; and in the densest part of the thicket, with both her hands employed in holding up the hampering skirt from her flying feet, she ran straight into a man. So little did his body give to the impact that he must have deliberately stepped forward to meet her, his eyes more keen in the darkness than her own. Instantly his arms closed about her, pinioning her helplessly. In the shocked instant before she tried to wrench herself free she had a warm consciousness of the feel of rough tweed under her cheek. Then she jerked her head back, partly to be rid of this feel and partly in an endeavor to see her captor's face; and without hesitation he kissed her, only once, but very thoroughly.

"Oh!" Marjorie gasped. "Oh!" And then the arms were loosened suddenly and she found herself standing there under the camellia trees, unbelievably alone. She could hardly realise what had happened; and for a minute she was as apprehensive of running as she was of staying where she was. The camellias seemed a tremendous distance from anywhere till she caught a flash from Connie's careless torch again. It was somehow reassuring, but it meant that she might not venture back yet. Another minute went by, and as she took a step forward the torch glimmered again. Bother Connie! Was she going to spend the whole night standing on those steps flashing a torch? But at last, stealing cautiously from her shelter, she saw Connie take a leisurely way down the drive, swinging the unlighted torch in one hand and what might have been a flower-pot in the other. There was not a sound, not even the rustle of any other presence in the whole garden. Clouds were coming over the moon. Marjorie ran recklessly in through the drawing-room and up the stairs. She lit the candles in her room with unsteady fingers, and the figure of Emily, completely forgotten, met her in the glass.

"This," she said, "is where a man would have a whisky and soda!"

THE library at Newbigging House was not in any way a pleasant room; it contained none of the cosy, bookish, leather-cushioned features usually associated with a library, and Auntie Pat and the girls cordially hated it. But for some cross-grained reason Mr. Peacock always insisted on being entertained there; as though, Marjorie said, his company was not enough to put up with in any room.

On the night that the ghost had been raised for his benefit and then had found other diversions, Mr. Peacock sat on the most comely chair and droned monotonously about land acts, while Auntie Pat suffered him in patience. Connie, embroidering a tea-cloth, poked her needle into the linen each time with the earnest wish that the fabric were their visitor's skin, and kept her eyes on her work.

Suddenly she decided she could tolerate the atmosphere no longer. With quick fingers she folded up her work. She would not spend a whole evening like this in the library with two skeletons, one of them droning. If she could find nothing better to do, she would go and look for snails in the garden.

She left the library without apology, feeling the cold, indignant glare of Mr. Peacock's eyes upon her back as she went. Outside, she stood on the verandah and took a long, comforting look at the night.

She turned her mind resolutely from sentimentalising to snails and started off in

the direction of the gate to a bed of asters she had planted out the week before.

Coming within sight of it, she was surprised to see two small lights already bobbing about there close to the ground. Evidently, she had been forestalled and the gardener was on the same mission. The second light suggested that Marjorie, who had not been in evidence at the house for some time, had been taken with one of her eccentric fits of gardening as well. Mr. Peacock always had the effect of driving one out of doors.

Connie rounded a holly bush and came upon them. There, sure enough, was the gardener, hunting with his nose almost as close to the earth as a terrier's, but his assistant was not Marjorie; it was a young man whose stooping figure strangely reminded her of their nameless visitor of the week before. Kneeling unprofessionally on the grass border, he picked a fat, whitish slug from the under-side of a leaf and gingerly deposited it in a jam-tin.

"Nine," he said in a tone of pleased accomplishment. It was Mr. X!

Connie might have discreetly retired here, but she dropped the flower-pot she was carrying and it rolled close to his hand.

He looked up, recognised her, and jumped to his feet, greeting her as easily as though there might be nothing questionable in his presence there at such a time.

"And what—" began Connie, not too plainly demanding his excuses.

"The pass-word," he said, "is 'Three goats on a bender!'" and he smiled disarmingly.

The gardener moved on to the next bed.

"Are you really snailing, though?" Connie asked, laughing but still surprised.

"I am. It's a fascinating sport, but I'm a bit doubtful yet about what is good form and so forth. Perhaps you could help me. Is it quite ethical to capture a sitting snail?"

"Good," Connie returned.

With finger and thumb she removed a large snail from a small plant and dropped it into the tin.

"May I continue?" he asked. "Thank you. If you stick to the snails then, I'll deal with the slugs."

They started off in absurd competition, talking in fragmentary fashion as the lights went bobbing down the long bed, and all the time Connie's mind was widely abstracted. She was dying to say: "Who are you and what are you doing in this neighborhood?" and several times she nearly did say it.

"It looks as if we had made a clean sweep now," Connie said at last. He helped her up lightly and they walked on to the drive, where, for a moment, they stood and regarded each other in the moonlight with a sort of mutual doubt and expectation.

Presently they laughed to see that he was still carrying the tin of snails, and he set it on top of the gate-post with a piece of light wood as a cover.

"Now I must go," Connie said. "Mr. Peacock is up at the house and he will want some supper. Would you care to come back with me and have a cup of coffee, too?"

Mr. X declined. He seemed reluctant about it, but firm; though time could not have been his excuse, because he appeared to be in no actual hurry to depart.

Connie lingered another moment. There was little temptation to leave a nice, if nameless, young man in a moonlit garden for the society of the old gentleman in the skeleton-furnished library.

"Do you know what I always imagine coming up this drive in the moonlight?" she said. "White peacocks. I love white peacocks."

She turned and gazed up the winding, gravelled sweep bordered by dim flowers, as she saw the lovely birds again in her mind's eye; and Mr. X said, "Sorry; but I think this is a black one coming."

Sure enough, there hove in sight the late Miss Jackson's faithful trustee, driving the decrepit horse and sulky with all the peculiar dignity of a tenth-rate Victorian tragedian.

"Good-night, Mr. Peacock," Connie said, never so cordial as in seeing him depart; and Mr. X politely made a move to open the gates.

But Mr. Peacock returned no cordiality. He glared at Mr. X and demanded, "What are you doing here at this hour of the night, I'd like to know? Were you invited?"

"I'm sorry," replied Mr. X, still tactfully moving off; "I—"

Mr. Peacock turned upon Connie. "Was this young man invited here?" he demanded of her now. "What is he doing here?"

"Oh, it's quite all right, Mr. Peacock," Connie began uncomfortably.

"Do you know anything about this young man?" he inquired frantically.

Connie did not answer, and dropped her torch, smashing the bulb on a stone, which increased her annoyance.

"I thought not," Mr. Peacock answered himself. "I might tell you that he came to me a month or so ago with some cock-and-bull story that made me very suspicious—that would have made anybody suspicious—and he's been poking about the neighborhood ever since, for no apparent reason. And to crown it all, he says his name's Smith."

Connie might have laughed here. "Well?" she said.

"Smith!" echoed Mr. Peacock. "Smith! Smith!" in varying tones of contempt. "Would you believe a man like that if he told you his name was Smith? But of course you would! Of course you do! You women will believe anything!"

Remembering Connie's sex, he apparently gave her up as hopeless, and gathered the reins together.

The old horse lumbered hastily forward; one axle bumped heavily against the unstable gate-post; and an open tin containing approximately two pounds of snails descended upon Mr. Peacock's uncovered head.

Marjorie, trying hard to stop thinking and go to sleep, remembered that the household would have to be up early in the morning. Clement Bagot was going up to the mountains on some business of his own, and he was to take Auntie Pat with him, so that she might have a look at her cottage at Woodford.

After a while she began to puzzle all over again about the evening before, and presently her whole mind was seething with indignation over Mr. X. She had now no doubt at all about her second encounter with him, although the man who had kissed her had seemed taller, somehow, and it had been quite impossible to actually recognise him.

Marjorie was hot all over. She sat up impatiently, while doubts and suspicions flew about her head like mosquitoes. At last she got up altogether, put on her slippers, and found a torch. Then she stole down the stairs again and crept fearfully back into the drawing-room.

And the key was in the hall-room door.

Marjorie seemed to have spent the greater part of this preposterous night in running away from things: now she ran from the

sight of that mysterious ballroom door and did not even pause till she had burrowed again into the familiar sanctuary of the dark four-poster upstairs.

It was three o'clock in the morning now, and raining hard; and the night had begun in moonlight a month or so ago.

She woke at six o'clock to a world all wet and sunny and perfectly normal. There was Connie, in a coral-colored dress, handing her tea in a pale yellow cup with only a little spilt in the saucer; the white cat groomed its tail in the doorway; across the hall Auntie Pat moved about her room, getting ready for her trip to Woodford with Clement Bagot: a most ordinary morning.

"Did you hear any noises last night?" she inquired cautiously. "Any—any noises—or anything like that?"

"This place is always full of noises," Connie returned easily. "Perhaps Emily was taking a stroll again. I wish she'd come along every night and show her interest in the place by arranging the flowers or doing something useful."

"Yes," Marjorie said, "and wouldn't you get a nice fright if you went out one morning and found the kitchen fire alight, or something like that?"

"Auntie Pat told me she thought she caught a glimpse of her last night running up the stairs, but I told her it was only imagination."

"Of course," agreed Marjorie quickly.

Once downstairs, and brave by daylight, she found herself itching to get Auntie Pat out of the way, and Connie, too, so that she might penetrate the mysteries behind the ballroom door undisturbed; but she was kept busy until Clement Bagot arrived in the questionable red car.

"I feel like having a lary time while Auntie Pat's away," Connie said when they had departed. "Thank goodness it isn't a visitors' day." She looked across the slope of the garden where the trees hung heavy with rain, and there, taking a short cut towards the house from the road, her long legs mounting swiftly and steadily came Baby. Baby, at this hour of the morning! Of course she had been staying overnight somewhere in the neighborhood: she had a well-practised genius for insinuating herself into people's hospitality.

"Will you oblige with a word?" Connie groaned, turning as she thought to Marjorie; but Marjorie, unbubbling as usual, was gone, and she could only drop the rose-shears she was holding. They fell with a sympathetic clatter.

Baby greeted Connie with her usual self-possession, but she looked preoccupied. She wiped the mud carefully off her shoes, fidgeted, wiped them again quite unnecessarily, and said, "Can I go inside and see Marjorie?"

"Yes; run along," Connie said, glad to pass her on to anybody; and no sooner had Baby's legs carried her swiftly off the scene than further calamity appeared: Mr. Peacock, ambulating round the corner with mud on the cuffs of his trousers and the frayed old sulky whip in his hand.

"Good heav—good-morning!" Connie exclaimed weakly. "You're out early, Mr. Peacock. Is anything the matter?"

"There's been a burglary," the old gentleman announced, with the nearest approach to enjoyment that he ever evinced. "A big burglary up at Broxmay." Broxmay was the largest boarding-house in the district. "I always said there'd be trouble there some day, the loose way that place is run. Where's your aunt?"

"She's gone to Woodford," Connie said. "Did you want her?"

"Of course I wanted her. What else do you think I came here for?" I want to warn her. The man's escaped. He is supposed to have come in this direction. Of course, your aunt must go away just when the place needs protection. I never did think this place had sufficient protection. Where's the gardener?"

"Ploughing up the vegetable garden, I think."

"Then go and tell him not on any account to go any distance from the house, and to keep his eyes open all the time for any stranger who comes about at all. Then you can come back quickly and make me a cup of coffee. I didn't wait for any breakfast. It's taken me over an hour and a half to get here in this mud. Fortunately, I was staying the night with my son."

"Don't wait for me, then," Connie said. "Go straight inside and ask Marjorie to give you some breakfast. I'll go and tell the gardener."

Connie took a short cut to the vegetable garden where the man with the hoe had promoted himself to a plough for the day.

"Ground's too sticky," he observed, as she came up, looking at the first results of his labour with dissatisfaction. "I'll have to stop till it dries up a bit. I'm sorry I got the horses this week at all."

"Whose horses are they?" Connie wanted to know.

"Andrews'. Hired 'em. It might rain again or it might not."

"I believe you're right," Connie returned seriously. "Mr. Peacock has just come."

"I saw him."

"He said to tell you there has been a big robbery over at Brookway. I don't know any details. I suppose it happened last night. But the thief is supposed to have escaped in this direction, so Mr. Peacock wishes you to keep a close watch about the place to-day for any suspicious characters."

"The old man's only trying to scare you," answered the gardener surprisingly. "The police are after the man in the opposite direction. He'd be a good way off by now, Sydney, most likely. It happened at tea-time last night, when the boarders was having their dinner."

"Why, you know all about it, then?"

"Yes. Heard over at Andrews' when I went for the horses. Don't you bother about no burglars. There's nothing here a burglar'd want, any how; burglars don't go round stealing antinaccars and skeletons and them kind of things. This feller only took money and jewellery, mostly belonging to a boarder named Jacobsen and his sister." The gardener contemplated a ruffled kookaburra that looked back at him shrewdly from a nearby tree.

"Jacobsen?" exclaimed Connie.

"Mr. Percy Jacobsen, from Sydney. He plays the violin."

The kookaburra broke into startling, ribald laughter.

"Oh!" gasped Connie. Here was retribution overtaking Auntie Pat's trustee!

If Marjorie had been a little quicker in getting Mr. Peacock's coffee that gentleman would have had no excuse for taking a stroll round the house while he waited, and lots of subsequent events would never have transpired. However, the coffee was not ready immediately, and Mr. Peacock took his stroll.

Having gone straight through the house from the front door to the court-yard, he let himself out of the court-yard door at the

side, and made his sedate way up the side of the house along that path Marjorie had taken in such agitation the night before. Mr. Peacock stood a moment and surveyed the garden systematically, beginning at a point somewhat to his left and working round; it is possible that even while one eye was appreciating the beauties of nature, the other was cocked for burglars. His survey reached a spot directly opposite the front door, and there both eyes became riveted on an object that must have been at once an outrage and a triumph—Mr. X.

There could not have been a presence more flagrantly suspicious at Newbigging House this morning than that of the young man he confronted.

The charming manners of Mr. X did not seem so evident this morning. He almost snarled and said nothing. And suddenly Mr. Peacock greeted him with an amazing inquiry.

"Did you want to see me?" he asked.

At this the scowl seemed to melt from Mr. X's face, and for a moment he appeared to be struggling with the desire to make several replies at once, even while he thought better of them; but he said nothing.

Mr. Peacock was at no loss, though. "You had better step round here," he said, and indicated the side of the house.

"But—" began Mr. X, with plain reluctance, and glanced at the front door.

"Will you come and hear what I have to say before one of the young ladies comes out and finds you?" demanded Mr. Peacock.

For a moment the intruder looked thoroughly uninterested in anything Mr. Peacock might have to say, and not at all unwilling to be found by one of the young ladies; but perhaps he changed his mind in consideration of being found in his present company, for he turned and followed Mr. Peacock away from the front of the house and nearly down the full length of the path at the side.

At the door of the wine-cellar Mr. Peacock halted.

"I don't know—" began Mr. X, now with some impatience, but Mr. Peacock interrupted, looking through the carnellia-trees over his shoulder.

"Here comes Miss Marjorie," he said inexplicably. "Just step in here a moment." And he opened the uninviting door of the cellar.

"Why—" Mr. X indignantly protested. "I can't understand, sir—"

"Quickly!" interjected Mr. Peacock, and laid a bony, propelling hand on his shoulder. It was a legal push, not a blow; Mr. Peacock knew the difference. But it served to topple the backward glancing and unprepared young man down five worn and slippery stone steps. Mr. Peacock closed the door with expedition, and using both hands, managed to turn the key on the outside.

Mr. Peacock, reassuring himself that a push is not a legal assault, in case there should be any doubt that he had captured the right man, returned to the house and drank his coffee as one who had earned it. And so early in the morning too! He was pleased with himself. He could even afford to be quite good-humored with Marjorie. He made a little joke and another one and grew more pleased with himself still; but he did not linger unduly over the meal; there was business afoot.

As he rose, Connie came in, and he announced to them both: "I have every reason to believe that the burglar I told you of

is no longer at large, so you need have no fear. I am now going to walk across the paddocks to the Cummins place to ring up the police. While I am away, remember that I strictly forbid you to go near the wine-cellar, or allow anyone else to do so. Do you understand that? When I return I shall explain to you what I have done. Do you understand?"

They did not, but Mr. Peacock stalked forth and left them in their perplexity.

"What on earth was he talking about?" Connie said. "Anyone would think he had the burglar locked up in the wine-cellar."

"Perhaps he had," Marjorie began with a laugh; but she suddenly looked thoughtful.

"Where's Baby?" she asked petulantly. "You'd better find her and tell her to keep away from the place. It would be just like her to take a fit in her head to go and explore the cellars or something. Get her to go home, if you can."

Marjorie had no wish to interview Baby, wherever she was. "You look after her while I see if Mrs. Birch is coming," she said; and had only just left the room by one door when Baby herself came running in by the other.

Baby always seemed to grow more angular with excitement; now her very elbows stuck out aggressively from the sides of her blue tunic.

"The burglar's in the drawing-room," she announced at once positive and elated. "Come and help me catch him, quick!"

"Nonsense!" said Connie.

"Come on!" Baby urged.

"But how do you know he is the burglar?"

"He must be! There's mud all over his clothes, and he had that picture of your Auntie Pat in his hand. Come on, quick!"

"Quick!" she reiterated, as Connie did no more than pause again uncertainly and drop several articles she was holding.

"Quick!" Baby stood before her flapping both hands from the wrists as though the wind they raised might set her in motion since her own volition seemed to have failed.

Certainly no strange man had any right to be in the drawing-room like that. Connie started forward suddenly and called, "Marjorie!" at the door; but the most nimble brain of the family was well out of ear-shot, and she ran up the hall with Baby, satisfied at last, behind her.

The intruder stood in front of the mantelpiece, still with Auntie Pat's miniature in his hand. In fact, he seemed in the very act of slipping it into his coat pocket! Evidently the gold frame of the little picture had caught the intruder's professional eye; another moment and he might have found his way out again, miniature and all.

"Yes?" Connie said sharply.

He put the picture hurriedly back on the mantelpiece and looked at her uncomfortably. "You are Miss Newbigging?" he inquired nervously.

"Yes," Connie admitted in a tone of voice all the colder for being so seldom used.

Already nervous, he seemed to become immediately aware of hostility. "You may have heard of the occurrence at the boarding-house last night," he began quickly to explain. "I came to see—I hope—you've never seen me before, of course—"

The critical observation Connie turned on him now seemed well calculated to make up for this omission. He was a slim, elderly-youthful looking man with shabby fair hair, faded blue eyes, odd lines in his shoes, and coat-pockets that sagged almost

as badly as Mr. Peacock's. There was mud on his shoes. He needed a shave.

"Perhaps—" he went on; then Connie's look seemed to disconcert him altogether. He threw out a deprecating hand and displayed under his cuff a woman's tiny platinum wrist-watch studded with diamonds.

He was the burglar!

"My name is Jacobson," he said next; and at this astounding assertion Connie's look took on all sorts of new expressions. That he could think for a moment of impersonating Auntie Pat's trustee! The man was mad!

"You've never seen me before, of course," he announced nervously; and Connie broke in: "No; but I know all about—" She had meant to say "the robbery," but changed her mind. It might be wiser to say very little yet about what she did know.

She was about to finish the sentence non-committally, but had apparently said too much already, for he suddenly and surprisingly burst out: "I know you must regard me as little better than a robber. (Little better, indeed!) But I could do nothing else; I was terribly worried—everything was in such a state—no money anywhere—nothing to be borrowed—I really couldn't do anything—" He threw out his hand again, evidently quite unconscious of the diamonds twinkling on his wrist. He had lost his head altogether, one minute trying to take the identity of the man he had robbed, the next practically confessing the robbery. Only a novice in crime would act in this manner.

Connie looked at him with something like compunction; he had nice eyes, and circumstances must have driven him to this.

Her command of the situation had entirely gone with the man's abrupt pleading, and the fool himself had not even the sense to walk out of the house and away. The whole affair fell into the wickedly capable hands of Baby.

"Do you think I might ask Mr. Jacobson to open that shutter that sticks?" she inquired of Connie in a prim little voice. "It sticks so tight a man will have to try. I couldn't open it at all."

"Nonsense!" Connie said hurriedly; but the man seemed to greet the suggestion as a relief.

"I'd only be—" he began.

"But—" Connie protested. Oh, where was Marjorie! She picked up a small brass ash-tray from a table and dropped it on the floor. The burglar picked it up and handed it to her and she promptly dropped it again. He picked it up a second time and handed it to Baby.

"If you don't mind," said Baby politely. "Thank you. It's the rain that's made it stick. It's in here." And before Connie's astonished eyes she walked across to the ballroom door, turned the key in the lock, and swung the door wide open.

The burglar followed her through it. Connie saw faint lines of light showing across the shadowy room and the man going obediently across to where Baby pointed out the farthest shutter. Then, before she could say a word, Baby beat a masterly retreat, closed the ballroom door from the outside as expeditiously as her grandfather had closed that of the wine-cellar, and turned the key again.

"There," she said in a tone of self-congratulation. "Grandfather'll think that was pretty clever. Grandfather says the thing in an emergency is to keep your head." The last sentence seemed to suggest that there were people who did not.

Connie recovered herself. "The thing for you to do in an emergency," she said

severely, "is for you to mind your own business. Now, you go straight back to where you came from and don't come here again to-day. If your grandfather finds you when he gets back he won't think you're clever at all." And the surprising authority of this command carried Baby almost as far as the gate, where she debouched upon a patch of unmown grass and bided her time behind the hedge, in contemplative enjoyment of her own cleverness.

Connie stood dismayed in the drawing-room. If only she dared unlock that ballroom door! Her only hope was that, if he had managed to escape from the wine-cellar, he might manage to escape from the ballroom. Perhaps he was cleverer than she thought. And with Baby safely out of the way she went to inspect the wine-cellar.

Coming within sight of that dungeon, she not only saw the door seemingly closed, but Belinda on guard outside. Here was a new perplexity. Had the man in the ballroom been Mr. Peacock's prisoner after all? He certainly might have closed the door of the cellar after he got out, but how had he got out? She approached nervously and stood beside Belinda at the door.

There was silence from within for a moment. Then a voice demanded with a perfect passion of exasperation, "What the devil are you doing?"

Belinda, presumably thinking the inquiry to be addressed to herself, left the door and raised herself on her hind legs against the window, peering at the dark, iron-protected glass. But Connie stood more astonished than ever: there was more than a suspicion of familiarity in the voice.

"How did you manage to let yourself be put in here?" Connie demanded when the door was opened, not knowing whether to laugh or not.

Mr. X told her with admirable restraint. "And I have to be in the city this afternoon," he finished.

"Is your holiday over?" Connie asked experimentally.

"No; I expect to come back. But I have to go down to-day to keep a business appointment. I don't like the idea of walking back to Andrews' on this ankle. They were going to drive me to the station. I wonder—"

Connie almost welcomed this difficulty. It was practical and comprehensible, something she felt capable of managing at last.

"I'll borrow Mr. Peacock's sulky," Connie said, "and drive you either back to Andrews' or to the station. If you took it yourself you'd be in worse trouble with Mr. Peacock than ever, but he can't say much to me. And someone will have to bring it back again, anyway. Wait while I get my hat."

She ran in through the courtyard, in her hurry nearly falling over Belinda, who rose suddenly from a bush beside the door.

"Oh, Marjorie, do come and tie this slap-stick goat up," she called. But Marjorie, appearing at the door with Mrs. Birch behind her, retorted, "You tie her up: she's your goat."

Connie had no time to spare, either to tie up goats or to argue about it. She could not go without explaining something to Marjorie, so she said, "Mr. X is here and he's sprained his ankle. He has to catch the train to Sydney and he can't walk back to Andrews'. They were going to take him to the station, but I think they'll have gone without him in any case now. So I'm going to borrow Mr. Peacock's sulky and drive him in. We're going straight away. I won't be any longer than I can help."

She dismissed Marjorie's protests as lightly as she could, picked up one of her numerous hats from a chair and was off, only pausing to call back, "Don't let Mr. Peacock know if you can help it."

Privately, she was debating Mr. Peacock's chances of borrowing a car to follow them when he did find out. They seemed fairly remote: even allowing for the time it would take him on his return to walk to a neighbor's again, it was doubtful if any man about respected him enough to leave off his work and drive Mr. Peacock anywhere so unprofitably. It seemed fortunate for once that he had resisted all their persuasions to have a telephone installed at Newbigging House.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Peacock himself was regretting this for the first time. The neighbor's telephone on which he had depended had proved to be out of order after wasting valuable time, and he had been compelled to walk a mile to the next. So that when he at last returned, tired, but triumphant, across the paddocks, the sulky already had an appreciable start.

He betook himself to the wine-cellar. The sun shone on the rain-washed brick path; Belinda stood ruminating on one side of the doorway; the white cat stroked its whiskers meditatively on the other; the door was open.

Mr. Peacock emitted a sort of yelp; then, instead of rushing to seek his prisoner in any direction in which he might have been reasonably expected to have escaped, he descended the steps of the wine-cellar almost as precipitately as Mr. X had done; dived through the dusty darkness among the litter of boxes and rubbish, striking matches as he went, and presently found himself against another door. This door was open also, and the sight of it threw Mr. Peacock into an agitation that would have seemed wildly extravagant for a man who had merely discovered the loss of a burglar interesting to him only on general principles.

He struck more matches and dropped them all over the place. He fell over things and barked his shins. He plastered cobwebs thickly over the mud already on his clothes. Finally he came out again to the sunlight where Belinda counted her blessings and the white hat brooded on the week's tally of mice. Both of them looked disdainfully at him where his boots turned up at the toes, and they did not move from their positions beside the doorway. He was too upset to notice them.

"I want a candle," he demanded of Mrs. Birch at the kitchen window. "A candle and a box of matches."

"Why, Mr. Peacock," she exclaimed, handing them out. "Why, just look at your hat, sir! Where have you been with all them cobwebs? Do let me—"

But Mr. Peacock had gone to fall again among the boxes in the cellar and collect more cobwebs. The candle guttered in his hand and its grease further adorned his garments. He groped through the inner door.

Here the sight dimly lit by the candle might have surprised anybody but himself. The light flickered into a mirror that might have been decorated by Fragonard. Here and there he went, thrusting his head, his hands, and the light of the candle into corners and crannies, among pictures, statuettes, and odd pieces of furniture. At last he stumbled out, pausing a moment to examine the inner door as he tried to close it. The lock had been neatly and professionally picked.

Now it seemed time to raise the hue and cry, and Mr. Peacock did so. Marjorie

and Mrs. Birch and the gardener, hastily summoned, stood in varying degrees of dismay before the old man's frenzied eloquence. Baby had snaked back characteristically and stood on the fringe of that interested group of three.

They must immediately search the place thoroughly: the man must still be about the premises somewhere. Where was Miss Newbigging?

Connie, announced his helpful grand-daughter, had driven off with Mr. Smith in the Peacock suiky; she had seen them depart. After this Mrs. Birch ran away and looked herself in the kitchen.

Now it may have been her insatiable appetite for drama that prompted Baby's next course of action, or it may have been sheer devilment—after all, there is not much difference. She had not by any means forgotten the man she had locked in the ballroom; she was quite satisfied that she had captured the genuine burglar; yet she deliberately withheld this piece of information and instigated the chase after Connie and Mr. X.

Certainly, Mr. Peacock needed little encouragement; but no present means of pursuit suggested itself to his harassed mind, and he hated to call on the assistance of neighbors under the circumstances, even had it been easily available. It was Baby who pointed out to him a way of pursuing the suiky.

One of the exhibits at Newbigging House was a stage-coach, relic of the days of Cobb and Co., an indescribable and awe-inspiring vehicle with brakes that would have stopped Juggernaut itself and a pole like a battering-ram.

No one less indomitable than a Peacock would have conceived the idea of putting horses to the mighty chariot; but under his grandchild's direction, Mr. Peacock ordered it done; and the gardener, true to those principles of minding his own business which he always claimed, without protest brought up the two borrowed plough-horses from the vegetable garden, and in some strange and fearful manner, assisted by Mr. Peacock, harnessed them to the coach, very careful first about the set of their winkers.

Only the gardener from the gate and Marjorie from an upper window saw the epic departure of the coach from Newbigging House, Mr. Peacock driving and his faithful grandchild speeding him on his astonishing way.

Marjorie was standing at a vantage-point on the drive, frowning across the sun as she tried to see if either Mr. Peacock or Connie might be returning. There was no sign of either of them, but here came Auntie Pat making her way up from the gate.

Marjorie walked down to meet her. Her little high heels were clogged with mud but she was approaching with surprising speed. Clement Bagot, Marjorie thought with more annoyance, at least might have brought her up to the house.

Auntie Pat was short of breath. "We got bogged," she said. "The car did, I mean. Poor Mr. Bagot! And he's been so nice. I don't know how he'll get that red paint clean again. It's a shame. They really ought to do something with the roads. They should be all concrete. And now he's stuck down there in a most frightful place right up to his axles. We mustn't stand here. It's soaking into the paint all the time. Get the gardener to go down and help him, darling, but do keep out of the

mud yourself. I'll go straight in and change my shoes and stockings."

She clattered on up to the house, dismissing Marjorie with a wave of her hand towards the gate.

Marjorie cast a rueful glance at her own trim shoes, but she did not wait to call the gardener before she ran down to look for Clement Bagot and the bogged car. Hadn't somebody—was it herself or Connie?—quite lately expressed a wish to see his lordship stuck in a ditch?

She found him standing in the mud beside the car, tugging at the chains on a back wheel, and she could have crowed with joy at his dishevelled appearance. There was mud on his very nose. He did not see her at first, and continued tugging at the chain till it gave suddenly and a fluke of mud flew up and lodged on his bare head. Marjorie stood on an island of coarse grass at the side of the road and laughed.

"If you could only see yourself!" she said. But instead of taking the libel as Clement Bagot, caught in an undignified position, might have been expected to, on seeing her he suddenly appeared like a small boy caught guiltily playing in the mud. He stood up straight and his hands fell to his sides. He gave her the surprising impression that he had been actually taking an unapproved pleasure in his employment and she had spoiled it. When he looked at her she saw with amazement the blue eyes cloud with a deep embarrassment. Marjorie was taken aback. All her ideas of him seemed to be sidily reversed in an instant by that look. She stopped laughing and stepped off the grassy island into the mud.

FOR a moment he did not speak to her; then she said, with perfect seriousness, "Clement, were you never allowed to play in the mud?"

"Be careful," was all he said then. "You'll spoil your shoes."

"It's all right. I'm coming over."

"No; no; go back on the grass."

"I won't. I'm coming over."

"Do go back on the grass," he begged.

But she repeated stubbornly, "I won't. I'm coming over."

"Marjorie, don't come over here." There was a distinct edge on his voice now.

"I'm coming over to the car."

"I'll come across then. I can't do anything till your man comes."

"No; I want to come over there," Marjorie still insisted for no reason at all.

"But you can't!" he was looking anxiously at the boggy gulf that lay between her feet and the running-board of the car.

"Then lift me over," Marjorie commanded.

He looked at her strangely, Clement Bagot again, but not the same.

"Lift me over," she insisted.

He looked at the mud on his hands, but when he answered he did not seem to be thinking of them. He said, "After—last night?"

Marjorie nearly fell into the gulf. Last night! So many things had happened last night. What was he talking about? Was he daring to reproach her for something? He still looked at her strangely, but he came over and picked her up, and set her on the running-board of the spattered red car, and stood beside her.

"Now what do you mean about last night?" she demanded. This was not what she had meant to say when she had first asked him to lift her over. "I don't see that anything I like to do concerns you, anyway. If you only knew, I didn't start that ghost business either. If it had not been for

Nina and the others being so silly—What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Yes; of course; you did have that Emily dress on, but—"

Marjorie's dark eyes positively glared at him. "I'm not going to stay here marooned in the mud while you inquire into my actions, Clement Bagot. I'll wear any dress I please. And if you happened to discover that ghost business last night—I don't know how you did—"

But under that indignant fire he smiled suddenly. "Oh, the ghost business," he said. "I did discover that, but not last night. Look!" He took out of his pocket the blue wallet he had once left in the mint-tub, "I got that the first time Emily walked," and he showed her the crumpled remains of a yellow rose. "After all," he said, "you took it out of my coat."

Marjorie forgot her anger. "You knew about Emily all the time? Oh!" She took the little dead flower from his fingers. "You knew all the time and never said a word!" Her anger was gone. "But where did you get this, and how did you find out?"

"I saw you with Belinda as I came in that evening. No ghost ever addressed such remarks to a goat. And I saw this fall out of your hair on the verandah and went back and picked it up."

"And what did you keep it for?"

"Well, not everybody has such a tangible souvenir of a ghost; such an interesting ghost, too."

"You're laughing at me," she said. "Then why did you say that about last night? What were you talking about?"

He was looking at the rose in her hand anxiously, as though she might damage or steal it. "I wasn't talking about the ghost at all," he said. "I was trying to apologise."

"Oh; for what?"

"For what I did. I've been kicking myself ever since. But of course, if you didn't mind—" The last phrase might have held half a dozen meanings; it instinctively saved the face of the old Clement while it spoke for the new, but Marjorie scarcely noticed it. She nearly dropped the rose in the mud.

"Was that you among the camellias?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Marjorie threw a funny little glance behind her at the solid door of the car against her back; she stretched her hands out and touched the car on either side of her. Then she looked at him, so close in front. "I wondered why I liked it," she said.

"What did you mean about taking Connie to that dinner?" she asked afterwards.

"I didn't say anything about taking Connie to a dinner."

"I thought you were going to. You said would Connie—"

"I was going to say would Connie mind staying with your aunt while I took you. Now do you understand?"

"No," Marjorie said, provocatively. Then her thoughts jumped to something else.

"Darling! You should have seen your expression when I caught you with mud on your nose! And now you'll feel ashamed all your life to remember that you proposed to me with your hair not nicely brushed and your hands washed. I don't know that I want to marry you; I've only known you for about half an hour."

"It's a matter of intensity," he said, and proceeded to demonstrate this principle with some thoroughness, till a calm voice, startlingly close, announced, "I've brought two shovels and here's some boards."

It was the gardener anticipating his cue for perhaps the first time in his life.

Auntie Pat, purposely avoiding Mrs. Birch, looked quietly about for Connie after she came downstairs again, and not finding her in the house, she proceeded to look for her in the garden.

There, cutting across the lawn in front of the house, she encountered a man with a suitcase in his hand and a grey dust-coat over his arm. He was a small dark man with an ingratiating smile, and as soon as he saw her he turned the smile full on.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I wonder if I could interest you in a line of very nice ladies' hose." He carefully deposited the dustcoat beside a cassia bush and snapped open the suitcase.

Now, hawkers were not generally encouraged at Newbigging House, but Auntie Pat was still not nearly as competent at repelling them as the girls expected her to be; moreover, she had just spoilt a pair of good silk stockings and it struck her that it might be economical to buy a pair of cheaper ones, neither of the girls being there to scold her.

"I might look at them if you come on to the verandah," she said, and the man followed her across the drive and up the steps. If she had been at all observant she might have noticed that the ingratiating smile came off very easily and he followed her with some hesitation.

On the top of the steps he opened the suitcase and produced a small stock of cheap and doubtful silk stockings. Auntie Pat inspected them dubiously.

"They seem very cheap," she said, and looked round hopefully for Connie, only to see something more disturbing. Belinda had found the grey dustcoat beside the cassia bush and appeared to be slowly masticating something like a white handkerchief that she had pulled out of the pocket. "Oh!" Auntie Pat cried. "The goat is trying to eat your coat."

The hawker turned with an exclamation that seemed unnecessarily violent, and dropping the suitcase on the steps, leapt toward the cassia bush. Auntie Pat followed him.

But before the man had arrived on the spot Baby came from the other side of the cassia bush and pounced on Belinda and her spoil. She tugged the remnants of a white silk stocking from Belinda's reluctant jaws, and a scatter of small shining objects flew over the grass. Simultaneously the hawker, losing his head, kicked Belinda.

At this Belinda turned in a manner only possible to indignant, quick-thinking and agile goats, and something that must have felt like a motor-cycle going at full speed struck the hawker fairly in the solar plexus. As he hit the ground the back of his head drove a diamond bracelet deep into the turf.

"Quick!" "Quick!" Baby cried in exultation. She was not yet satiated with burglar-hunting; here was a third to add to the day's bag. "It's the burglar, Auntie Pat! Grandfather and the police have been looking for him all day! He stole all those things from Mr. Jacobsen at the boarding-house. Look! Here's a gold ring!" She picked up a signet ring that lay beside Auntie Pat's toe and exhibited it in triumph.

As luck would have it, Auntie Pat recognised the ring; she had seen it actually on the finger of her trustee. But this did not help the situation at all. It seemed impossible that she and Baby could detain the man when he should recover his wind

and make an effort to escape. At present Belinda stood menacingly over him, but he already showed signs of reviving.

He made a feeble attempt to sit up and Belinda promptly drove him prone again. He tried unsuccessfully to kick her and she threatened his legs.

It was, of course, Baby who took matters again into her own hands. She raced for the verandah and in a short moment was back with the historic pair of leg-irons that had decorated the verandah-post ever since they had arrived at the house.

Belinda still stood on guard, but the man was now recovering with every minute. He kicked at Belinda again, a little less feebly. Baby brandished the leg-irons as though she meant to use them as a weapon. "Sit on his knees, Auntie Pat!" she commanded. "Sit on his knees!"

Auntie Pat looked as though she hardly grasped the need for this expedient. However she was finally constrained to apply the weight of her whole twelve stone to the hawker's legs while Baby expertly fixed the irons. Her expertness was uncanny; it said much for the theory of reincarnation, suggesting that she must have spent numerous lives in charge of galleys and chain-gangs. When she rose, Belinda retired from her guard, glanced about her with plainly flagging interest, and quietly departed.

For a moment the man sat there helplessly between the fendish child and the distressed, but no less hated woman; then they left him among the scattered jewellery and ran from the sound of his pursuing voice.

Meanwhile Mr. Peacock's trust in Providence had not proved ill-founded. He actually made the most surprising progress through the mud; the coach rocked and bumped and creaked and jolted.

Mr. Peacock drove on, noticing none of these things. Half of his mind was pursuing Mr. X miles ahead of the coach; the other half had a most uncomfortable lodging among the bric-a-brac in the cellar at Newbigging House.

He could have shouted with relief when he actually overtook the sulky. For the minute he did not even realise the enormity of the fact that the accident that had made the capture possible meant so much damage to his own property; for the sulky was stuck on the side of the road with the wheel off. The old horse, standing against a fence close by, had the appearance of being in a sort of disreputable deshabille, with winkers askew and dragging traces, and he regarded the arrival of his master with the coach and pair in a manner which, were he only ten years younger, would have suggested rakish defiance.

Connie was sitting on the shaft of the sulky, laughing as though nothing in the world were wrong; and Mr. X, quite restored to good humor, was standing on one leg and leaning against the crippled vehicle, while he seemed to be telling her a story in his most charming manner.

The thunder of Mr. Peacock's arrival distracted them only when he was almost upon them, and for the moment he would have had a distinct advantage over them had he only availed himself of it. But as the coach came to an abrupt standstill beside them Mr. Peacock's first reaction was purely physical unhappiness.

Mr. X was silent. Once having recovered from the shock of realising that the apparition of the coach was not likely to fade away in a hurry, he would have said some-

thing if there had been anything useful to say; but he was under a severe moral disadvantage in which his returned light spirit was of little help. The situation was in Connie's hands.

"Why, Mr. Peacock, isn't that the coach belonging to Newbigging House?" she asked reprovingly.

Say what you like, there is nothing laughable in an elderly gentleman feeling as Mr. Peacock felt just then. His mind was preoccupied; he was not himself. He did not even try to reply, "And isn't that the wreck of a sulky belonging to me?"

"Of course," went on Connie, tacking a little. "I didn't know when I borrowed the sulky that you so urgently needed to come out this way yourself this afternoon, or we might have all come together. But it's very lucky you didn't drive yourself any further alone in the sulky. It was positively dangerous to be going about in it with the wheel so shaky. I can see we'll have to look after you better, Mr. Peacock. You'll be having a really serious accident some day. You shouldn't be so reckless at your age. And now for you to actually try and drive that coach about—I don't know what Marjorie was thinking of to let you do it—"

Mr. Peacock's complexion was slowly turning again from green to yellow, but his chance was gone. Even his demand that they return to Newbigging House on the coach forthwith was forestalled by her own demand that he allow them to do so; and when they had hitched the old horse, somewhat unwilling, on behind, and climbed aboard the awesome vehicle, it was significant that Mr. X drove.

The previous events of the day connected with Mr. X were not mentioned, but Mr. Peacock's mind was on them; he noticed the young man's limp, and it gave him some practical satisfaction to know that he could not run very far if he thought of escaping before they reached Newbigging House, where one might comfortably trust the police to be waiting.

Mr. X had to pull the coach up near the gate of Newbigging House, within sight of Clement's bogged car, now deserted. The three of them climbed down, with some difficulty on the part of Mr. Peacock, and they turned slowly up the drive. Connie's courage was leaving her already. Mr. X was limping badly and frowning with the continued pain of his ankle; Mr. Peacock's feelings were too mixed to describe in brief.

And then they came upon the tableau on the lawn, the whole cast of Auntie Pat, Marjorie, Baby, Mrs. Birch, Clement Bagot and the gardener being there, with the burglar in the middle and Belinda hovering in the wings. Mr. Peacock looked anxiously for any sign of a policeman, but the force did not seem to be represented.

Baby broke from the group and ran towards them beginning an excited explanation at the top of her voice while she was still some distance away. Auntie Pat, very plump, very distressed, and very unsteady on her heels, came up hurriedly to confirm it.

"And you say," Mr. Peacock demanded, "that you actually recognised some of the stolen articles?"

"Oh, yes," Auntie Pat averred. "There was jewellery scattered all over the place. I hope Belinda didn't eat any. But we picked up what we could find and it's on the verandah with the man's suitcase."

Mr. Peacock waited to hear no more. He left Auntie Pat at a run and made for the verandah.

"Stay there!" he called over his shoulder. "Stay there! Don't follow me!"

Auntie Pat looked after him in astonishment. "He's quite eccentric," she said to Mr. X, and he answered her with a friendly laugh.

Connie did not seem to be taking any notice of Mr. Peacock's actions. She seemed to be suffering a bewilderment all her own. She turned to Baby.

"What about the man in the ballroom?" she asked.

"The man in the ballroom?" repeated Baby, as though she were hearing of him for the first time. There were times when, for the perfect enjoyment of a drama, one needed to hurry it up, and times when it seemed desirable to string it out.

"Yes; yes!" Connie cried. "The man who said he was Mr. Jacobsen."

"Oh—yes!" Baby returned blandly. "I suppose he's still there."

"Still there!"

"Well, if he hasn't got out."

"How could he get out?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you tell anybody he was there?"

"No; I—I—Why, we've been too busy catching the real burglar."

Some idea of the situation seemed to be dawning on Auntie Pat. "Connie!" she broke in. Do you mean to say you actually have poor Mr. Jacobsen shut up in the ball-room?"

"But how did he get into the ballroom?" Marjorie demanded.

Baby's explanation was to interest her more than the others. "I brought the key yesterday afternoon," she announced. "I wanted to see something in there. And I forgot and left the key in the door afterwards. That's why I came back this morning. I came back to get it. If I hadn't come back you wouldn't have caught the burglar or anything."

"Well, Connie, that's terrible!" Auntie Pat wailed.

"Don't get worked up, darling," Marjorie said. "I'm not sure that I don't rather relish the thought of Mr. Jacobsen being locked up and starved for a few hours. As a matter of fact, now I come to think of it, I'd like to keep him there all night."

Marjorie made no move to go to Mr. Jacobsen's rescue, and Auntie Pat became increasingly agitated.

"You mustn't say things like that about him," she protested. "Go and let him out immediately. And when I have time and all this dreadful business has calmed down I'll tell you what I found out at Woodford. And you must be as nice as you can to Mr. Jacobsen. Do you hear me, Marjorie! Go at once!"

"I—I'd better go," said Connie nervously. "I helped to lock him in. I didn't actually do it, but he'll think I did, anyway."

"I'll come with you," Mr. X volunteered. "He's probably ramping by now."

"This is my lucky day," Connie said ruefully as they entered the house. "First I lock up the wrong man for a burglar, and then I start to take you to the station and strand you in a ditch."

"Well, you did get me out of the cellar," Mr. X allowed, "after I was fool enough—". He paused a moment by the ballroom door, and they both listened anxiously for any sound from within. Everything was perfectly, almost uncannily quiet.

"This prisoner seems to be taking it more tamely than the last one I rescued," Connie said in a little giggling whisper.

She stood beside him as he opened both sides of the double doors carefully. The light from the drawing-room, though very dim, would have shown up any large object in the ballroom; but after their first hurried glance in they peered in surprise at ever corner; the room was quite empty; undoubtedly empty.

"Well!" said Connie, and remained staring helplessly at the closed shutters.

"Is there anybody there?" called Mr. X; and the question proved to be far more useful than he had expected; to their profound astonishment a voice seemingly from under the floor repeated it. "Hullo! Is there anybody there?"

The voice sounded to Connie like the voice of the alleged Mr. Jacobsen. But where on earth was he? And wherever he was how did he get there?

"Where—" began Mr. X in a discreet shout.

"I'm here," returned the voice. "In the cellar, I think. Be careful if you're walking over this way; the floor's gone. I fell through it. I'd be glad if you could get me out."

"Gosh!" said Connie. Things were getting worse and worse.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. X practically.

"Only—only a very little, I think," the voice sounded rather doubtful.

"Oh, dear!" said Connie.

Mr. X began to pick a gingerly way across the room; he fastened back a loose shutter, and in the added light the gap in the flooring through which Mr. Jacobsen had fallen was disclosed.

Connie tiptoed to the edge of it, looked down, and could just see Mr. Jacobsen's head below.

"Oh, Mr. Jacobsen," Connie said, "I'm awfully sorry!"

Mr. X was cautiously opening shutters and letting in more light. When at last he came over to the hole in the floor he quickly decided that there would be too much difficulty in extricating the prisoner that way.

"Is this a cellar underneath?" he asked Connie.

"The wine-cellar," Connie told him. "And there's another beyond that's always been locked."

"Let's hope this isn't the other one then," Mr. X said cheerfully.

"I think it must be though," Connie said, peering down. "It doesn't look like the wine-cellar from here."

She leaned over incautiously and nearly joined Mr. Jacobsen below.

"Look out!" Mr. X exclaimed, pulling her back. "We'll see which cellar it is, then. Have you a torch? Could you get it? Or two if you have them. I'll go and ask Bagot to come and help."

With a few words of encouragement to the miserable Mr. Jacobsen, they left the ballroom and separated, Connie to look for electric torches and Mr. X to find Clement Bagot.

That gentleman proved to be just receiving the local police force with Auntie Pat on the drive and Mr. X beckoned him aside. This was certainly not a matter for the sergeant. But Auntie Pat followed and heard enough of the story to make her gasp with horror and disappear into the house with dangerous haste winging her high heels. Mrs. Birch had already gone from the lawn, and the outraged person in the leg-irons was being cross-examined by Mr. Peacock while Baby stood by, gloating.

At the door of the wine-cellar Connie met the two young men with torches and they carefully negotiated the steps, Mr. X,

in view of his morning's experience, taking the right to go first. They wormed their way through the wine-cellar and to Connie's surprise found the inner door barricaded but unlocked. It was easy to believe Mr. X's assertion that he knew nothing about it; it had certainly been too dark for him to have penetrated so far during his incarceration there.

"I suppose it will have to just remain a mystery," Connie said, and straightway discovered other mysteries.

They could hardly make their way into the inner cellar for furniture and odds and ends. The place, in the light of the torches, looked like an auction-room. They were impeded in every direction by chairs and tables, cabinets, pictures, and all manner of bric-a-brac.

In the meanwhile, outside, the two policemen were departing with the whilom hawker, who, in the midst of his troubles, was puzzled over a matter it would not be discreet for him to mention.

Having been caught with the missing jewellery actually in his possession, there seemed no further harm in admitting that he had been concealed in the wine-cellar when Mr. X had entered so abruptly that morning, and that Mr. X's advent had caused him to seek a safer refuge by picking the lock of the inner cellar and hiding there till he had chosen the unfortunate moment to withdraw, only to fall into the clutches of Belinda and Baby. But what he did not disclose, and what now puzzled him, was that during his sojourn in the inner cellar he had taken the opportunity of appropriating a certain set of miniatures set in pearls, a few small but valuable articles in enamel and silver, and an ancient watch which, melted down, would yield quite a preposterous amount of gold. These articles he had hidden under the stockings in the suit-case, and when it was searched before him, to his amazement they were not there. Neither was there a word said about them. He might almost have dreamt about them.

Mr. Peacock, left alone outside, had no audience, and that gave him rather a let-down feeling; furthermore, even if an audience had been there, for once in his life he had nothing left to say to it. But on one score he was immensely relieved, and he brooded comfortably on the thought of recovering those miniatures and other small articles from the hawker's suitcase while it had been on the verandah and restoring them to the cabinet in the cellar.

If he had ever regretted anything it was the idea which had caused him to remove all that stuff from the house and the consequent custody of the Newbings, and stack it under the ballroom. Of course he still regarded his action in doing so as quite justified—he had never in his life even contemplated any action which was not quite justified. But then this one was so likely upon discovery to be misconstrued. The comfort began to fade from Mr. Peacock's mind. He had often enough succeeded in making white look black as far as other people's actions were concerned, but he was not so practised in making white look white.

Besides, he was not very sure himself, now, why he had done it. Had it been because of a subconscious, sentimental interest in the household goods of the late

Miss Minnie Jackson? An only too-conscious dislike for the Newbiggings? He could not admit either of these reasons, in plain explanation to his legal mind. So he betook himself once again to the cellar.

That side of the house seemed to be deserted; not even Belinda was on the scene. Everything was in disarray: boxes and barrels apparently removed from the wine-cellar stood about the doorway outside for the express purpose of adding further contusions to the harassed old gentleman's limbs.

"What's here! What's here!" he called; but the place only seemed to grow darker and more silent. It was useless to remain there longer. Wearily he drove his long legs up the path and round and into the house, where the sound of voices led him into the hall-room.

The sight of the open door there explained a lot. If he had only not begrudged money from the estate to have that rotten floor mended! He might have known that Marjorie (but he mentally referred to her as "that darn girl") would have disobeyed him and got in somehow. He was as yet ignorant of how the key had come to Newbigging House, but he would not have put lock-picking beyond Marjorie for a moment.

The whole company seemed to be there now, all talking at once.

"Didn't I tell you—" began Mr. Peacock, but nobody paid the slightest heed to him.

"Do come into the drawing-room, all of you, and let poor Mr. Jacobsen sit down," Auntie Pat was saying solicitously, and Mr. Peacock was aware of them heading an apologetic-looking stranger past him and installing him in the bandy-legged chair, where he looked smaller and more timid than ever.

He seemed to be apologising for having been mistaken for a burglar. No man in a fairly new and expensive suit, had ever managed to look so shabby. He made desprecating gestures with long, delicately-shaped hands.

"Poor Mr. Jacobsen!" said Auntie Pat, quite senselessly it seemed to Mr. Peacock who, wanted or not, hung on the edge as Baby might have done.

He turned to glare at Marjorie as the person who must reasonably be blamed for everything once the situation became thoroughly clear, and it struck him then that she was the only member of the company who looked fresh and clean.

"What led me to believe he might be close about here," Mr. Jacobsen was saying a few minutes later to his audience in the drawing-room, "was finding my sister's watch. He must have dropped it and I found it shining in the mud just outside the lower gate here." He exhibited the little diamond-studded wristlet under his cuff.

"Oh!" Connie exclaimed, dismayed; "that's partly what made me think—I'm so sorry I was so stupid!"

But Mr. Jacobsen would allow her no blame. His relief at being rescued seemed sufficient to kill every bit of resentment a man might reasonably have felt after the outrageous treatment he had suffered, if not by Connie's orders, at least with her consent. "It was my own fault for putting it on my wrist," he said. "I should have put it in my pocket. And then it was inexcusable for me to have walked straight into the house like that, unannounced. But to tell you the truth I was preoccupied. And then I had some foolish idea that the place was open to the public you know, I assure you—"

Mr. Peacock had no respect for people who talked like this, and he had waited vainly enough for some word he could com-

prehend. Now he cut in, in his best legal manner. "I must have an explanation—"

"Clement," said Marjorie, "take Mr. Jacobsen and Mr. Smith and show them the bathroom. You know where to find a clothes-brush. It will soon be dinner-time. I know it's no use asking you to stay, Mr. Peacock, because you have such a long way to go and it will take you some time to find a car. It's a pity you didn't think of getting a lift in the police car. I'm sorry I did not think of you when they were here."

"Thanks," returned Mr. Peacock insincerely.

The cellar business had only second place in Auntie Pat's mind, and an inconsiderable second place at that.

"Didn't poor Mr. Jacobsen take it nicely," she began as soon as the men had gone to clean up. "He might have broken his legs or something. I'm sure he must be bruised. Do you think I ought to go and ask Mr. Bagot to see if he's badly bruised? He might like some iodine or something."

"I still don't see why you're making such a fuss about him," Connie said rather tartly. She felt that now Mr. Jacobsen was less than ever a diverting subject for conversation.

"Oh, Auntie Pat, do leave Mr. Jacobsen alone for five minutes! Did you see the tenants in the Woodford house?"

Auntie Pat looked from Connie to Marjorie and back to Connie. "There aren't any tenants," she said.

"When did they leave?" Marjorie asked quickly, remembering that the rent had been duly paid the week before.

"They were never there," Auntie Pat declared. "There haven't been any tenants in the house all the time."

"But, Auntie Pat—"

"I got quite a shock when I saw the house. I asked Mr. Bagot to stop at the corner and I walked down myself. After all, I might have remembered that the place hadn't had a penny spent on it for years. I've never been there since your uncle died. The house isn't only not let at all, but it never could be let in its present condition. It's a positive ruin. I went all round it and looked in the windows. Some of them are broken. There are weeds yards high right up to the verandah. There are tiles off and goodness only knows what. It's in a perfectly impossible state."

"Were you sure it was the right place you looked at?" Connie asked wonderingly.

"Of course I'm sure. I ought to know my own house. After all, I spent quite a lot of time there once."

"Then," Marjorie said, "it means that Mr. Jacobsen's been paying us the rent for nothing all this time?"

"Yes; he's been paying it out of his own pocket. Poor Mr. Jacobsen! Just think of him being so kind."

"How can we ever make up to him for all those hard things we have thought?"

"How can we ever make up to him for all the hard cash we've taken?" Marjorie demanded in return. To be in the debt of Mr. Jacobsen!

"Oh!" Connie gasped. "I never thought of that. We can't take anything more from him now, and what are we going to do about it?"

The sudden realisation of this came like a cold flood over Auntie Pat's warm emotions. She felt as she had done in the hotel sitting-room months ago.

"We'll have to discuss it with Mr. Jacobsen," she said feebly at last.

"Of all the footling people to discuss anything with—" Connie began, and could get no further. She had had a hard day.

"We might get Mr. Peacock's advice," Marjorie suggested with a nervous giggle. She had had a hard night. But neither Connie nor Auntie Pat seemed to hear her.

"Connie, don't say that," Auntie Pat begged. "Mr. Jacobsen's not a very convincing person, I know. He always has such a lost sort of look at ordinary times, but they say he's quite different when he has a violin in his hands." The surprising irrelevance of this remark did not seem at all humorous to Auntie Pat.

As it happened, Auntie Pat did not get a chance to tell Mr. Jacobsen about her discovery about the house that night. No sooner was dinner over than lassitude descended on the whole company; it seemed impossible to sustain a conversation about any one subject for two consecutive minutes, and presently the party broke up.

Connie was the first awake next morning. It was very early and a fresh, cool morning. But hardly had she opened her eyes than all the unanswered questions of the night before seemed to blow in through the open window and settle on her mind; and her mind felt in no fit state, even after the night's rest, to answer questions at all.

Outside the light was pale and cold. She took the lamp, still alight, from the lower hall, and went through the courtyard gate and round to the cellar.

A minute or two spent poking about with the lantern convinced her that there was no mistake about the value of the things heaped all around: old wood as slippery as glass was revealed under the dust-covers; she bumped into tapestry screens and mysterious packing-cases.

After a quarter of an hour she came out even more bewildered than she had been.

Connie's mind went round and round in a hopeless muddle of speculation. She sat on a box outside the door, with the white cat beside her, and tried to think it out clearly, and the more she tried to think the more puzzled she became.

Presently the cat beside her rose and stretched and there was the small sound of feet on the brick path. Connie could no longer be surprised by the appearance of Baby. At any time or place now her sudden bobbing up through some hitherto non-existent trapdoor would have seemed hardly strange; and here she was again.

"I suppose there won't be any more burglars, or things like that, to-day," she observed a trifle sadly. There were things even beyond the hope of poets.

"I sincerely hope not," Connie returned with amiable sarcasm.

"I suppose there won't be even anybody come," Baby sighed. She could trust herself to develop the smallest situation, but no one can make bricks without straw.

Connie did not answer her and she sighed again.

"I'm hungry," Baby said at last. "Let's go and get something to eat and then we can come back afterwards."

"It's too early for breakfast," Connie said absently. "The others are not up yet. But I'm going to make some tea. Come along."

She went back to the kitchen and made the tea, but Baby apparently found some other diversion for she did not follow immediately. Connie took the tea up to Auntie Pat and Marjorie as usual and came back to find Baby standing in the middle of the kitchen with a long, dusty bottle in her hand. She was busily operat-

ing on the wired cork with a carving-fork; a discarded corkscrew lay on the table.

"What have you got there?" Connie demanded.

"It was in that round wooden box thing in the cellar," Baby informed her, still diligently working on the cork. "It's wine or something. There's two other bottles there we can have if it's nice. I hope it's not only ginger beer after all. The label's all spotted; Pomm—something or other it's got on it. It must have been there a long time, but the cork's in so tight it wouldn't go bad."

"Show me," Connie said quickly, taking hold of the bottle at the bottom. But Baby kept a firm grasp of the neck, holding it upright, and just as Connie had become surprisedly aware that the word "Pommery" was actually on the stained label, Baby's efforts with the carving-fork were rewarded, and the two of them were baptised with champagne.

Neither Connie, Marjorie, nor Auntie Pat, in their wildest and wealthiest moments, had ever conceived the idea of drinking Pommery 74 for breakfast, and Baby had so far been ignorant of the possibility of it. But now there it was, and they drank it.

WITH the dust of the champagne bottles still on her fingers, and it is to be suspected, the bubbles of it still in her head, Connie encountered Mr. Peacock in the hall.

"Good morning, Mr. Peacock," she greeted him almost derisively, and Mr. Peacock lifted his nose and peered at her suspiciously. It was no greeting for a man who had been blithely the day before, and who now had a most unwelcome telegram from a co-trustee in his pocket.

"Good morning," he said. "I came to see about those articles in the cellar." Which was not at all what he had meant to say.

"Oh, yes," Connie returned judiciously; and somehow she conveyed to the old gentleman that he stood accused of all sorts of crimes. Might Mr. Parsons, so suddenly taking an interest in his neglected responsibilities, have communicated with her, too?

"That furniture—" began Mr. Peacock. "Yes!" said Connie; but her tone was not at all helpful.

"Those articles—" "You were trying to explain—" Connie said uncompromisingly, and turned and walked toward the library.

"Your aunt—" began Mr. Peacock, following with manifest reluctance.

"Come in here," said Connie implacably. This morning she could even voluntarily face the library, skeletons, and all; but the room seemed to have lost its appeal for Mr. Peacock.

"In here, Mr. Peacock," she had to tell him a second time.

He came in and she sat down on the least wooden chair.

"Now," she said. Her tone was encouraging; but that, of course, implied that Mr. Peacock needed encouragement.

"I came to see your aunt," said Mr. Peacock sourly.

"Ah, yes," returned Connie. "She wants to see you." The tone of this sounded unpleasant to Mr. Peacock.

"In the meantime—" Connie suggested. But Mr. Peacock had a brain-wave. "What was the meaning of that ballroom door being unlocked?"

He rose to his feet. "Which of you purchased that key from my office?" he demanded cuttingly.

To his disappointment Connie retained both her seat and her assurance. She even smiled, and on any other face Mr. Peacock might have imagined that the smile was positively grim.

"Your granddaughter brought the key here," she replied. "She opened the ballroom herself. I think you'll find that she still has the key. And while we are on the subject I think that room should be repaired and left open."

She eyed him for a moment, then: "What was your object in placing all those things in the cellar?" she asked severely. But as Mr. Peacock still could not answer this question logically to himself, how was he to answer it to her?

"Did you intend to remove them altogether later on?" she persisted.

"No; oh, no," Mr. Peacock said quickly. This had a most disturbing implication.

"Then you intended to leave them there?"

"Ah—yes."

"For how long?"

But before he could reply at all Connie threw another question at him: "Does Mr. Parsons know all that's been going on here?"

"Mr. Parsons is my co-trustee," he said with some show of dignity.

"We know that," Connie rejoined.

"Mr. Parsons—"

"Yes."

"Mr. Parsons—"

The cat pushed open the door and entered, heading, as it were, a procession. Auntie Pat and Marjorie alone, unwelcome to Mr. Peacock though they might be, would have broken up this uncomfortable interview temporarily at least; but they were accompanied by the ubiquitous Mr. Smith, which was an affront; and by a small, twinkling gentleman in a feather-mixture, and his appearance was a calamity. The newcomers did not seem to notice either Connie or Mr. Peacock as they came in.

"Ah," said the twinkling little gentleman genially, addressing Auntie Pat in the doorway. "Already we have an affinity: I see you are fond of cats," and he picked up the little white cat in such comradely fashion that it purred like a small engine. Auntie Pat beamed benevolently and without favoritism on both the stranger and the cat; then she saw Connie.

"Connie dear, it's Mr. Parsons," she said; and Connie's movement towards the door did not stop the procession from seeming to advance on Mr. Peacock like a smiling menace. The library grew crowded with people all showing amiability and teeth.

"Those skeletons," Mr. Parsons was saying. "It makes me realise just what it must feel like for three ladies to live in a museum. Most depressing. I am a great believer in influence on the subconscious mind. These surroundings—absolutely—"

Mr. Peacock's subconscious mind had a desire to lose its owner in the reshuffle as they moved towards the drawing-room, but he fetched up there with the rest of them.

"I see," Mr. Parsons said, "that you have removed a lot of things from this room and put them elsewhere. You ladies all have your pet theories about household arrangement. I own I like an impression of space myself. If I remember rightly this room did have rather an overcrowded appearance in Miss Jackson's day; one couldn't see the wood for trees; it sometimes seemed. You use your own discretion, of course."

Mr. Peacock turned faintly green; and Connie said quietly, "There possibly were too many things in it before, but we don't really keep it as bare as this; we've been

spring-cleaning and some of the things are not put back yet." Auntie Pat, Marjorie and Mr. Peacock heard this piece of information with a surprise to which none of them could give utterance, but Mr. Parsons nodded amiably.

"I used to visit here as a child," Mr. Parsons went on, jumping on to another subject in a manner very grateful to his fellow trustee. "The place always fascinated me. Old Mr. Jackson used to tell me all sorts of tales."

"I suppose," he said genially. "You earn your salaries twice over I've no doubt."

He must have been mistaken in thinking Marjorie looked startled at this; but Connie's expression, had he noticed it, might have startled him in turn. "Why—" began Marjorie. "But—" began Auntie Pat. "Quite possibly," said Connie easily. "Tell us something of what the place used to be like, Mr. Parsons."

"Do you remember the gardener here?" she asked.

"If he's the same one who was here when I was a boy, I remember him well. He was a most intriguing character. He was quite a young man then. I remember that he said he was the middle one of a family of fifteen and he took the job of gardener at Newblissing House because it was secluded. Miss Jackson used to feel quite flattered if he spoke to her. I suppose he's still the same?"

"Let me take you down to see him while we think of it," Connie said. "See if he remembers you."

"If Mrs. Newblissing will be kind enough to excuse me," agreed Mr. Parsons politely, jumping off the edge of his chair and apparently just as willing to follow other people's conversational vagaries as his own.

Auntie Pat gave her permission rather weakly; Connie's behaviour all the morning had been so eccentric; and what could she be up to now? "You go, too, Marjorie," she said vaguely.

But Marjorie came back again and with evidence of Connie's further eccentricity, Connie, outside, while Mr. Parsons had admired a rose-bush, had whispered to her, "Go back and get lunch for yourself and Auntie Pat and Mr. Parsons packed up and ready by the time we come in. Then take them down to the river for a picnic and don't bring them back till as late in the afternoon as you can."

"What—" protested Marjorie.

"Go on! Do what I tell you!" Connie emphasised her words with an actual push towards the house, and ran back to Mr. Parsons, who was just depositing the cat on the ground, carefully, front legs first.

They found the gardener admiring a bed of phlox. "Do you remember Mr. Parsons?" Connie asked him. He turned a preoccupied eye on the visitor and said the only thing he had to say to a person who had once defrauded him with bad advice. "Those peaches you recommended didn't do no good at all," he said, and returned his attention to the phlox.

IF Mr. Parsons subsequently finding himself run off for a picnic in his own car, with Auntie Pat and Marjorie, began to think the Newblissing household a somewhat erratic one, he did not let anybody suspect it, but twinkled off with them, as Marjorie afterwards put it, without a struggle.

The small car was still visible from the house when Connie turned to Mr. Peacock.

"We're going to get all those things out of the cellar and put them in their proper places before Mr. Parsons gets back," she announced.

"Eh?" said Mr. Peacock, with a jump.

Connie repeated what she had said, and Mr. Peacock, on the edge of relief, fell into depression again. It sounded too good to be true. If Connie had it in mind to keep anything from Mr. Parsons it would not be for his, Mr. Peacock's, benefit; so he stood there among the roses, the very picture of a dyspeptic on a lovely, young summer morning. He looked resentfully at Connie who still assumed that air of tallness and authority in her dark blue dress. She seemed to include Mr. Smith in her orders. Heaven only knew what that obnoxious person was doing at the place at all today. He came limping up and Connie, suddenly remembering how she had taken Marjorie to task for asking Clement Bagot to mend the primus stove, laughed.

"What's the joke?" he asked; and Mr. Peacock glared at them both as though he had caught them laughing at a funeral.

"We'll get a cup of tea first; then we can start," Connie said briskly.

She went and enlisted the gardener, and they hauled everything out of the cellar till the courtyard and the path outside became littered with an extraordinary collection of old furniture and bric-a-brac. There she and Mrs. Birch fell upon it with an enormous bottle of furniture polish; and before the afternoon was out every treasure of the late Miss Minnie Jackson was back in its proper place. If it was not in what Mr. Peacock regarded as its proper place, he was too dispirited to say so.

Connie had never expected to see Newbigging House so transformed. The Jacksons, father and daughter, had had better taste than she had given them credit for. Now most of the change was in the rooms downstairs; nothing could alter much the unedifying appearance of the library, but the hall and the other rooms had become attractive and graceful. Only this new aspect of the drawing-room seemed to Connie to make the gaunt ruin of the ballroom beyond a tragedy.

Baby had left the key in the lock and she went in, treading carefully, for the hole in the floor through which the luckless Mr. Jacobsen had fallen was not the only one.

The ivory-tinted wall opposite the windows was bare, but at one end of the room hung an enormous tapestry picture of knights riding through a forest; and at the other end that portrait of a lady.

The pictured girl might have been aged the precocious eighteen of a Caroline court. Her oval face had that sad sophistication overlaid on innocence that is sometimes seen in seventeenth-century portraits. Over the whole picture lay a silvery patina.

"It's the Lely!" Connie said breathlessly to the empty room.

She did not know whether or not she was sorry that Mr. X had gone a quarter of an hour before. After her first wonder at the picture had worn off she had a feeling that Mr. X was somehow vindicated, though his interest in the Lely had never been explained.

It was going to be a hot day, one of those exhausting, trying-to-the-temper days.

Connie stood idly looking across the slope of the garden. Mr. Parsons had gone on his twinkling way back to Brisbane the day before, and they were all so depressed at losing the funny little man that they found it hard to remember how thankful they were for his short and astonishing visit.

Now Mr. Peacock was left; not quite the same Mr. Peacock perhaps, but certainly looking no different. He was at the house this morning arranging a peace-treaty with

very satisfactory clauses concerning reparations and indemnities; but Connie, on whom the effect of champagne did not last for ever, had run away and left him to Marjorie. Marjorie, after all, was more consistent.

There seemed nothing for Connie to do but pick a few flowers and return to the house, where, for some reason or other, she felt that something unpleasant was waiting for her.

At the foot of the stairs she met Auntie Pat and Marjorie.

"Where's Mr. Peacock?" she asked in an undertone. "Has he gone?"

"He has not," Marjorie said. "He's on the verandah. And look at this." She flourished the cheque he had come over to deliver. "Here you are, Auntie Pat. It's made out to Connie. Get her to endorse it and then take it and give it to your wicked Mr. Jacobsen; and tell him we are no longer in his power; and get the change in pound notes and count them. And if he refuses to take the money and wants your beautiful niece instead, tell him I'm promised to another." She ran past them up the stairs.

"You are dreadful, Marjorie," Auntie Pat said. She looked at the cheque vaguely and handed it to Connie. "Go and see if the morning-tea's ready, dear," she said. It was not yet eleven but her mind flew to the thought of tea as a familiar refuge from so many abstractions. "I asked Mrs. Birch to make some scones."

Mrs. Birch's scones were large and square and pale and flat. This morning they oozed butter lavishly on a linen d'oyley as Connie brought them out.

"These snacks between meals—" Mr. Peacock began; but he caught Marjorie's eye and morosely silenced himself with a large bite.

"I saw Mr. Smith passing the gate this morning," Marjorie said; "he must have been going to Sydney."

"Humph!" said Mr. Peacock, his voice thick with scone.

"I wonder what he'll say when he finds out about that picture," Marjorie said indifferently.

Mr. Peacock's mouth was too full to allow the passage of words.

"It seemed to me that Mr. Smith might have had a commission to buy the Lely," Connie said experimentally.

Auntie Pat managed to say, "Oh, is that what he is then? An art dealer? Why didn't he say so at first? Some people are so queer. Mr. Jacobsen—"

Mr. Peacock was ready at last to speak. "That young man of yours is a fraud," he said. "I told you so before, but you weren't disposed to believe me. Perhaps you'll be more convinced now when I tell you I have just received absolute proof of it. Perhaps you remember that he said he came to Australia in August on the Strathcalm?"

"Yes," Auntie Pat agreed; "he did come on the Strathcalm."

"Oh, did he?" Mr. Peacock returned with amiable sarcasm. "I have the whole list of the passengers, officers and crew also, from the captain to the firemen, and there wasn't a Smith on board."

This seemed unsatisfactory. Auntie Pat looked unhappy and Connie could only drop her spoon. Suddenly she felt as if Mrs. Birch's scones had disagreed with her and she hated Mr. Peacock with a sick hate.

"He must have made a mistake," Auntie Pat said weakly.

"Obviously," said Mr. Peacock. "But did he make a mistake in his own name or the name of the ship?"

Not even Marjorie seemed capable of answering this.

Mr. Peacock had got a little of his own back. He rose up like a folding ruler opening on end in some invisible hand, and stalked away from the three speechless women without another word.

"I think," Auntie Pat said, "that Connie needs a holiday before Christmas. I think she ought to go down and stay with the Prices for a few days. I know I'm beginning to feel very dull here myself. I was just thinking last night how nice it would be to see a good musical comedy again."

"Musical comedy!" Marjorie cried at this. "I feel as if I've been living in a screaming farce for weeks. You're terribly hard to please, darling."

"I'd like to go to Sydney," Auntie Pat said wistfully. "I'd love to have dinner at a big restaurant again." She looked into her coffee-cup as though seeing visions of a fashionably crowded dining-room in it.

"Write to Molly Price and say you'll go down for a few days then," suggested Marjorie. "You can go into the city every day from there. Never mind us: Mrs. Birch and I will look after the tourists."

Auntie Pat had been off on mental excursions of her own. "If Connie went down she could engage a housemaid," she observed now. "That would be a very good idea. And a boy. I was sure that Miss Jackson never intended us to try and run this place with only Mrs. Birch. It was perfectly scandalous. And now there are all those extra things it makes extra work to keep them in order. I told Mr. Peacock we would get a housemaid as soon as possible."

"As long as we don't have to get a new gardener," Marjorie said. "I wouldn't be surprised if we lost the present incumbent any day."

Auntie Pat and Connie, each with a coffee-cup in her hand, put them down in unison. "Why?" they exclaimed in exact tones of consternation.

"I've got a dark suspicion, from the way he was talking yesterday, that he intends shortly to retire to a goat-farm," Marjorie told them.

"Why, he was talking about goat-farms to me. He seemed to have taken up the case of the Honorable Claude," Connie said.

"Is that so? And he asked Clement if he thought it would be any good writing to the Department of Agriculture for literature on the subject."

"After Belinda! I should think he'd had enough of goats by now!"

"That's what I said to Clement. Clement began teasing me then by saying he'd turn Lavistock into a goat-farm, and I said I'd divorce him."

"It's a wonderful idea. I'll give you Belinda for a wedding-present," Connie offered generously.

"Thanks; she's not yours to give. But I'd like to know what our retainer's up to. I'll try and get it out of him."

"You won't before he's ready. Hurry up! I've a lot to do this morning. And that sounds like Clement coming for you now and you're not ready."

Marjorie got up and stretched lazily as the horn of a car sounded for the second time outside. She was going over to Lavistock for the morning with Clement Bagot. "He'll have to be broken in in the beginning," she said calmly. "Go and tell him to stop making that noise at once." And she strolled out towards the kitchen, carrying two empty cups as a concession to the morning's work.

"I know now why I bought this car," Clement said half an hour later. "I got it to match you."

"Evidence of your secret tastes. Now everybody will say, 'You might have known the sort of girl he'd marry by the kind of car he drives.' Bug I do appreciate the careful way you go round puddles. Wouldn't you like to get out and make mud-pies? I'll let you."

He looked down at the slim figure in the white silk coat beside him. "I'll make a big one with you in the middle if you don't stop that," he threatened.

He slowed the car suddenly and recklessly, drew her over and gave her a short, hard kiss, like the one he had given her that night in the dark under the camellias, and as he turned to the wheel again another car shot past them from behind with two amused faces peering at them through the glass at the back.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, and Marjorie giggled.

"Go on. I'll be good." And she sat primly into the corner of the seat. "Look! There are three of Belinda's relations. I do hope we don't lose our original gardener to a goat-farm: he's a family tradition now, like Emily."

"That reminds me: what are you going to do about Emily when we're married? I don't think I'll give you permission to haunt Newbigging House on moonlight nights."

"I'll tell the whole story to the Sunday papers, and you'll be known as 'the man who married a ghost.'"

"I'll bet I'm the only man who ever had the courage to kiss one!"

"You're not the only one who knows the identity of Emily, though. I'm sorry to say. Drive slowly: I want to tell you something."

He listened in silence while she told him of her adventure with Mr. X in the drawing-room that night. "So it seems that Mr. Peacock might be right for once," she finished.

"Queer," Clement said thoughtfully. "He seemed all right to me."

"I wish Mr. Peacock would tell us all he knows about him. I hate mysteries. He seems to have got on the soft side of our dumb gardener, too: that makes him appear all the more extraordinary."

"It seems to have got well into Newbigging House affairs in a very short time."

"Yes; he seems to have a genius for being on the spot when anything is happening. It's a bit awkward, if Mr. Peacock should be right about him; he could give Newbigging House a lot more advertisement than it wants. Auntie Pat thought at first he might be a journalist, but he's wasted too much time on us; we're not as important as all that. It must have been something else he was after."

"What does Connie think?"

"Oh, Connie's very quiet about it; I don't think she knows what to believe. But you know it was funny how we accepted him at first."

"I should have thought he was all right," Clement said again. "Do you know what he was after about that Lily? It seems your aunt might have been right when she guessed he was some sort of an art-dealer."

"In spite of Mr. Peacock, I think I'd like to let him know the picture was there, just to see what he did about it." Marjorie said. "Now we are warned, he couldn't do anything very desperate even if he wanted to. If he could steal it, pictures like that are not so easily disposed of. I'd love to tell him and see what happened. Mr. Peacock seems pretty sure that he won't come back, but now I rather wish he would. Connie

must be more curious than I am, too, although she doesn't say so."

Her mind went back to Connie, who so obviously needed a holiday. "I think it would be a good idea if you took her down to Sydney with you to-morrow," she said. "She's getting quite cross. A few days in a cheerful crowd would do her good. It's a bit slow for her here, you know. She's rather young for a rustic life."

Clement laughed as he pulled the car up at the Laviatock gate. "What about you?" he asked.

"Oh, me?" Marjorie returned airily. "I was never as young as Connie, although she's two years older. Besides—I have other interests!" And she was out of the car before his hand could reach her.

Clement Bagot had set Connie down just where she had wanted to be, in the middle of the busiest shopping-block, and now she stood there in a doorway, a plump and pretty figure, between one window of pastel-tinted lingerie and another full of bizarre garments for the beach and monstrous rubber animals. It seemed years since she had been in such a place; it was like a tonic. For a minute she remained there, enchanted in everybody's way. Then she entered the store.

Connie felt almost lost in the shop; she remembered that she needed a shady hat, and she went and bought it just for something to do first. The girl who served her had all the manner of a really good nerve specialist, and Connie left the millinery department with the prospect of a very pleasant day ahead. She checked faithfully through Auntie Pat's list and her own, realising with amusement that she had never before shopped so economically and for such utilitarian things; and to offset this she lunched off oysters and ice-cream, with a string quartet close by trying to make itself heard through the clatter of voices and china.

Gerse was all the soothing influence of the nerve specialist in the millinery department; in the lift going out she had a struggle with three diminutive parcels and dropped them all and at last she was back in the crowd in the street, wondering where she wanted to go next. There was a little art shop, she remembered . . .

Except for the few rushed days before they had gone to Newbigging House, Connie had not been in the city for two years, and such a confusion of cities had filled that time that it had unsettled her ideas of local geography a little. Now the crowd she found in the street where the little art shop was situated was disconcerting. A great part of the narrow, crooked little street was almost completely blocked with men, and she paused for a moment before she noticed the thin moving stream of people down the middle that showed the way to be still passable then. Over the heads of a couple of approaching boys Connie's own startled eyes encountered the smiling brown ones of Mr. X. She caught at her slipping hand-bag just in time.

She knew instantly that if she passed him by she would be sorry; if she stopped she would be in a more awkward position than ever.

But before she had taken two undecided steps a tall man caught up to Mr. X from behind, clapped him on the shoulder and spun him round.

"Hullo, Newbigging," she heard him say clearly. "How are the goats?"

Connie dropped her bag.

She had a confused sense of Mr. X and the stranger stooping together to pick it up, but she did not know from which hand she took it. She made some polite little speech compounded of "thank you's." "How do you do's" and excuses for hurrying away; and the door of the little art shop seemed to actually reach out and gather her in. She found herself breathing quickly, as though she had narrowly escaped from something, and it seemed queer that she should feel disappointed at the same time.

But above all she was simply astonished. "Hullo, Newbigging! How are the goats?"

"Have you any—any—" she began. What was it she had wanted in this shop? (Hullo Newbigging! Newbigging, of all names!) It was no use trying to remember what it was she had wanted. (How are the goats! Why goats?) She looked round hurriedly and her eyes lighted on a brass candle-stick. "Candle-sticks," she said; and presently came out of the door again carrying a pottery candle-stick worthy only of the library at Newbigging House.

Mr. X, mercifully, was not waiting for her outside, and she went on up the crooked little path, dodging traffic into the rattle of the main street, and remembering that she wanted to visit a big department store at the other end of the city, she stepped into a handy tram, still with that feeling of escape; and as it moved on for the second time she saw Mr. X run across from the kerb and jump in the last compartment. It is difficult to concentrate even the most stable mind on puzzles while one is riding on a tram, watching at the same time for an unfamiliar stopping-place ahead and trying to observe, unseen oneself, the movements of another person at the back. Connie, recognising her own stopping-place presently, found it, too late, to be Mr. X's also. He swung off the tram as she reached the kerb.

She dodged in the nearest doorway and then through a maze of hardly recognised departments with the mysterious words of the tall man still running in her head: "Hullo, Newbigging; how are the goats?" The words were incontestably enough before but now the most elementary sense of them seemed beyond her grasp. She dived into a waiting lift like a pursued rabbit into a hole, and when the lift would not take her any further she got out and found herself in the art-gallery on the top floor. It now dawned upon her that she was actually running away from Mr. X.

The art gallery had a welcome air of seclusion; it looked as though people might only arrive in it by rare accident; and it offered a quiet and pleasant retreat from the gathering of scattered wits.

Connie stood a moment looking at nothing, and in that moment, from the other side of the partition, came a pleasant voice talking pictures to one of the attendants; it was the voice of Mr. X.

Again Connie fled, and found herself in a place of carpets.

"Something for a lounge?" inquired a polite salesman. "These are all Wilton. A very nice range."

Connie collected herself. She did not want carpets, but she wanted a door-mat and was passed on to the next room. The mat purchased it was by sheer accident that she strayed back to the carpets again, and from there she started on a diagonal course to a possible lift at the other end. She had very wisely decided to dismiss Mr. X altogether from her mind for the time being and attend strictly to Auntie Pat's shopping list, but fate was almost unbearably against her; now, in the exact centre of the room, talking to a man behind up-

ended rools of carpet, she came upon Mr. X again. As she broke into something like a trot she heard Mr. X say hurriedly to the man, "Excuse me!" And the lift that providence should have had waiting was not there.

She turned through the nearest doorway and simply kept on going, swiftly and blindly, till she found herself in a queer department of beehives, rabbit-hutches and bird-cages.

A salesman came to anchor in front of her simultaneously with Mr. X's arrival at her side; a second salesman stopped short in his tracks some ten feet away, cutting off any possible refuge offered by a large chicken-brooder.

"Now what was it we wanted here?" Mr. X inquired pleasantly. He picked up Connie's bag from the interior of a dog-trough. "Oh; I remember! Goat-collars. We want to see some goat-collars."

"I—" began Connie, and then stopped short; after all, one could not attract attention unduly in a shop. So she stood still, lost in a bewildered nightmare of Mr. X's association with goats.

"Goat-collars?" said the salesman. "I wonder now—we are so seldom asked—" He raised his eyes and appeared to hold a silent consultation with a framed illustration of somebody's puppy-biscuits. "Oh, yes, I think we can fix you up. A good large dog-collar, of course; something in a good plain dog-collar; just the thing for a goat, I should say."

"This," said Mr. X, "is an Angora. At least—it is an Angora, isn't it?" He addressed the second part of this remark to Connie.

"It?" returned Connie stupidly. She was in danger of dropping the pottery candlestick any minute, when it would be most assuredly broken. But while the man went to get the absurd dog-collar she might make some excuse and escape without appearing conspicuous.

"I suppose I shouldn't call her 'it,'" Mr. X said apologetically. "Belinda is an Angora; isn't she—Yes, of course! she's an Angora. We want a really good collar for an Angora."

"Oh; it's Belinda!" thought Connie, disappointed in some way again.

But the salesman did not seem to care what it was they wanted; he had consulted the oracle of the puppy-biscuits and he knew what he was going to sell them. "Mr. Willis," he said, turning to the gentleman beside the chicken-brooder, "have we any of those 'Elasto' dog-collars left?"

Mr. Willis, stood brooding, affirmed that they had.

Arrived at the counter, Mr. X considered dog-collars so carefully that one might have been almost persuaded that he had really come to buy such a thing.

"Do you think," he said to Connie, holding up a tasteful specimen all studded with brass, "that Belinda would like this one?" He spoke as though they were choosing a very particular gift for a rather particular relative. Then, having silently watched him lay a pound note on the salesman's book, she heard him ordering the dog-collar to be sent to Newbigging House.

"Now," he said, as though his whole carefully planned business in the department had been successfully accomplished, and largely due to Connie's help, "shall we go and have a cup of tea?"

Connie had been looking at him covertly while the transaction over the counter had been going on. Whatever name he took, he was still the same young man with the

nice eyes who had talked about Chelsea china and big-game hunting.

Of course it was out of the question to have tea with him—she got over this by making the excuse of a late lunch—but she might talk to him for a few minutes outside the lift.

"Do you know I've been chasing you all over this shop?" Mr. X asked. "The place is a regular maze. I lost you completely once, before I saw you again in the carpet department. I've got quite a lot I want to tell you. I was going to come and see you when I went back to Camden next week—"

"Oh," Connie said weakly, "you're coming back again?" Could she tell him that he would probably receive a visit from the local police-sergeant if he did?

The door of the lift in front of them opened with a clatter, and a tall, dark girl stepped out quickly. She had taken a couple of steps past when she realised that it was Connie she had seen out of the tail of her eye, and she swung round again. "Connie Newbigging!" she cried. "Connie Newbigging!" and fell on Connie with both hands. "Well, of all the—You're just sent by Providence! There's a woman says she's got some French model frocks and I don't believe her. You could tell if you saw them; couldn't you? Do come down with me, there's a dear. You're not doing anything else; are you? Listen: is it true you're living in a museum?"

Providence may have arranged this encounter with Nellie Neilson; Connie was a little doubtful about its agency. But presently she found herself descending with Nellie in the lift, en route to a very fashionable street. The last she saw of Mr. X was an eye-level view of his very correct shoes.

Connie was restive in the city in spite of the efforts of Molly and Jean Price to amuse her. One needed unusual nervous stamina to stand up against the amusements of these two for long; they were full of strange energies; they seemed to emit startling but ineffective sparks all the time like electric wires on a wet night, and all their talk was in explosive little crackles.

Going home in the train she was still haunted by the thought of Mr. X. She tried to remember just what he had said about coming back to Camden, and was irritated to think she could not recall his exact words and more irritated to think that she wanted to. Then she tried to forget him altogether in a practical calculation of what she had accomplished in her few days in the city. She had engaged the housemaid and the boy; she had done a lot of useful shopping; she had seen a number of old friends; she had been to three talks and a musical comedy, and, of course, an exhibition. Auntie Pat would be little interested in the exhibition, but she would like an exhaustive account of the musical comedy, and it needs some concentration to describe a musical comedy in detail even with the programme to assist one's memory.

Auntie Pat, however, turned out to be not particularly interested in anything Connie had seen. She had decided to go to the city herself.

"I'd really better go down and see Mr. Jacobsen," she said.

"What for?" demanded Marjorie bluntly.

"Why, I haven't been in town—" Auntie Pat's protest sounded like that of a small girl denied an outing.

"I don't mean why go to town," Marjorie said. "Go to the city by all means. But why waste time over Mr. Jacobsen when you're there?"

"I'll have to go and see him, though," Auntie Pat insisted rather nervously. "I'll really have to. I'll have to give him that money and tell him about the house. I feel awful about mentioning it to him, but I can't go on any longer, because he'll be sending the month's rent again soon."

"What!" cried Marjorie. "Do you mean to say you haven't told him yet?" She might herself be forgiven for forgetting Mr. Jacobsen since the truth had come out about the house, but she and Connie had both taken it for granted that Auntie Pat had arranged matters with him long ago.

"I—I've only seen him twice since," Auntie Pat pleaded in excuse.

"She's only seen him twice!" Marjorie exclaimed, looking significantly heavenward, possibly in case recording angels might judge her too hastily.

"Well, so I have," Auntie Pat maintained.

"So she has!" Marjorie affirmed.

"I really meant to," Auntie Pat said uncomfortably. "I paid the money into my account when Connie gave it to me, and I actually wrote a cheque once, but it got out of date and I destroyed it."

"Thereby wasting twopenny," Marjorie commented.

Connie laughed, more at the sight of Auntie Pat's face than what she had been confessing. "You go straight down and pay him to-morrow, before I have you arrested for misappropriating money," she said.

Auntie Pat only looked more disturbed. "You don't know how I hate mentioning it to him," she said. "Poor Mr. Jacobsen—I was wondering if there was any way we might—Connie dear, suppose you wrote and explained it all? I'd be so grateful, and I'm sure it would be much less embarrassing for him. Then it needn't be mentioned at all."

"I will not," Connie said firmly. "It has nothing to do with me at all. You got yourself into this scandalous position and you'll have to get yourself out again."

So Auntie Pat went.

It was on the last day of her visit that she saw Mr. Jacobsen. He had taken over his uncle's comfortable little office in a large building, though what business he ever transacted in it nobody even bothered to inquire. And there, where her first ill-starred interview with him had taken place, Auntie Pat presented herself about half-past three on a very warm afternoon.

She was not looking forward to the next half-hour at all, in spite of the girls' exhortations to be sensible. It was all very well for them, with their modern thick skins, but they did not seem to understand the sensibilities of older people. She walked out of the lift, wondering just how gently and tactfully she might open the vexed subject, and then she saw something that diverted her mind altogether from the Woodford house for the time being.

The door of Mr. Jacobsen's room was within sight of the lift, and out of that door walked Mr. X, carrying a violin-case. He turned a corner of the corridor and disappeared.

Now Auntie Pat, as Marjorie had said, was still loyally, if unreasonably, championing Mr. X; and just as unreasonably she counted it to his favor now that Mr. Jacobsen should be having anything more to do with him. Mr. Jacobsen was usually far too shy to make friends with anyone off-hand. It spoke well for Mr. X if Mr. Jacobsen was pursuing his acquaintance at

all. Auntie Pat even hoped for a moment that he might be able to refute those unpleasant insinuations of Mr. Peacock. She did not like to think that a young man with such nice brown eyes and such a delightful manner should be under a cloud. And why shouldn't his name be Smith, in spite of Mr. Peacock? As yet she knew nothing of the incident Connie had witnessed; that still remained, very uncomfortably, the secret of Connie's discretion. But Auntie Pat argued logically, as Smith was about the commonest name in the world, wasn't it more likely to belong to Mr. X than any other name? As for that silly argument about a passenger-list—

"Did that young man tell you his name was Smith?" she asked Mr. Jacobsen.

"Which?" answered Mr. Jacobsen. "Oh, Mr. Smith? Why—he never told me his name was anything that I remember. I think it was Miss Newbigging who introduced us, that time when I— Mr. Jacobsen found that he did not like to say 'when I fell into the cellar,' so he amended it. 'The first time we met,' he said.

"Have you seen him since?" Auntie Pat asked, without any intention of catechising her trustee.

"I met him once or twice on the road to Camden," Mr. Jacobsen said, "and we talked of various things. He seems very well informed. He came to see me this afternoon and we were discussing violins. He's a very nice fellow."

"Oh," said Auntie Pat, disappointed. There was nothing very definite or informative about this.

"He took one of my violins away with him," Mr. Jacobsen said. "He's going to carve a new bridge for it. A man in Italy, he was telling me, showed him a peculiar design. I'm quite interested."

"But your violins are rather valuable; aren't they?" Auntie Pat asked, a little anxiously; which proved that even she did not now trust Mr. X as much as she would have liked to have done.

"This one was rather valuable," Mr. Jacobsen admitted. "But any slight difference of design is always interesting. See: this is an old Bavarian violin." He produced the instrument suddenly from under his desk. "I brought it back with me the last time I came from Germany. This one I bought in Milan."

He produced another from a cupboard. In the space of as many minutes five violins surrounded Auntie Pat, and she was listening to quite a voluble address on their peculiarities and differences. The address went on and on, till presently Mr. Jacobsen's long fingers took up a bow.

At last the clock chimed five and the noise of the traffic under the windows increased suddenly and tremendously on the sultry air.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Jacobsen, arrested. "Is that five o'clock?" And I meant to have given you a cup of tea. You are not in a hurry I hope?"

All the violins disappeared rapidly into their cases and the cases disappeared just as rapidly into different corners of the room. Then, like a conjurer, or a capable shop-girl batching in one room, from another cupboard he produced a spirit-lamp and a little brass tea-caddy. It was just the way one might expect Mr. Jacobsen to entertain a lady. Marjorie would have said. At a quarter to six, the lift-man having gone off duty, they came down in the automatic lift together; and it was only as they slipped past the vestibule that Auntie Pat was suddenly reminded of what she had come for.

She clutched her hand-bag with the

embarrassing cheque in it. "Oh, Mr. Jacobsen," she said, "that cottage of mine at Woodford—"

"Oh, yes—yes," said Mr. Jacobsen. The lift stopped but they made no move to leave it. "I meant to speak to you about that," Mr. Jacobsen said. "I meant to speak to you about that. One of the local agents has just made an offer to buy it."

Somebody three floors above pressed the button and the lift started to rise again. "I hope they are not taking us very far," said Mr. Jacobsen. "Yes; I had a letter yesterday from a man named Cook." The lift stopped and two men got in. "Thank you," said Mr. Jacobsen. "The ground floor, thank you."

Down went the lift again, but only as far as the second floor, where the two men got out. Mr. Jacobsen pressed the ground-floor button. "I must confess I don't feel very much at home in these things," he said.

"You were saying you had a letter from a man named Cook," Auntie Pat prompted. They had reached the ground floor a second time and Mr. Jacobsen actually got as far as half opening the door.

"Oh, yes," he said. "This man made an offer for the house, but really, I don't know if I should advise you to take it. It's very difficult to make up one's mind. With a regular rental—"

Auntie Pat simply could not neglect this heaven-sent opening. Somebody on an upper floor was ringing the lift-bell impatiently, but she stood firm on her little heels and said with all the determination of a person telling a really effective lie. "He wrote to me, too, and said the house was empty." Now Mr. Jacobsen need never know that she had been to Woodford that memorable day.

The person on the upper floor was frantically ringing the bell.

"I know there wouldn't be any rent this month," Auntie Pat said, seeing that her lie might be made more useful still. "It is so fortunate that we are no longer in need of the money. We'll be able to arrange everything about the house next time we see each other. It's getting late now and somebody seems to want the lift. But I really think it would be advisable to sell the place if we're able to—or perhaps not. We'll see. But I've really had a most delightful afternoon. I think the door has to be shut quite tightly—"

Mr. Jacobsen seemed as relieved as she was to dismiss the subject of the cottage. "A man, along the street had some very beautiful pink roses this afternoon," he said. "If you're not in any hurry we might just walk along and see if he has any left." It was just the way one might expect Mr. Jacobsen to buy roses for a lady, Marjorie would have said.

AUNTIE PAT took the cheque back home with her. To do her justice she was very uncomfortable about it, thinking of her two nieces.

Connie was at the station to meet her.

A southerly had come up the night before and it was still blowing cool across the tops of the hills; they seemed to stand up under it a little taller and straighter than usual with an air of new recitude.

"A beautiful morning, Miss Newbigging," the stationmaster said as the train drew in, and Connie helped Auntie Pat out of the carriage affectionately.

"We will have to wait a few minutes for our driver," Connie said. "He's gone over to the store."

She found Auntie Pat's ticket in her

bag and handed it over, and collected all her parcels in a neat pile. Auntie Pat could no more help accumulating small parcels on her travels than an ocean tramp could keep free from barnacles. Now she had boxes of cakes and a package that Connie suspected contained bacon. "And those are walnuts," she said.

"You have been enjoying yourself," Connie laughed. The day seemed to approve of bacon and walnuts; the respective things on which they grew were simple works of nature without any nonsense about them.

"Whom do you think I saw in the city?" Auntie Pat asked. "Coming out of Mr. Jacobsen's office? Mr. Smith! I was so surprised. Mr. Jacobsen seems quite friendly with him. He said he has seen him several times. He was taking one of Mr. Jacobsen's violins away to do something to it. Mr. Jacobsen said he thought he was a very nice young man. I particularly asked him. I can't think why Mr. Peacock will talk about him the way he does."

"Did you speak to him?" Connie asked.

"No; he didn't see me. I was getting out of the lift and my heel caught. You know how I hate travelling in lifts. Mr. Smith was just turning round the corner when I stepped into the corridor. He careful of my roses; Mr. Jacobsen sent them down to the train to me. I don't suppose they'll last long but it was very nice of him to think of them."

"Yes," said Connie absently.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Connie under her breath, and turned suddenly away from Auntie Pat, who sat there so placidly nursing her big bunch of pink roses. Why couldn't Mr. Jacobsen have had enough sense to look after his precious violins? It was too bad!

"Where are you going?" Auntie Pat inquired.

"Just to the other side of the platform," Connie answered. She felt that she had to keep moving about, she was so exasperated.

"There's a goods train there. I wouldn't go if I were you," Auntie Pat protested gently.

But Connie went on through the waiting-room, so preoccupied that she fell over a suitcase that had been left in the doorway. She picked herself up with an angry shake, glad at least that nobody had seen her; she was not too preoccupied to know that the prettiest girl looks silly falling over a suitcase.

At the end of the other platform a few trucks were drawn up and a porter beside them was juggling with a pile of egg-boxes. "Haven't your driver come yet?" he inquired, resting an egg-box on one corner, where it balanced just as long as ordinary gravitation would permit. "I thought I seen him coming out of the store a minute ago; he oughtn't to be long now." He challenged Newton with another egg-box and appeared to take his own defeat philosophically.

"Thank you," said Connie.

The hills still looked unapproachable; the trees stood about like children forbidden by snobbish parents to speak to one another. It was a hateful morning, somehow. There was nothing diverting on the platform, unless one happened to be interested in the hazards of poultry-farming; but something a little more interesting seemed to be going on further ahead, where a truck stood open on the line beyond the platform, and she walked to the end, looking at it idly while she wondered what had possessed Mr. Jacobsen of all people to have struck up an acquaintance with Mr. X.

A railway employee had adjusted a little gangway beside the truck and appeared to

be trying to persuade something inside the truck to come out. He picked up a stick and poked it cautiously through the door, still without any visible effect. Connie began to wonder just what would eventually come out of the truck.

A little whirlwind of dust started up from between the pairs of shining rails and seemed to blow deliberately towards two men and a boy and the truck; as they bent their heads from it there was a rattle along the plank that the porter had set up, and out of the truck, with absurdly unsteady dignity, clattered and slithered a large white goat.

"Well—" said Connie; "well, of all the —" Words failed her, even to herself.

At the bottom of the plank the goat inadvertently sat down, and there immediately arose a second whirlwind that obscured the whole scene from Connie's eyes; but when the atmosphere cleared again it was to show Mr. X fastening a strap about the goat's reluctant neck while the porter cynically looked on.

It was evident that hours of durance in the truck had not bred any meek spirit in the goat; but its immediate desire seemed more for violent physical exercise than liberty, and for a few moments Mr. X, with the end of the strap in his hand, was constrained to perform several movements of an eccentric dance with it; it must be said that he exhibited a great deal more grace than his partner.

Then they both took a rest and Mr. X said something to the porter that Connie did not catch. The porter stooped to adjust the bottom of the plank; and simultaneously two other goats came crowding through the door of the truck, and, scorning the plank altogether, leapt one to the left and the other to the right. The porter rose and made a futile grab at one of them; Mr. X twisted round and made an equally futile grab at the other; and Connie, who seldom managed to see how accidents really happened, next observed two men picking themselves up from the ground, and three goats travelling rapidly from the same centre in different directions.

Whorls of dust covered the men as they rose and whorls of dust chased the goats as eccentrically as they fled. Every pretence of virtue and rectitude had left the morning. If Connie had looked beyond the station-yard she would have seen the new disorderly aspect of the trees and cows, and the condonation of the hills.

She wanted to scream with hysterical laughter. The porter behind her said, "Did you ever see the like of that!" and, nonchalantly tossing the egg-boxes aside, he strolled off to the rescue. Quite oblivious of the honking of a car horn that announced that the driver was now ready to take her and Auntie Pat home, Connie followed the porter down the sloping end of the platform. After a short experience of Belinda it seemed second nature to her now to join in any trouble connected with a goat.

Down in the yard the porter went off to look for a rope, hopeful that when he found it he might be inspired with some idea of what to do with it; and Connie, pulling off her gloves as she ran and stuffing them down the front of her dress, sped hot on the trail of the nearest goat. A whirlwind ran after her, twisting round her legs like a dog on a long lead, till she nearly tripped over its impalpable winding.

The goat she had marked down was the largest of the three, but it happened to be the nearest. It seemed to have Belinda's propensity for standing on its hind legs and looking in windows, and it turned from an upright contemplation of the interior of a shed to greet Connie without rancor:

here, at least, was another creature of the same sex. Connie led it without trouble to a small patch of grass at the side of the yard, and presently turned to see Mr. X converging on the same spot. Mr. X had recaptured his first charge on the strap, after it had forced him into disavelling contact with a section of hedge beside the fence; but a small boy who had joined in the chase had a bag of three dusty felt hats as well as the smallest and liveliest of the goats.

Mr. X produced two more straps and stood there with the three impenitent animals secured in a scratched hand. He conveyed the impression now that he was well used to handling goats in large flocks.

"There were only three; weren't there?" Connie asked, panting a little.

Mr. X laughed. "At present," he said, "More would seem inappropriate. You now realise the true inwardness of heraldry. It's a pity it's so little understood since other forms of scholarship have become fashionable. We exemplify the Newbigging device: Three goats on a bender." He bowed to Connie with a grace that one had to admire under the circumstances.

Then up strolled the first porter to collect his hat. "I reckon you've got some trouble in store there," he remarked.

"You speak more truly than you know," Mr. X returned; and the second porter, possibly feeling that it might be unfortunate to remain in the vicinity of an individual under such a hoodoo, retired into the goods-shed and shut the door after him.

"What are you going to do with them now?" Connie could not help asking.

"I have a motor lorry outside," Mr. X said. This was answering her question somewhat narrowly, but Connie could not very well pursue it.

"Oh," she said.

"I'll come and thank you in a day or two," Mr. X said.

Connie could only answer "Oh," again. Then she added, "Very well." And like someone waking only half willing from a dream, she was aware of the insistent motor horn and Auntie Pat's scandalised signals from the end of the platform. A raffish little wind swept her out of the yard.

It was Marjorie, happening to come downstairs at an opportune moment, who received Mr. Peacock on the afternoon that fate had set aside for his final downfall.

He had brought Miss Jackson's miniature back to its proper guardians, but anybody seeing him hand it over to Marjorie might have thought he was parting with his last possession to a usurer from whom he could never hope to redeem it.

Marjorie took the little picture from his bony fingers and looked for the first time at the healthy and commonplace features that had inspired Mr. Peacock for forty years with such a singular loyalty. There seemed to have been nothing remarkable about Miss Minnie Jackson's face, just as there had been nothing remarkable about the art of the person who had painted it here: a full, girlish face with a warm and generous mouth, but at the age of twenty or thereabouts, the eyes already over-critical and hardening. Perhaps, after all, taking the few known facts of her history into consideration, there was more to be gathered from Miss Jackson's portrait than Marjorie was yet able to read.

Marjorie stood there in the hall of the house Miss Jackson had permitted herself to love so thoroughly—perhaps for the very reason that it could not love her back—and stared at the unresponsive painted eyes with a little frown on her own forehead. Mr. Peacock was silent.

"Shall we go and show it to the others?" she asked at last; and, receiving no answer, she led the way out of the house through the courtyard.

Mr. Peacock went treading untidily behind her, an old man full of regrets like vinegar. It was the first time in his memory that he had been conscious of regrets at all, and he might not yet know that thereby he had become human and so eligible for redemption.

"They're somewhere out here," Marjorie said vaguely, referring to Auntie Pat and Connie. It was the middle of the afternoon and not a visitors' day. On the edge of the orchard Belinda, in her new collar, drowsed under an apricot-tree; below them the white cat crooned the sunny path carrying something in her mouth that Marjorie hoped Mr. Peacock would not recognise as a spotted kitten; the gardener stood beside a plum-tree, gazing up into its branches as though he expected the fruit to ripen while he waited; everything was so still in the heat that they heard Auntie Pat when she laughed at the other side of the house.

"There they are," Marjorie said; and another laugh from Auntie Pat directed them to a place where an angle of the hedge made a shady corner.

It had always been a grievance with Mr. Peacock that, whenever he wanted to see a particular member of this family, instead of being ensconced in the library and having the person in question brought to him promptly, he should be taken to hold the interview wherever the girls considered it most convenient to themselves. They had no realisation of their position here. It was just as though, to them, he reflected bitterly, Miss Jackson had never been; they could apparently see themselves only as the descendants of that man who had built the house so long ago that he and his share in the place no longer mattered.

Eyes on the brittle summer grass, he followed Marjorie; and as they came up to the other side of the hedge Auntie Pat's laugh suddenly gave way to a man's voice saying, "I know; it's just like sucking treacle through your teeth."

It was not the sheer idiocy of this remark that halted Mr. Peacock; it was the voice itself, a voice he had never desired or expected to hear on these premises again. He only halted for a moment; then, stepping round the corner of the hedge in front of Marjorie, he demanded impolitely, "How long have you been here?"

"I should say about six minutes," returned Mr. X cheerfully after a little apologetic movement towards Auntie Pat and Connie quite lost on the old man.

"You know Mr. Smith, don't you, Mr. Peacock?" Auntie Pat inquired unnecessarily. It seemed an awkward situation for the most socially competent woman to handle.

"I'm afraid I don't," said Mr. Peacock, with a sarcasm so heavy that it defeated its own ends.

"But—" began Auntie Pat. "But Mr.—"

"I would suggest," said Mr. Peacock, taking no notice of this feebleness, and making an admirable attempt to call up all the weight of all the sarcasm of all the K.C.'s he had ever heard in court, "that he give us some fuller title."

Mr. X rose to his feet from where he

had been sitting on the grass. He got up in a very leisurely manner and waited to give his trousers a little brush before he spoke. The he said, "You have anticipated my intention by a matter of minutes, Mr. Peacock. And you are addressing the Right Honorable Claude Etham Smith, Viscount Newbigging. I don't think I can give you any fuller title than that."

"Newbigging!" exclaimed Mr. Peacock. "Newbigging!" He seemed thunderstruck.

"At your service," Mr. X assured him with a little sarcasm of his own.

And immediately from the back of the hedge came an excited squeal. "Oh, grandfather, grandfather! Look at your passenger-list again!" Baby had come upon the scene.

Mr. X resumed his seat upon the grass as severely as though this were his customary way of being introduced in any society, but he knew quite well the two thoughts that were exercising Mr. Peacock's never very flexible mind; the thought that if bogus viscounts were not quite as common as rabbits in Australia, they still had been heard of before; and the thought that if genuine viscounts did not pop out of every wayside bush, they still had been known to exist. After he had given Mr. Peacock time to become quite familiar with each of these thoughts in turn, Mr. X took a card out of his pocket, scribbled something on the back of it, and handed it to the old man with a smile. "Take that along to the manager of the Commonwealth Bank," he said. "You'll find it all right."

Mr. Peacock took this dismissal without being conscious of its intention. He was hardly aware that Marjorie was paying him the courtesy of attending his departure till, just as he was about to climb into the sulky, she said, "I think it would be better if you kept this in your own charge, Mr. Peacock," and she held out the miniature of Miss Jackson. "Some day we might have a copy made of it; but, after all, it's the only portrait of Miss Jackson we know of, and it might be safer with you. I don't see that we are under any obligation to make it part of the public collection."

Mr. Peacock, standing beside his forlorn turnout, looked at Marjorie with an indescribable surprise. Then, "As you please," he said harshly, and she felt his finger-nails on her hand as he took the miniature back.

Auntie Pat and Connie were not to know for some time what the late Miss Minnie Jackson had looked like.

Now, with Mr. X, they laughed when they heard the sulky rattling past and a resentful Baby, sent to open the gate, calling to her grandfather to hurry up. If Baby might not stay she did not want to waste time in the order of her going.

"They're a wonderful pair, those two, if you're only in a position to appreciate them," Connie said; then they forgot them altogether.

"You see," Mr. X was explaining, "the actual surname of the family is Smith bracketed with Newbigging. The younger members usually drop the Smith for convenience, but the eldest sons retain it without the bracket because they use the Newbigging in the courtesy title and the repetition makes too much of it."

"I see," said Auntie Pat with apparent relief. "I thought for the minute that perhaps we should all have been properly called Smith."

Mr. X laughed. "No, no; you're quite all right," he said. "It's only when you start messing about with titles that the trouble starts. But you'll understand that if I had come here as Viscount Newbigging looking

for property for a goat-farm, I might have been worried in several ways, and I'd have got a lot of publicity I didn't want."

"Oh, yes," agreed Auntie Pat. "I quite understand." She might have experienced herself all the embarrassments of a queen who had tried to spend a holiday in a well-known tourist resort.

But Connie cried, "A goat-farm! Is that what you were doing with those goats?"

"Those on the bender?" said Mr. X. "Yes." He smiled at Connie in such a fashion that she forgot for the moment what they were talking about.

Auntie Pat was surprised to hear such an expression from Mr. X: she vaguely remembered it from some out-dated period of slang. She wondered what it had to do with goats.

But Mr. X was making further interesting disclosures. "I've bought Andrews' place and the place next door," he said. "A model goat-farm is about to spring up in the district."

Marjorie returned just in time to hear this speech. "Do you mean to say you're actually going to start a goat-farm here after what happened to the Honorable Claude—I mean the first one?" she demanded.

His predecessor's failure did not seem to be weighing on Mr. X at all. "The trouble was then," he said, "that there was nothing to do with his produce. But I happen to have a connection—a very decent chap—who owns a carpet factory in Scotland, and he'll buy Angora goat hair." He looked at Connie and she knew the look was to remind her of their encounter in the carpet department of that city shop. "Then there's the cheese industry to work up, too. But it's not so much my own enterprise; I have a younger brother whose health is driving him out of England, and I really want to see what it will do for him."

"How nice," said Auntie Pat. "I mean how nice that you are able to do this for him. And do you really think you'll be able to make a success of it? I suppose you've had a lot of expert advice."

"As a matter of fact I haven't consulted anybody at all. The only people I have so far mentioned it to have been your gardener and a friend staying in the city, who won't believe I'm serious." Again he looked quizzically at Connie.

"Well, you have the sad experience of the Honorable Claude to warn you," Marjorie said. "Don't you think a small sheep-farm—"

Mr. X, his arms around his knees, was rocking slowly backwards and forwards on the grass. He looked up at Marjorie with a comical expression in his brown eyes, and said, "I'm afraid I'm a bit like your ancestor; I like novelty."

"You are like him," Marjorie said, staring him almost out of countenance. Then she added a little "Oh!" as if to herself. She had thought of that night in the drawing-room when some queer feeling of recognition had worried her.

Connie broke in with a change of subject; in her present highly-strung condition anything connected with goats seemed unbearably funny. "Did you know we'd found the Lely?" she asked.

"Really!" exclaimed the diverted Mr. X. "Are you sure?"

"The girls think so," Auntie Pat told him seriously. "But of course they don't really know. Mr. Jacobsen's coming on Saturday and we're going to ask him."

"O-ooh!" cried Marjorie; and Connie, running smoothing fingers across her mouth, said, "Come and see."

The ballroom still smelled of its fresh ivory paint, and all the windows were open. One might dance on its floor now without the risk of suddenly disappearing through it.

The girls led Mr. X up to the picture at the end, and Marjorie bobbed a curtsy. Then she took Mr. X by the hand and said: "Madam—Viscount Newbigging!"

"Your servant!" said Mr. X, and bowed elaborately. But after that he stared at Sir Peter's lady with all his eyes, till it seemed that even she must have been embarrassed.

"He was a great little man," he said at last, speaking of Sir Peter Lely himself.

"We were right then?" Connie asked.

"Yes; and I think it's the loveliest thing he ever painted."

"Who was she?"

"She was the first Countess of Brackenfern."

"It belonged to the Honorable Claude then? You wouldn't think he'd have parted with it, would you?" Connie said, disappointed in her protégée's lack of sentiment.

"I should say he never parted with it in his lifetime," Mr. X said slowly. "The trustees of the estate probably sold it to settle debts. Or it may even have been left here, unrecognised for years. I believe he died suddenly, intestate. In any case, the way he came by it would have made it difficult to will."

"How did he come by it?" Connie asked. The Honorable Claude had not been lacking in sentiment after all.

But Mr. X's answer was to put this comforting reflection out of her mind altogether. It was in three startling words: "He stole it."

"What!" This exclamation was from Marjorie.

"He did. Much as I hate to cast aspersions on your ancestors, my dears, the Honorable Claude stole that picture." Mr. X was smiling, but it was plain that he meant what he said.

He fell silent, and the girls turned from him to stare at the picture with a new interest, as though some evidence of its ravishment might be visible.

"But whom did he steal it from?" Marjorie asked at last.

"His father."

"Why, though?"

"It seems," Mr. X said, now quite seriously, "that he must have been virtually exiled in Australia. He was only a ninth son, you know, and by the time your importance in a family has been divided nine times it's pretty small. Have you ever thought of that? They say he was passionately attached to the Brackenfern estates and everything on them, and particularly to this picture. He seems to have been never sent away to school and left pretty well to himself on the place while he was young. But not the smallest of the things he had grown up among might be his afterwards. When he left England this picture mysteriously disappeared. It was never known for certain that he had taken it away with him, but the belief has been handed down. Goodness only knows how he managed it."

It seemed, with every development of her story, that Sir Peter's lovely countess should have taken on perceptibly a new glamor; but she continued to gaze back at these three descendants of hers with the same familiar air of winful self-possession. "I don't blame him," Mr. X said, referring to her abductor.

"And whose should she be now, then?" Marjorie asked.

"My father's—and afterwards mine."

"And you're going to try and claim her now?"

"I am; even if I have to pay for her."

"I should say you were going to be involved in some interesting litigation."

Mr. X did not seem to be unduly worried over this.

"I wonder why your old Peacock took it the way he did," he said.

"He's not our old Peacock," Marjorie disclaimed. "Was that what he was talking about when he said you came to him with a cock-and-bull story?"

"Very probably. I was determined to hunt the picture down if it was in Australia at all, and I thought the most likely person to interview in the beginning would be the trustee of Newbigging House. I suppose I should have given him what he called my 'full title,' but as I was Mr. Smith to everybody else, I didn't see why that shouldn't do for him. I told him this picture was believed to have been at Newbigging House, and I was anxious to trace it. I merely wanted to know, to begin with, if it were here, but I made a slip and said I was trying to trace it for the owner. He was hostile right from the start, and the interview ended very unpleasantly. He wouldn't give me any information at all, of course. He implied that there'd never been a Lely here, but he did it in such a hedgeway way, I thought I'd make sure by coming to the house. Then you said there was none, and I didn't think you were purposely misleading me, but I thought you might not know a Lely when you saw one."

Connie laughed and Marjorie made a little face at him.

"So," he went on, "I decided to go to the art-dealers. And then one night at Andrews' I heard Baby talking to the Andrews child about a picture in the ballroom, and it sounded very suspicious. She said she had forgotten to take the key out of the door, and I decided to come down and do a little private investigating. It seemed pretty clear that the Newbigging House trustee was doing a bit of double-dealing and I felt I was justified."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marjorie, and then cut herself short.

Mr. X did not seem to hear her. "It was a moonlight night," he continued, and I killed two birds with the one stone by bringing a book to your gardener. When I came up to the house there seemed to be no one about, and I was debating whether I should draw one of you into it when I heard old Peacock's voice inside. That decided me. I didn't want to involve you in any way, and it seemed better if you knew nothing about it. So I just walked in through the drawing-room door without disturbing anybody. I got into the ballroom, made a tour of half the walls, and only found a tapestry. Then I thought it might be as well to secure a retreat before I went any further, so I tried to open one of the shutters. It would have given me more light as well. But the bolt had rusted on the second side and it would have taken some time to get it free. Then I thought it might be a good idea to take the key out of the door while I had a chance, and lock it on the inside, in case somebody came in and saw it and started to investigate, or heard me struggling with the shutter and wanted to make sure it was a rat. That door opens into the drawing-room, of course, so I had to practically step on to the other side of it and close it again before I could get the key."

"Yes!" said Marjorie eagerly. "And what happened then?"

His brown eyes mocked her. "I saw the ghost," he said.

The two "Oh's!" that greeted this were in distinctly different tones.

"And after that?" Connie asked. "What did you do then?"

"I left in a hurry," answered Mr. X, "and went to hunt for snails."

Something gave Connie the warm feeling that that ridiculous, remembered end to his adventure had engaged him more than the adventure itself even as much as it had engaged her. That had been the night when the moonlight had tried to keep them in the garden with the thought of white birds and all sorts of suggested loveliness, and Mr. Peacock and the snails had triumphed over them with absurdity...

"And that was all?" said Marjorie.

Mr. X knew the question asked for more than the end of that night's story. He said, "Well—the next morning I came to explain the whole business to you and introduce myself properly, and your steward caught me crossing the drawbridge and heaved me into the dungeon. I thought of telling Connie while we were stranded in the ditch later on, but it seemed to me I'd let the situation go so far that it needed a little more formality. So I called again the day after—I suppose you began to wonder why I was haunting the place?"

"Hm-m," said Marjorie noncommittally.

"And that time I was too busy moving furniture—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Connie, and she went very red.

"Then I saw Connie in the city—"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Connie. She could not go any redder.

"Yes?" urged Marjorie, from whom this no doubt edifying meeting had so far been kept secret. "And why didn't you say anything about it then?"

"I had no time," returned Mr. X ingenuously; too ingenuously.

Then the doors opened; a little clatter of heels echoed across the great, bare room; and Auntie Pat said, "Don't any of you want any afternoon tea?"

"I must admit he's a very charming young man," Marjorie said, later. "But he seems to have just about as much sense as his namesake. After all, there doesn't seem anything to choose between the intelligence of a Right Honorable and just a plain Honorable—"

"S-sh! He'll hear you; they're in the hall," Auntie Pat warned.

"Rubbish!" returned Marjorie impolitely; and she made a dive under a chair to pick up a match-box Connie had dropped earlier in the evening. "And allowing for the queer expression that men were painted with a hundred years ago, they're quite extraordinarily alike to look at," she remarked.

"Mr. Jacobsen likes him," Auntie Pat said. This argument was presumably so heavy that it discouraged any answer at all.

"And Clement likes him," added Auntie Pat.

"That's nothing!" retorted Marjorie. "Clement likes me!" and with this disparaging comment on her fiancé's taste, she put a chocolate almond in her mouth and so closed the argument.

At that moment Connie and Mr. X came out the front door of Newbigging House to look for white peacocks on the drive. It did not matter in the slightest that white peacocks had never been seen there before.

Mr. X was carrying Connie's handkerchief in his pocket because she had dropped it three times, and he walked with his fingers against her elbow. Some not-yet-invented photographic process might have produced an amazing picture of their non-evident selves just then, and it would have shown the whole being of Mr. X wrapped about and about with a nine-inch square of muslin, and Connie completely enveloped in one not over-large man's hand...

They came out of the door and walked across the big door-mat and across the verandah...

There would be moonlight outside, and not only white peacocks, but all manner of other white birds; and flower-beds like white opals; and shadows like black pools; and one pool like a white shadow.

They walked across the verandah and came to the step...

"It's raining," said Connie; and she could have taken her handkerchief out of Mr. X's pocket and cried into it at the gentle sound of the rain on the roof over their heads. With their next breath the joyous scene of the warm, dampened earth came to them, and that scent, at almost any time, might have been recompense for the moonlight, but not now.

Mr. X put his arm about Connie, perhaps to protect her from the rain, and they stood there so long, so perfectly immovable and silent, that the gods became alarmed lest two young people, disappointed of moonlight, should grieve themselves into marble statues on the edge of the rain; so presently there was the sound of a four-footed treading near them, and a dark shape drew past their knees.

"Oh," said Connie. "It's Belinda!" And Belinda, having properly awakened them, passed on.

At this they both began to laugh.

Then Mr. X said, "Connie, have you ever wanted to live on a goat-farm?"

"I—I don't know," Connie answered.

"A nice goat-farm," Mr. X persisted winningly, "with only the best goats—the very goodest goats, you know—not like Belinda—"

"I like the ones you got last week—" Connie suggested unsteadily.

"I think we had better approach this from a different angle," Mr. X said hastily. "Connie—have you ever wanted to be a countess?"

"I—don't know," answered Connie.

"A beautiful countess," Mr. X persisted again, even more winningly, "with a husband who loves you more than all the world, and who—who—"

"K-keeps g-goats," supplied Connie in a broken voice.

It was plainly time that this conversation took a new and radical turn. Mr. X could see nothing of Connie's face in the darkness; he did not know how she might be looking at him. She might even slip away from his arm and leave him altogether for the lamplight behind them or the rain in front.

He took her in both arms and held her so closely that in light or dark or the time between she would never escape from him again. And with his lips against her temple he said, "Connie, have you ever wanted anything at all?"

"Yes," she said.

"What, darling? What have you wanted?"

Connie took a trembling breath. "This!" she said.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 108-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.